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1924

TWO OF THE STAR-SHAPED SIKRAS OF SOMNATHPUR TEMPLE.

THROUGH TOWN AND JUNGLE

FOURTEEN THOUSAND MILES A-WHEEL AMONG THE TEMPLES AND PEOPLE OF THE INDIAN PLAIN

BY

WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN, M.A., M.D.

Fellow Royal Geographical Society, Charter Member American Alpine Club, Member English Alpine Club, etc.

AND

FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN

Fellow Royal Scottish Geographical Society, Corresponding Member American Geographical Society, Member Royal Asiatic Society, Charter Member American Alpine Club, Member Club Alpino Italiano, Deutsch Oesterreichischer Alpenverein and Club Alpin Français

Authors of

"IN THE ICE-WORLD OF HIMALAYA," "SKETCHES A-WHEEL IN FIN DE SIÈCLE IBERIA," "ALGERIAN MEMORIES"

WITH MAP

AND

TWO HUNDRED AND TWO ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON

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Dedication

To those we have known in India from the palm-fringed lands of the extreme South to the ice-bound peaks of the Karakoram, both those who in a friendly spirit have shown kindness to and assisted us as passing strangers, and those whose friendship, during five years of arduous travel in the Peninsula, has proved as warm and stimulating as the glorious Indian sunshine,

WE DEDICATE

the following pages as a token of appreciation and regard.

FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN.
WILLIAM HUNTER WORKMAN.

LONDON, *October* 1, 1904.

Introduction

SCATTERED over the broad expanse of the Indian peninsula from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas and beyond are ruins of architecture and art, which show that, at a time when the greater part of Europe was slumbering in the darkness of barbarism, civilisations existed in India, that produced remarkable monuments expressive of Eastern habits of thought and embodying features never attained in the West, which to-day excite the admiration of all who study them.

Since these structures were built the genius which created them has died out, the civilisations have faded, and building art has fallen to a low level. The centres of population have changed, whole peoples have disappeared, and where the former builders lived by the million many of the works of their hands stand to-day in the midst of lonely and not easily accessible jungles.

Without including the art of Burma, which is quite different from that of India, there are six styles of architecture in India, each distinct in itself though possessing more or less affinity to the others, each the outcome of religious thought and traditions viz.—Buddhist, Indo-Aryan, Jain, Dravidian, Chalukyan, and Mohammedan. The remains now existing embrace structural temples, cave temples cut in rock hills and in huge boulders, sculptures on rocks, figures of animals, towers, palaces, mosques, and tombs.

Our object in visiting India was chiefly to study these remains. To see even a tithe of the comparatively few now left required extensive travel of a primitive kind and the endurance of much hardship.

We set out to make the necessary journey on cycles so far as the existence of roads would permit, and in the execution of our purpose we cycled with some interruptions, where roads failed, from near the southern extremity of India northward far into Kashmir, and from Cuttack on the eastern coast over Calcutta across the whole breadth of India to

Somnath Patan on the Arabian Sea, besides leaving the main lines at many points to travel in the interior. This journey occupied three cold weathers, and in the course of it we cycled above fourteen thousand miles as measured by cyclometers, besides covering several thousand more by rail, steamboat, tonga, tum-tum, bullock-cart, palki, and on foot, visiting nearly all parts of the Peninsula.

With a several weeks' tour in Burma we also cycled extensively in Ceylon, and from Batavia through the island of Java to Soerabaya at its eastern extremity, visiting the remarkable temples at Boro Boedor, Brambannan, the Dieng Plateau, Singasari, and other places, and spent ten days at the great temples at Angkor in Siam, all of which show a strong Indian influence and are considered to be largely the work of Indian artisans.

During a second visit to India of two years' duration we were able to verify our first impressions. We were present at the great Durbar at Delhi, where there was a display of Oriental magnificence, the like of which has not been seen in India for a long time, could now be seen nowhere else, and may not be seen again.

In the summer of 1903, while we were absent on our expedition among the glaciers and peaks of Baltistan, all our effects stored at the Srinagar hotel were destroyed in the great flood which swept over the Kashmir Valley, and among them many hundred photographs and negatives of Indian scenes, from which this book was to have been illustrated. To partially replace these three months of the winter of 1903–1904 were devoted to revisiting as many temple centres as possible, but the number that could be reached was comparatively small, and lost negatives of many types and objects of interest mentioned in the following pages could not be replaced. Quite a number of photographs more or less damaged have however been used.

In the course of our Indian wanderings we found many things of interest, besides architectural remains, in the country itself and manners and customs of the people, some of which we attempt to describe in this narrative.

Careless readers are apt to distort the meaning of and to make unwarrantable deductions from the statements of authors and to ascribe to the latter conclusions which their writings do not justify. Authors may mention facts, which are patent to all, without making themselves responsible for any opinions as to their bearing or the conditions which underlie them. Facts speak for themselves, and may be taken as straws to show which way the wind blows, but we would say here, that any conclusions, except such as we may ourselves state, based on straws we

may drop, are made on the responsibility of those making them and not on ours.

While it is impossible for any one with his eyes open to travel extensively in a country like India teeming with millions of different races and religious without meeting with conditions that might in his opinion be improved, yet one must also be impressed with the magnitude of the task, which the Government of India has on its hands, and of the immense difficulty in the face of human limitations of correcting abuses, which have their origin in social and religious customs and prejudices, that cannot lightly be interfered with.

Hence realising that no traveller, unless he has lived a long time in a country and had special opportunities of studying its institutions, is in a position to understand fully the problems that confront its Government, much less to criticise the administration of its affairs, we leave all questions of politics to those better equipped in such matters.

It is, however, a well-known fact that an alert traveller sees more of a country in certain ways than its inhabitants. His impressions are more vivid, he notices much that familiarity and habit cause them to overlook, and from the point of view of a disinterested party he can see the true bearing of events, in regard to which their judgment may be biased.

The difficulties of travel, the study of nature, architecture and sculpture, the manners and customs of the people, and the conditions of existence, gave us enough to do and furnished more material than can be crowded into one volume.

A cycle tour in India is quite a different thing from what it is in the countries of Europe, in Algeria, or even in Ceylon and Java. In all of these countries what may be called European conditions exist, i.e., one can always find shelter at night in something that passes under the name of an inn or hotel, where one's most pressing necessities are provided for. At least a bed, be it ever so poor, with a mattress and coverings, towels, and food, are to be had.

In India hotels, many of which are exceedingly uncomfortable places to stop at, are found only in the larger cities, which are comparatively few in number and scattered over a wide area. The cyclist has to find shelter on the greater part of his route in dak bungalows, the only places accessible to the public that represent an inn, which are by no means always to be found in localities convenient to him, or in inspection or engineer bungalows built at certain places for the use of Government officials when on duty, which can only be occupied by permission of the Executive Engineer or some other officer of the district, who usually

lives too far away from the bungalow to admit of the required permission being readily obtained.

The bungalows are generally, though not always, provided with bedsteads or charpoys consisting of a wooden frame held together by an interlacing of broad cotton tape, tables, chairs, and a heterogeneous, often exceedingly small amount of china. This last we have more than once seen reduced to two or three pieces. Mattresses, pillows, and linen, are rarely found.

Failing to meet with a bungalow the cyclist may occasionally find a refuge in the waiting-room of a small railway station, containing two wooden chairs and a wooden bench, or he may be obliged to occupy the porch of some native building. On rare occasions a missionary or planter may take pity on him and lodge him, which hospitality he regards as a godsend and duly appreciates.

India is a land where, outside a comparatively small number of centres under European direction, Oriental habits, customs, and methods, are still practised. The cyclist can expect little mechanical or surgical aid in case of accident. He must be prepared to help himself in any of the ordinary exigencies that may arise, and must take with him such things as are necessary to enable him to meet the conditions which present themselves. To this end the amount of baggage he must at all times carry is considerably greater than in Europe.

To such underclothing as he may need must be added a towel, a light rubber air cushion to serve as pillow, and a light woollen blanket large enough to wrap entirely around his body. He will easily learn to sleep on charpoys without mattresses, and, as for that matter, on wooden benches or even on a brick floor, but he cannot dispense with a blanket, for the nights are often cool. The blanket being drawn over his head in the Indian fashion, with only a small opening for breathing, makes an effective protection against mosquitoes, and saves the necessity of carrying a netting. If, like us, he prefers to use a light head netting for this purpose, this last adds but a trifle to the weight carried.

He must have with him tools and materials to repair all such accidents as a cyclist can handle, and certain small parts which are liable to give out. Also medicines for emergencies, put up in small compass, a small flask of brandy or whisky, court plaster, adhesive plaster, and two good bandages. He will need two felt-covered aluminium water-flasks holding each a quart, a portable drinking cup, and a light tin tea-kettle, which will come constantly into use if he travels in out-of-the-way parts.

As nothing can be obtained to eat in Indian villages, he must also

carry his tiffin with him and on occasion food for several days. A small package of tea and one of sugar should always be in his cycle bag. Altogether the necessary luggage amounts to quite as much as the cyclist cares to take along in the heat on roads that are often heavy.

To travel advantageously he, like other travellers, needs a good Indian servant, who will take charge of his heavy luggage and supplies, follow his route by rail, meet him at night when he stops at a place on the railway line, and where possible order his accommodations and meals in advance. The servant at the hotels and bungalows performs all the duties of valet de chambre for his master, and acts as waiter at meals. If, as sometimes happens, a journey of some days away from railway or tonga lines is undertaken, the servant joins his master at the nearest convenient station.

Cycle touring in India involves a greater strain on the vital powers of the cyclist than it does in Europe in proportion to the higher temperature, heavier roads, greater amount of luggage carried, and the frequency with which he fails to obtain good food and adequate rest at night. We found our Indian tour much more arduous in all respects than any of the many already made in other lands.

The part of the route cycled over is indicated on the map by a red line. This line, however, measured by the scale does not show the actual distance so covered. As every one familiar with the use of maps knows, even in case of countries much smaller than India, it is impossible to indicate on a map of ordinary size small deviations from the direct line and the many turnings and windings of roads, especially in hilly and mountainous countries, which materially increase the apparent distance.

In the course of our various Himalayan expeditions we frequently found the length of a march to exceed the distance laid down on even the Great Trigonometrical Survey map of India, of a scale of four miles to the inch, by twenty to thirty per cent. owing to the windings of the path. Considerable portions of the route were also cycled over more than once, which is not indicated on the map.

Two cyclometers, one on each cycle, were used throughout the journey. The tyres were kept fully inflated, and the cyclometers agreed well with each other and with the measured miles on the Grand Trunk and other milestoned roads.

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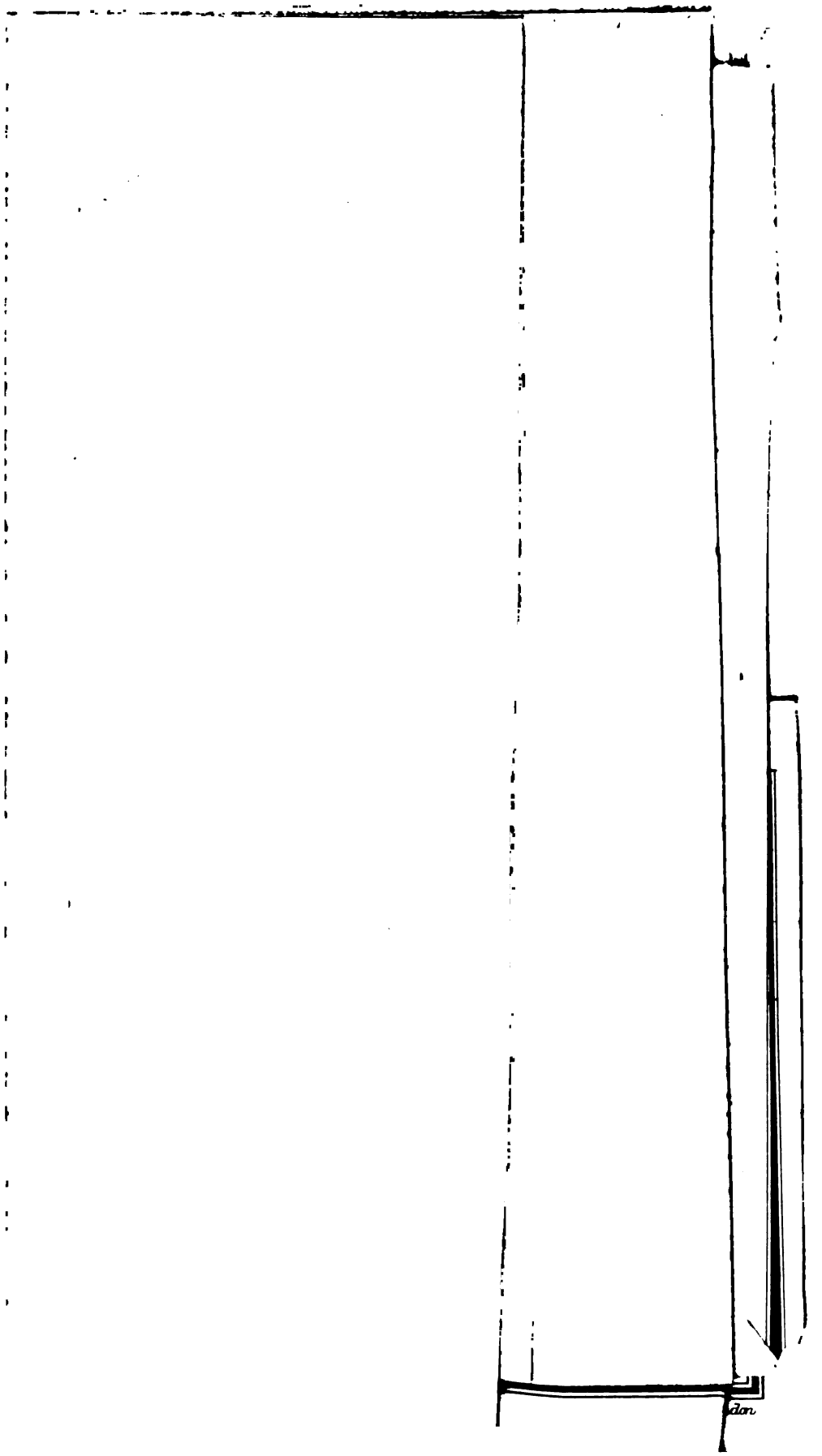
NOTE.—*Three illustrations, The Gopma at Tadpatri, The Water Palace at Deeg, and The Great Temple at Buddh-Gaya are taken by permission from photos by Raja Deen Dyal ; The Temple at Bindrabun, and three illustrations of Ajanta Caves from photos by Bourne and Shepard ; and two of the Ajanta Frescoes and that of the Gandhara Buddhas from photos supplied by the Calcutta Museum. All the rest are from photos taken by the Authors.*



CHAPTER I

The Hotel at Tuticorin—Madura a South Indian Tourist Mecca—An Interview with a Native Missionary—Difficulty of finding Lodgings and Food on the Highways—Crossing Rivers—Returns expected by Natives for Services Rendered—Colour the Keynote of Dravidian India—Our Travelling Companions the Birds and Animals.

COMING over from Ceylon we landed on the 3rd of January at Tuticorin sixty-five miles N.E. of Cape Comorin, the most southerly point of the Indian Peninsula. The customs officials were courteous and the necessary formalities were soon completed.

Having had no previous acquaintance with the bare and primitive features of Indian towns Tuticorin with its mud houses seemed to us as desolate a place as we had ever seen. Its so-called hotel, a large covered shed with open sides, was the most imposing building in the place.

The sitting-room, dining-hall, bed and dressing-rooms, and manager's office—barring a few shaky six-foot partitions—were essentially one family room, over which the birds presided as if under nature's roof. When the twittering creatures went to sleep at night their place was taken by bats and beetles, which swirled over one's head at dinner. Then, as the lights gradually went out and the bats sought other playgrounds, hosts of rats began a merry-go-round in the sleeping-rooms.

When one began to doze after a disturbed night, one was aroused by a harbinger of day chirping on the frame of the mosquito netting above the bed to announce the matin of the birds. Later, when the bearer brought the chota haziri, the crows sailed in and snatched away the toast before one could taste it. There was a bird, bat, or rat, for every hour of day and night in that winged creatures' refuge. Truly a strange hotel.

As there was nothing of interest to detain us, hoping for better things we started on our Indian wanderings and pushed forward to

Kadambur, a town on the highway running from Cape Comorin to Madras, and thence to Madura.

Madura is perhaps better known and more visited by travellers than any other place in South India. It is usually included in the itinerary of conducted parties. The globe-trotter when about "to do" South India has it on his list. When one proposes to visit South India one is promptly advised to see Madura. In our own experience whenever the subject of South India has been broached, the first question has almost invariably been "Did you go to Madura?" In short Madura has acquired a reputation with the travelling public as a place to be seen.

Whether it deserves this reputation as compared with many other places in South India is perhaps a matter of opinion. The influence of travellers upon such of its population as they naturally come in contact with is very evident, and a more insolent, importunate set of ragamuffins than one encounters at the Great Temple would be hard to find anywhere.

Madura has one really good institution, if it may be so called, viz. its dak bungalow. This was one of the best of the many we stopped at. It was clean, well kept, the food good, and the beds excellent. As we remember the last were provided with mattresses, a rare thing in an Indian dak bungalow.

We had only been enjoying its comfort for a short time, when we were made acquainted with another institution well represented at Madura, that of Christian Missions. A dark complexioned individual with shaven face, clad in European costume with a long black sack coat reaching to his knees, and sanctimonious bearing, came in, and in excellent Indian English announced, that he was a native preacher acting under the auspices of the A.B.C.F.M. He said the chief missionary would be very pleased to have us call upon him and inspect the working of the mission, though he did not admit having been sent by the missionary to invite us to do so.

After some further inconsequent remarks he begged for a donation with which to prosecute missionary work. We tried to lead him off to other topics and gain some information as to the country, but it was useless. He could talk of nothing but missions and contributions. After being bored by him for about an hour, as he did not seem inclined to bring his visit to a close, we ceased to notice him, whereupon he took the hint and departed.

Twenty minutes later a second native reverend gentleman representing another missionary society sent in his card, but, having had experi-

ence enough for one afternoon with missionary fervour, we declined to see him. After him appeared a number of native merchants with a variety of cheap knick-knacks at high prices. The third merchant was dismissed with the message to any others who might be in line, that there was absolutely no demand in that bungalow for any of their wares, whereupon the procession ceased and we were disturbed no further.

The chief object of interest at Madura and the one that has mostly conduced to its reputation is the Great Temple. Its situation and general arrangement are effective, whilst its size and numerous parts

TEMPLE ELEPHANTS.

combine to make it architecturally a rather complete and striking example of the Dravidian style. Much of the carving is grotesque and appears to be roughly executed. The effect is greatly marred by the thick coating of whitewash with which the temple has been covered, so that it is difficult to judge of the artistic merits of the carvings. In general the fine and carefully executed work found at Vellore, Little Conjeveram, and Tadpatri, are wanting here.

Wishing to ascend one of the large gopuras or entrance gates, we were obliged to apply for permission to the chief priest, who was

presiding over a conclave of men in the temple. The priest summoned a tall, lean, fierce-looking fellow, who brought out three keys each about a foot long. He led the way to the gopura we wished to ascend, and unlocked the heavy wooden door which guarded the entrance. He remained outside, and motioned us to enter the dark stone staircase which led in sections to the top.

We were accompanied from the temple by six native hangers on, who now crowded into the narrow staircase with us. One of these, a grey-bearded man, assumed the rôle of leader, another lighted and carried a torch, which furnished more smoke than light, whilst the others tumbled over one another, got continually in our way impeding our progress and their own, and chattered in a most confusing manner. At last the top was reached, where there was only a small aperture, from which one person at a time could look out.

When we came down the fierce man with the keys demanded an exorbitant tip, and the other six also clamoured for a reward. After some parley we gave the keeper of the keys a tip for the whole of them, whereupon he betook himself off with the money without paying any attention to the others. These instead of following him beset us again, evidently thinking their chances of success greater with us, but they got no satisfaction.

At this temple, as in case of most much-visited monuments of architecture and art, though the experienced traveller may not allow himself to be imposed on, his enjoyment and even his appreciation of what he tries to study are greatly diminished by the importunities of such parasites, who have been encouraged to make themselves a nuisance by the conduct of weak-minded travellers in yielding to their groundless solicitations for money. The Indian has a gluey quality in his nature that makes him stick to the traveller with a tenacity rarely seen among those of this class elsewhere, long after he has been told in plain language that his attentions are unwelcome.

Our route from Madura to Madras took us over Trichinopoly, Tanjore, Kumbhakonam, and Chidambaram, a seven days' ride on the cycle. We chose this route, primarily, because we wished to visit the Dravidian temples at the places mentioned. Had we not had this object in view, it would still have been wise to take this route in preference to a shorter one, which leads straight across the country, because this follows the line of the South Indian Railway. The railway passes through the more important towns, and it is only in these that accommodation for the night can be found. More than likely, if we had taken the shorter route, we should have been obliged to spend

ON THE ROAD TO MAHABALIPUR.

three out of the six nights in the open, not an agreeable nor perhaps safe procedure in a country so well stocked with dangerous animals and reptiles.

One of the most important conditions of a cycle journey in India and one of the most difficult to arrange for is a suitable lodging-place at night. Before the existence of railways this question was easier to solve than at present, for then, when the only means of communication was by stages on the highways, these were provided at intervals of ten to twenty miles with dak bungalows, where travellers could put up with a fair degree of comfort.

On the building of the railways travel was diverted from the highways, and many of the bungalows being no longer needed were discontinued. Others still in use have been permitted to get out of repair, their furniture has become worn and broken, the china deficient, and the khansamahs who look after them decrepit, so that stopping in them is not what it was in the palmy staging days.

For this reason it is not convenient to leave the railway lines for long, and some highways, which, were they provided with bungalows, would furnish the shortest and best route, have to be avoided and others of inferior construction followed. In many of the large towns and smaller cities the dak bungalows are still a live institution being well appointed and well kept. In these the traveller is more comfortable than in the ordinary Indian hotel.

We had a list of Indian dak bungalows, which was published with one of the railway guides, but it was incomplete and also misleading, in that it indicated bungalows at some places where none existed. It had been compiled years before, and had never been corrected. The question as to where the next night's lodging would be found was ever a burning one, and all too often we could get no information on this point at the place where we were putting up. Hence, unless there was some large town which we were fairly sure of reaching at night, we found it advisable to avoid cross-country roads and keep as near the railways as possible, for, at the worst, shelter could be obtained in the waiting-room of some country station, where we could and did on several occasions sit the night out on uncomfortable straight-backed chairs. This method of repose did not serve to relieve fatigue any too well after a hard day's ride nor to fortify us for the next day's equally severe exertion.

Combined with lodging was the question of food. Wherever a bungalow with a khansamah or a large railway station with a buffet was found, there was no trouble as to food, but where bungalows with only a

chaukidar, or caretaker, or a small station, were met with, no food was to be had, in which case we were thrown on our own resources. Therefore we found it advisable to always carry a supply of food for at least one day, and many were the occasions on which we had to depend on the biscuit, cheese, and tinned meats, carried with us for tiffin, dinner, breakfast, and tiffin again.

Between Madura and Madras much typical of this part of India was met with, some of which may be mentioned without giving a daily

CROSSING CAUVERY RIVER IN DOUBLE DUGOUT BOAT.

itinerary. The road for the first forty miles to Dindigul was bad, being both sandy and rutty. In this distance we had to ford two unbridged rivers. Rivers with bridges over them are the exception in some parts of India, and the cyclist has to cross them as best he can. One of these two had a stream about four hundred feet wide and from two to three feet deep.

There was a village near the ford, where we asked for men to carry us and our belongings over. The cycles were immediately seized by as many men as could lay hands on them, ten to each, four on a side and

one at each end, who completely hid the cycles from view. We secured a cart loaded with earth drawn by two bullocks, which was about to cross the river, to take us over. There was just space enough between the earth and its curved matting cover for us to crawl into.

The caravan thus formed attended by the majority of the inhabitants of the village talking and laughing splashed through the river, and in due time we were safely landed on the further side. When anything is to be done in India, from three to twelve natives immediately volunteer to do that for which one would amply suffice, and each expects his reward. They are not content to let one of their number do the work, but each must have a hand in it, even if he only performs the part of a looker on. It does not seem to enter their minds, that there can be such a thing as a superfluity of numbers.

We spent the night at Dindigul, a name made familiar to Londoners by the placard "Flor de Dindigul," that helps to embellish the walls of the Metropolitan Railway tunnel. After we were well ensconced in the bungalow, two municipal peons appeared, clad in white uniforms with red sashes over the shoulders, each bearing a lime fair and yellow which they presented to us. One of them then made a speech in Tamil, the import of which we naturally did not grasp, after which they stood waiting with solemn countenances.

On applying to the khansamah for an explanation he said, they had come to pay their respects and wished a present—which of course meant money—for good luck. A silver bit was given to each upon which they departed. As it was early in January, we thought the visit might have a connection with the custom of giving Indian servants a present of something in silver at the beginning of the year as a token of good luck. We often had occasion afterwards in various parts of India to make a similar exchange of courtesies at all times of the year.

An Indian like many other Orientals is usually willing upon request to render such aid to strangers as may be consistent with his caste or religious prejudices. In the course of our Indian wanderings we often received from the natives valuable assistance, which was readily given and duly appreciated. Even strict Hindus, who would on no account touch anything belonging to a person of another creed, would bring water and fill the cups and flasks we held, taking good care to hold their brass vessels high enough in pouring to avoid contact with our cups and flasks.

There is one peculiarity in Indian civilities, which however does not necessarily deprive them of value. They seem to be extended on the quid pro quo principle, as a sort of barter. The grantor, while not

demanding any reward in advance, appears to expect, or at least is willing to receive such return as the recipient can make, and having rendered a service does not hesitate to ask a favour himself. This attitude, while it may not be universal, is certainly very common among not only the lower and middle but also the upper classes, and we observed it in all parts of India among people of various races and religions.

It seems to be as natural to the inhabitants of India per se as the opposite attitude is to the Spaniard, who considers himself insulted, if any one offers him a reward in return for favours, which his chivalrous nature is only too willing to grant.

A typical example of the Indian point of view occurred among a Mohammedan population in the extreme north of India during our Baltistan expedition in 1899. The postmaster of the last town on our route, at which there was a post-office, forwarded our mail by dak runners in our employ for several weeks. On our return, among other things, we made him a present of a new pair of soft, thick, hand-knit, Tyrolean mountain stockings, which reached above the middle of his thighs, remarking they would keep his feet and limbs, which were bare save for a pair of thin sandals, warm in winter. He received the gift with evident pleasure. The next day he called at our camp and asked if we had not another pair of those stockings to give him. On being told that was the last pair, he said he had a son nearly grown, who would greatly like a watch, in case we had one to spare.

A form of remuneration much prized by Indians but one which a European would usually consider valueless is a chit or note of recommendation. Indians have a great desire for advancement, to which end they wish as many testimonials to meritorious actions performed as possible. It makes no difference from whom the testimonials come, whether the writers are known or unknown persons, and it also matters not how slight the action by which the doer has acquired merit.

Time and again, after the performance of some slight service for us by an Indian, we were asked to write him a chit, and this by persons of considerable education and standing. On one occasion a hotel waiter, who had done us the important service of changing our plates once or twice at table, requested a certificate of character. On another as high an official as a Tehsildar under orders from his Government to supply us with transport ponies, which he had only to direct his subordinates to do, asked for a good chit as a reward.

The temperature in the shade in this region varied from about 65° Fahr. at sunrise to 82° in the afternoon during January.

The air was dry and there was generally a refreshing breeze, so that

we did not suffer from heat. It was a great relief to meet with such a climate after the steamy hot-house atmosphere of Ceylon, where we had been cycling for weeks.

The clearness of the air was remarkable. This was noticeable quite as much at night as by day, when the stars blazed in the heavens with a brilliancy known only in the Tropics, and the light of the moon was far brighter than in the North, transforming the sky for many degrees around it into a circle of molten silver, inside which the stars were obscured.

During the day the cloudless sky had a beautiful deep blue tint, and the hills were enveloped in a blue ether, which while distinctly perceptible conveyed no suggestion of mistiness, and was so transparent that it did not veil details even at a distance of miles. It was not the dark blue or violet that covers the mountains of Algeria, nor the soft dreamy pearly blue that shrouds the hills bordering the Gulf of Corinth, but a peculiar intense, azure blue bathing the mountains from base to summit.

The mountains referred to were seen chiefly between Madura and Trichinopoly. They did not lie in ranges, but rose here and there abruptly from the sandy plain singly or in groups. Though of no great height their forms were good, and their bold rock slopes took on in the sunlight a pleasing variety of tints from mauve to deep red, which harmonised effectively with the blue atmosphere that surrounded them.

There was colour and contrast in everything. The red and yellow of the hills, the soil, and the desert sandy stretches, were varied by the dark green of the banyans, mangoes, tamarinds, pineapples, and cacti, the light green of the acacia hedges, and the different green shades of the growing crops, the delicate mauve of the feathery tufts of the tall waving grass—sacchara sava,—and the deep purple mauve of the stems of the castor oil plant, which flashed in the sun from the fields on either side of the road.

Even the dress of the people reflected the general tone, and the dark finely formed arms and shoulders of the women were well set off by silver ornaments and red and yellow draperies, which covered the remainder of their persons in graceful folds. Indeed the play of warm and delicate colours, which greets the eye in South India, cannot be surpassed by the most extravagant conceptions of the modern art colourist.

Not only was nature full of colour but it was also alive with the voices of birds, many kinds of which in the absence of the murderous ardour of the sportsman, which has banished bird music from the air of some countries, were flying around regardless of man, pouring forth their joyful songs in the delight of an untrammelled existence.

GIANT GRASS, SACCHARA SAVA.

Prominent among these were the ravens, some black, others with grey necks and breasts, which were exceedingly tame and sociably inclined. In the towns they perch themselves on the sills of open windows, and peer into the rooms with the utmost audacity, but they invariably exhibit the caution characteristic of their kind, and never place themselves in a position where there is any danger of capture. Like able generals they always have an eye to their line of retreat as well as to the points of attack. It is never safe to leave one's breakfast on a table near a window or on a verandah. Part of it is likely to disappear. The same is true of articles of jewellery, eye-glasses and the like.

Then there were kites and hawks of various kinds, which were circling around high in the air at all hours of the day uttering shrill cries, which mingled with the hoarse notes of their darker relatives already mentioned. The roads were alive with many smaller birds, some with brilliant plumage, which added their songs to the general chorus. In the fields and swamps were storks, herons, cranes, and other varieties of waders great and small, sometimes standing on one leg with head turned meditatively to one side, and sometimes walking leisurely around searching for food. Flocks of bright green paroquets started up frequently and flew off screeching to a further shelter.

We became much interested in the search for the author of a note similar to that produced by a tap upon an Oriental wooden drum. This sound we heard constantly but were not able to discover its source for several weeks. We were puzzled in our search by the character of the sound, which seemed to indicate, that it was made by some lizard or tree toad, and its volume was such as to suggest, that the creature was of considerable size. After seeking in vain on these lines, we finally discovered the author of it in a tiny bird of a slate colour shot with green with two scarlet spots on the head called the coppersmith. So small and in colour so like the branches it rested upon was it, that it could only be seen with difficulty. The fact that it utters its note while sitting and without movement rendered the problem harder to solve.

Turtle-doves were seen everywhere usually in pairs, and their plaintive cooing was heard at all hours of the day. There are two varieties, one with a black ring around the neck and the other smaller without the ring. Both are swift flyers particularly the smaller, which pass one like flashes of light. Beautiful blue jays about the size of a woodcock with brown necks and breasts and black stripes across the wings were abundant, and the plump myna with dark brown back, orange beak and legs, peopled the roads hopping about with all the saucy airs of the robin. These and many others were our constant attendants, and we

came to regard them as friends and companions, whose presence served to enliven many otherwise weary hours. Many of those noticed were seen in all parts of India.

Among the great variety of birds, whose brilliant plumage added sparks of colour to nature's tints and whose voices resounded from every side, there was a noticeable absence of real song birds, such as the thrush and the nightingale, whose melodious strains are ever a delight to the ear. The notes of some of them as the raven, jay, kite, and brain-fever bird, were harsh and irritating, but they helped to strengthen the impression of the exuberance of tropical bird life.

BUFFALO CARRYING MUSSAKS FILLED WITH WATER.

When on our return to Europe we rode from Marseille through Southern France, there was a painful stillness in the air. Not a bird-note was to be heard. It was sad to realise, that all the joyous throng that had flown by our side through the heat, dust, and privations, of three years of travel in India had been left behind, and here was nothing to replace it. Only a few diminutive songless ravens were seen which gave man a wide berth.

Besides the birds there was no lack of animals. Water buffaloes were everywhere to be seen, on the roads, in the fields, disporting them-

selves in the tanks, pools and watercourses, or lying entirely submerged except their black muzzles and eyes. Upon the backs of many ravens and other birds were perched, which performed the friendly office of relieving their hides of parasites. The same intimacy exists between the birds and domestic cattle all over India.

If Indian buffaloes were to be judged by their countenance, which is almost as uncouth as that of the hippopotamus, they would be considered most dangerous beasts. Their wild eyes, sloping horns, and large muzzles, give them an expression, which would stamp them as ripe for any iniquity. We were early warned against them as dangerous and as having a particular antipathy to Europeans, but although in the course of our Eastern wanderings we passed many thousands of them on the road, not one ever attacked us or made any hostile demonstration. It may be their appearance may have given them in the imaginations of some a reputation for ferocity which they do not deserve, or it may be our fearless attitude towards them may have exempted us from unpleasant attentions, which are often paid not only by bovine animals but also by horses and dogs towards those who exhibit fear of them. At any rate we never had occasion to judge their disposition to be other than mild.

Occasionally a mungoos, or a pair of them, one chasing the other would run across the road, or a jackal would trot ahead of us, keeping a sharp look-out over his shoulder and disappear in the jungle. Troops of monkeys of different kinds played under the trees or among their branches. The most common variety at this point was a large grey monkey with red face and long tail. They never permitted us to come very near them, but on our approach took to the trees, up which they would climb to a safe distance before stopping to observe us.

They would spring with surprising agility from the ground and seize a slender filament of a banyan swinging in the air eight or ten feet above, up which they would climb hand over hand some twenty feet or more to the branch from which it sprung. The young would cling close to the chest of the mother, their hands clasped tightly about her neck and their faces turned round in the most comical manner to see what was going on. Carrying them in this manner the mother would leap into a tree with perfect freedom.

One day we came upon a family group of five, two parents and three half-grown children, all sitting with perfect decorum in a circle as if the parents were imparting instruction to the children. The monkeys afforded us much entertainment, for there was something intensely human about them and we never tired of watching their antics.

CHAPTER II

The Dravidian Race and the Style of its Temples—Seringham—Tanjore—Kumbhakonam—The Dak Bungalow at Chidambaram—Some Beautiful Shrines—A Visit to an Idol and a Temple Procession—Indian Methods of Irrigation—Mahabalipur and the Manifold Attractions of its Temples, Sculptures and Scenery.

AFTER leaving Dindigul the road was good for ten miles. Then it suddenly degenerated into a track of deep sand, as is often the case even with metalled roads in India. We pushed our loaded cycles through the sand for a mile and a half, when we reached a railway station. The stationmaster told us the sandy stretch continued for fifteen miles, after which the road became good again. A train was soon due, which would take us to the next station at the beginning of the good road, so, as nothing was to be gained either in pleasure or glory by pushing cycles through the remaining sand, we took the train, and were duly landed at the further end, whence the road continued fairly good to Trichinopoly thirty-eight miles.

Three miles from Trichinopoly Rock are the two Dravidian temples of Seringham. Considerable uncertainty exists as to whence the great South Indian Dravidian race came. Of Turanian origin, Babylonia has been suggested by some ethnologists, Central Asia by others as the land from which they migrated to India. Nothing in their architecture, all of which extant to-day is of late date, furnishes any clue to the solution of the problem. The country was formerly divided into three states governed by the Chola, Pandyan, and Chera Kings. Most of the great temples were built during the supremacy of the Chola and Pandyan dynasties.

Little or no commerce was carried on, and, as agriculture could not afford occupation for more than half of the 30,000,000 inhabitants, large numbers were employed by the kings in building these temple monuments to their glory. Most of the large temples, of which thirty to forty are standing, are in the Madras Presidency. A few of them date

back to the thirteenth century, but the majority were built in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

The style appears to have been derived from the beautiful seventh-century Raths at Mahabalipur, although five hundred years elapsed before it developed into the tall towers and broad courts of the Dravidian temples as we see them. If intermediate structures were built during that time they have disappeared.

In Dravidian temples the chief structure or vimanah is built in two stories of equal area, above which other stories decreasing in size rise in pyramidal form. The idol is placed in the vimanah. Highly decorated porches are connected with the main building, and usually a thousand-pillared hall with a greater or less number of pillars missing is found in the enclosure, as well as one or more tanks for bathing. The whole is surrounded by a rectangular wall, on each side of which is an entrance formed by the six to fourteen storied gopuras that correspond to Egyptian pylons. Some of the gopuras are dedicated to Vishnu, others to Siva and they are loaded with carved images of the gods and Brahmanical emblems.

Taken as a whole the Dravidian style appeals less to the lover of Indian architecture than any other of purely Hindu type. It is typical and shows no foreign influence, but it is often coarse and sometimes offensive from its want of intellectuality. Its failure to attract cannot be attributed to exuberance of ornamentation, for there are many Chalukyan and Indo-Aryan temples of less than half the size of the Dravidian, which are harmonious in form and effect, although decorated from base to top.

The Seringham temples were probably built in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The larger is of a heavier and coarser style than that of Madura. The smaller and earlier built one, called Jambukeshwar, has not so many corridors and courts as the larger, but the carving on the pillars and gopuras is of a higher order.

One may walk a quarter of a mile in the courts and corridors of Seringham and Madura without perhaps seeing a single feature that appeals to Western taste, and then suddenly come upon a really exquisite pavilion or a porch or dancing-hall similar to that of the Parvati temple at Chidambaram, where graceful nymphs figure among pillars and brackets of original and highly decorative design.

A run of thirty-four miles on a good road, the last ten of which are metalled and shaded by splendid arching banyans, brings one to Tanjore. The Great Pagoda, built by a Cholan king in the fourteenth century, rises from a plain base in thirteen diminishing stories of

THE GREAT TEMPLE, TANJORE.

graceful outline, and culminates in a beautiful dome carved from a single stone. It is unique among the Dravidian pyramidal towers in that it resembles strongly in form the great Buddhist temple at Buddh Gaya.

The small Soubramanya of two centuries earlier date is the second attraction at Tanjore. The lower story is severe and dignified and lined with graceful columns interspersed with niches containing statues. The tower of four stories is profusely ornamented, but the work is well carried out in exceptionally good taste. There is the usual nandi or

TANK AND PAVILION, KUMBHAKONAM.

bull carved out of a single block of granite oiled so often that it resembles bronze, but it is not of black granite as Murray informs us.

Like Madura Tanjore has its eighteenth century civil palace of mixed Hindu and Saracen style. With the exception of some rather good decoration it is uninteresting in comparison with the temples. It contains a large and valuable Sanscrit library with curious illuminated books of great age and palm-leaf manuscripts.

The road from Tanjore to Kumbhakonam, twenty-six miles, scarcely deserves the name of a road. It is only a sandy path, two miles of

SOUBRAMANYA TEMPLE, CHIDAMBARAM.

which is entirely unridable, running through rice fields and without shade. The temple art at Kumbhakonam has been expended mostly on elaborate fairly well executed gopuras, to which the pavilions and other buildings are subservient. The best work is seen on the granite columns of the numerous pavilions surrounding the Great Tank.

From Tanjore we wired to the man in charge of the bungalow at Chidambaram to have dinner ready that evening on our arrival. We here learned for the first but not the last time, that it is one thing to wire for your dinner in India but quite another to find it prepared when you arrive. At half-past five p.m. we wheeled up to the bungalow to find it securely locked. A search was made for the butler, who was at last found hoeing in a field near by. He said he had not received the despatch, and if he had it would have made no difference, as a day's notice would be required to procure even bread and eggs from the town more than two miles away.

He opened the bungalow and we proceeded to inspect the interior. It was not a dak but an engineer's bungalow, and, as engineers on duty generally carry conveniences with them, was not any too well furnished. It had two rooms, each provided with a table, cane-seated chaise longue in place of a bed, and one chair. It also boasted of one iron wash-basin, one iron tea-kettle, and a teapot. Had the butler been able to provide food there was nothing to serve it on.

Our servant soon drove up from the station with the luggage, when we had the butler boil water for tea, and we dined off biscuit and tinned meat. We then took possession of one of the two rooms with the wash-basin, bolted the door, rolled ourselves in our blankets on the substitutes for beds, and went to sleep.

About two o'clock in the morning we were awakened by the sound of voices and heavy footsteps on the verandah followed by vigorous pounding on the door. Our first thought was, that a party of desperadoes had come to rob us, but the makers of the disturbance proved to be an American traveller with guide and servant, who had just arrived on the late train. Our servant removed the cycles from the other room which the traveller took possession of. He expressed surprise to see two cycles one of them a lady's in such an out-of-the-way place, and did not appear particularly pleased with such meagre scantily furnished quarters. We certainly felt no thrill of joy at this interruption of our sleep after the fatiguing ride of the previous day.

The guide interviewed our servant on the subject of procuring a bed from our quarter of the bungalow, but was silenced by being told that the supply of these was not equal to the demand, and that the solitary

PAVILION, LITTLE CONJEVERAM.

wash-basin by all the laws of courtesy belonged to the lady visitor. After an hour of talking and bustling about by his servant the traveller had his rugs spread on the brick floor, settled himself to sleep, and quiet again reigned.

There is much of the picturesque and artistic at Chidambaram. Besides the large gopuras there are numerous smaller delightfully executed porches and halls, among which an unceasing procession of gaily dressed natives was passing during our visit, but not a European was encountered.

No particular sentiment is known to attach to the building of most of the Dravidian temples, but that at Chidambaram has a quaint legend connected with it mentioned by Fergusson, the symbol of which is carved on a small perfect pavilion. Vira Chola Raya, a Cholan king, in 977 A.D., had the good fortune to see Siva one day on the seashore, attended by Parvati dancing and beating the damaraka or drum. The sight filled him with such joy that he built a portion of the Chidambaram temple and dedicated it to Siva.

The pavilion symbolising this event is supported by two columns resting on a base decorated with dancing figures. On the sides are horses and wheels the whole representing a temple car. It is dedicated to Verma the god of dancing, and is one of the notable bits of South Indian art. The porch of Parvati with its elegant compound pillars and bracketed roof is also peculiar to Chidambaram. The thousand pillared choultri is more perfect, both in the number and character of its columns, than most of those seen in these temples. It is used as a stable for the temple elephants.

In very few Hindu temples would the attendants permit a stranger to enter the shrine containing the god, but for some reason, probably a pecuniary one, they offered to show us the idol here, so we considered it advisable to seize this opportunity to see his majesty. Accompanied by a train of noisy attendants and priests we ascended the steps, entered the inner temple and stood before the door of the holy of holies.

The priests washed their hands repeatedly in chattis of water before approaching the door, whilst one attendant pounded lustily on a damaraka and half a dozen others sang a dismal chant. As the door swung back on its hinges, a man sprang towards us and threw flower garlands over our heads. The idol, a large figure glittering with diamonds, emeralds, and topazes, and brilliantly illuminated from within the shrine blazed upon us for a moment, and then, before we had time to examine it fully, the door swung back with a bang and the exhibition was over. Limes were next presented to us, a large brass plate was

GOPURA, CHIDAMBARAM.

thrust before us, and demands for bakhshish followed from all sides. We were not again invited to inspect Dravidian gods, nor after the fleeting glimpse of this bejewelled divinity did we care to do so.

Far more interesting is a festival procession on its way to the abode of the divinity. This is generally headed by two or three huge temple elephants, their faces and trunks decorated with paint, with scarlet trappings and bells hanging by chains on either side, which are made to ring by their movements. The idol follows in a wooden car borne by flower-garlanded bearers singing strange melodies, and then comes a line of scantily clad dancing men beating tom-toms and sounding other unmusical instruments, bowing and contorting their bodies in every direction. Next a number of sleek well-nourished Brahmins chanting. Usually several solemn-eyed, bead-entwined sadhus, their faces and bodies bespattered with flour, straggle along in the rear. They all pass on and disappear within the temple.

Leaving much to be desired when examined in detail the great gopura pyramids are of immense landscape effect, rising from wide areas of palm-covered plain and dominating with their carved majesty squalid towns and villages, whose only other buildings are one-story affairs of thatch, wood, or plaster.

There is always plenty of room within the temple enclosure for large water-tanks bordered by rows of stone steps. Around these the people gather, their rainbow draperies producing under the span of the blue Indian sky against the carved façades fascinating genre pictures not everywhere to be seen in the commonplace world of to-day.

Some of the sculptured choultris are badly defaced by whitewash, considered decorative by the present-day worshippers, but taken as a whole if not the best art atmosphere at least the soul of modern South India pervades the courts and halls of these massive Dravidian landmarks.

From Chidambaram on to Madras the country is flat and the roads good except for occasional sandy places especially near the rivers. Throughout this region the apparatus for irrigation is made in almost the same manner as the well sweeps in out-of-the-way parts of New England, thousands of miles away in the antipodes of the New World. Samuelson mentions the use of the same arrangement in Bulgaria.

A long horizontal beam made of a tree-trunk is pivoted so as nearly to balance upon two upright posts. Its upper side is flattened and provided with notches. To its forward or tapering end a slender bamboo pole is attached, which carries a large earthen chatti or bucket

for raising the water. The rear end is weighted so as to fall to the ground when the apparatus is not in use.

To operate it one man manages the chatti below, whilst anywhere from one to four others mount upon the horizontal beam and run backwards and forwards on it to tilt it in the desired direction. The water is thus raised to a small reservoir placed high enough above the surrounding level to give it a head, whence it is distributed upon the land by trenches

WELL SWEEP, NEAR LITTLE CONJEVERAM.
Natives leaving off work to watch the process of photographing.

often running many hundred feet. Sometimes two chattis are operated by the same beam.

Water is raised for irrigation in other parts of India in several other ways, prominent among which is the so-called Persian well, an apparatus consisting of two large perpendicular wooden wheels attached to an axle about ten feet apart, one of which is provided with wooden teeth fitting into the teeth of a third horizontal wheel. The other perpendicular wheel, to the periphery of which earthen chattis are fastened, is so placed that the chattis at the lower part descend into the water of a

tank or stream. All the wheels are made to revolve by means of a pole attached to the axle of the horizontal wheel, which is drawn around in a circle by bullocks or buffaloes. The chattis bring up the water and discharge it at the highest point. The apparatus, which is roughly constructed, works with much creaking and groaning, and its music is one of the most familiar sounds in India.

One fine morning in January saw us en route from Madras to Mahabalipur viâ Chingleput and Sadras.[1] This is not the most direct route from Madras, but it best suited our purpose on this occasion. Our servant followed by rail and joined us at Chingleput with the luggage. Here we procured a matting-covered cart with wheels gaudily painted in yellow and red drawn by two active white bullocks, to take the servant and luggage eighteen miles to Sadras. The Sadras road was good, metalled for about half the way, and bordered on both sides by cocoanut palms. It led through a region of paddy fields relieved by palmyra palms, many deciduous trees, and picturesque hills. About half way was a village with a temple flanked by four graceful gopuras.

At Sadras we sought out the postmaster, a plump Hindu with a vermilion spot between his eyebrows. By his assistance we secured two large covered boats to take us seven miles on the canal to Mahabalipur and bring us back. Leaving our cycles at the Police Office we started ahead with one boat, telling the boatman of the other to follow with the servant, as soon as he should arrive.

The afternoon was beautiful. The air was dry and free from dust, a refreshing breeze was blowing, and the temperature at four o'clock was 78° Fahr. As we reclined on our blankets in the bottom of the boat, it seemed as if we had never met with a climate so absolutely delightful.

At half past six, as the sun was sinking in a sea of molten gold, our craft passed a wretched village smothered in palms and, some distance further on, stopped before a lonely bungalow. The boatman took what little luggage we had, and we started for the bungalow about a quarter of a mile distant, which we reached as the short tropical twilight was deepening into darkness. It was locked, and no one could be found on the premises.

The boatmen could not speak a word of English nor we of Tamil, so it was useless to try to send them for the keeper. We called aloud, but there was no response. We began to fear we should have to spend the night on the verandah without bed, fire or water.

[1] A road has since been made from Chingleput to Mahabalipur eighteen miles in length.

RATH, MAHABALIPUR.

As we stood in the increasing darkness in no very pleasant frame of mind, the boatmen began to beg for money, patting their chests with one hand and alternately putting the other to their mouths and holding it out towards us with a most lugubrious expression of countenance, to indicate they were hungry and wished money to buy food with; and this although they were only three hours away from home. We felt their application was rather ill-timed, for they should have been bestirring themselves in our behalf instead of thus adding to our discomfort, so we

ROCK-CUT TEMPLE, MAHABALIPUR.

indicated to them by rather forcible gestures to wait till a more convenient season.

Later experience showed they were no worse than others of their kind. When an Indian is engaged to transport a traveller, in the vast majority of cases he will attempt to secure a portion of his payment at the first halting place by asking an advance for his food, or, if he be driving an animal, for fodder for that. He will never allow that he has brought any food with him or has any money with which to buy it. The custom being recognised no harm results from giving a small

GREAT RATH, MAHABALIPUR.

advance, with which he is usually satisfied, and which he recognises at the final settlement.

At length our shouts attracted the attention of a passer-by, who said he would call the chaukidar from the village. In due time the latter appeared and opened the bungalow. It was well furnished but no food was to be had. The chaukidar boiled some water and said he could get plenty of eggs on the morrow. On being commissioned to procure the latter he brought only four after half a day. The arrival of our servant an hour later with our luggage enabled us to make ourselves comfortable.

Mahabalipur was first visited by W. Chambers, Esq., in 1772, who described its picturesque charms and fascinating ruins. Since then it has attracted the attention of a few archæologists. It is also known among Anglo-Indians by the name of "Seven Pagodas," the origin of which is not clear. Some think this name was given by mariners, who thought they saw seven temples when passing by sea; others that it was taken from the temples scattered among the rocks.

We started on our tour of inspection in the solemn blue Indian dawn, first directing our steps across the sands to the Tiger Cave, or perhaps it should more properly be called the Lion Cave, three miles distant on the seashore near the village of Saluvankuppam. This consists of a large boulder of coarse-grained syenite, such as are scattered about the region, hollowed out into a cell, the entrance to which is blocked up. Above the entrance is a semicircular row of colossal lion or yali heads diminishing in size from the central one. Those at the two extremities have bodies. Running back from the foreheads over the prominent eyes are what appear to be horns, the ends of which curve over the ear.

The yalis or simhas of Southern India are fashioned on a somewhat grotesque plan. Elephants and monkeys are usually skilfully carved, but the yali does not resemble a natural animal. The reason of this, tradition states, was, that the early stone-cutters not being familiar with real lions as they were with elephants did the best they could, and drew on their imagination for the rest. They certainly produced some astonishing results. In this case the effect of the great boulder standing alone in its bed of white sand with its circlet of quaint beasts guarding the closed doorway is very striking.

From here we walked along the beach for an hour toward two pagoda-like towers, that loomed tall and pointed in the distance from the edge of the water, where the crest of the incoming breakers fell. As we approached, the turrets seemed to diminish steadily in height, until we were about a quarter of a mile from them, when they assumed their

TEMPLE OF MAHA BALI, MAHABALIPUR.

proper proportions, which were retained till we reached them. This curious phenomenon was contrary to ordinary optical law, and if not due to mirage can only be attributed to some Indian eccentricity.

The illusory but very real temple proved to be that of Maha Bali, a seventh-century structure erected according to the latest readings of the Tamil inscriptions on its walls by the Pallava king Kshatriyasimha or Jalasayana and named Jalasayana after him. It is built wholly of granite and is probably the earliest Dravidian temple in India. One says "probably" advisedly, for it is never certain, that an older example may not be discovered in this extraordinary land.

The pyramidal towers rise black and gloomy above the waters that foam at their base. The carved decorations have been worn away, and even the blocks of the granite walls have been hollowed out by the waves and spray, that for centuries during storms have washed over them and invaded the innermost courts. In a ruined recess lies a colossal sleeping figure of the god Bali. From the battered parapet one gazes seaward toward the rock reef where, native folklore asserts, many other sculptured towers grander than those of Bali lie buried in the sea.

On a syenite ridge behind stand the pillared porches of cave temples and the great carved rock devoted to serpent worship. To the east amid palmyra and cocoanut palms rise the group of monolithic raths, Mahabalipur's pride of grim antiquity.

Southey's "Curse of Kehama" tells in singing rhyme of the mysterious and poetic charm of this miniature petrified city of olden days. Near it no modern Athens or Rome will ever be reared to mar its beauty with the hum of progress. The seventh-century palms wave their curled fronds over the sculptured verandahs, the beach grass of a forgotten era grows among the fallen statues, and the same sea has sounded upon the powdered sands on which they stand for thirteen hundred long years. Here nature and art combine to perpetuate a well-rounded poem of harmonious antiquity.

The Sanscrit inscriptions on the walls of the Dharmaraja Rath state, the temple was founded by Narasimha a Pallava king reigning in 682 A.D. and was dedicated to Siva. The Ganesa Rath according to inscriptions on its wall was also built in the seventh century and dedicated to Siva.

Beyond a few such bare facts nothing is known of the circumstances attending the building of the monuments at Mahabalipur. Neither the inscriptions nor the little that history has to offer make it clear, who the Pallava kings and the people they governed were or where they came from. Probably all the work was done during the seventh century.

SAHADERA'S RATH, MAHABALIPUR.

The five monolithic raths, some nearly finished, others very incomplete in the exterior carvings, are the most important examples of their kind in India. No other similar group is known, and it is supposed, that these represent in stone forms of Buddhist viharas or monasteries, as they existed in wood in the old Buddhist days. The delicate columns resting on yalis, the horseshoe design on the roof of one rath, and the finials and decorations, were probably borrowed from wooden models, and the attempt to imitate these in lithic form was first made by a race passing through here from the North.

The verandah of Bhima's Rath shows where the sleeping cells of the monks were placed between the columns, and the roof of Sahadera's shrine duplicates the horseshoe front of the cave temple of Bhaja. The plantain capitals and lion bases of the cave temples also indicate wooden origin.

Why these miniature monasteries, which were never occupied by Buddhist monks, were built here is not known. The fact exists but the motive is shrouded in mystery.

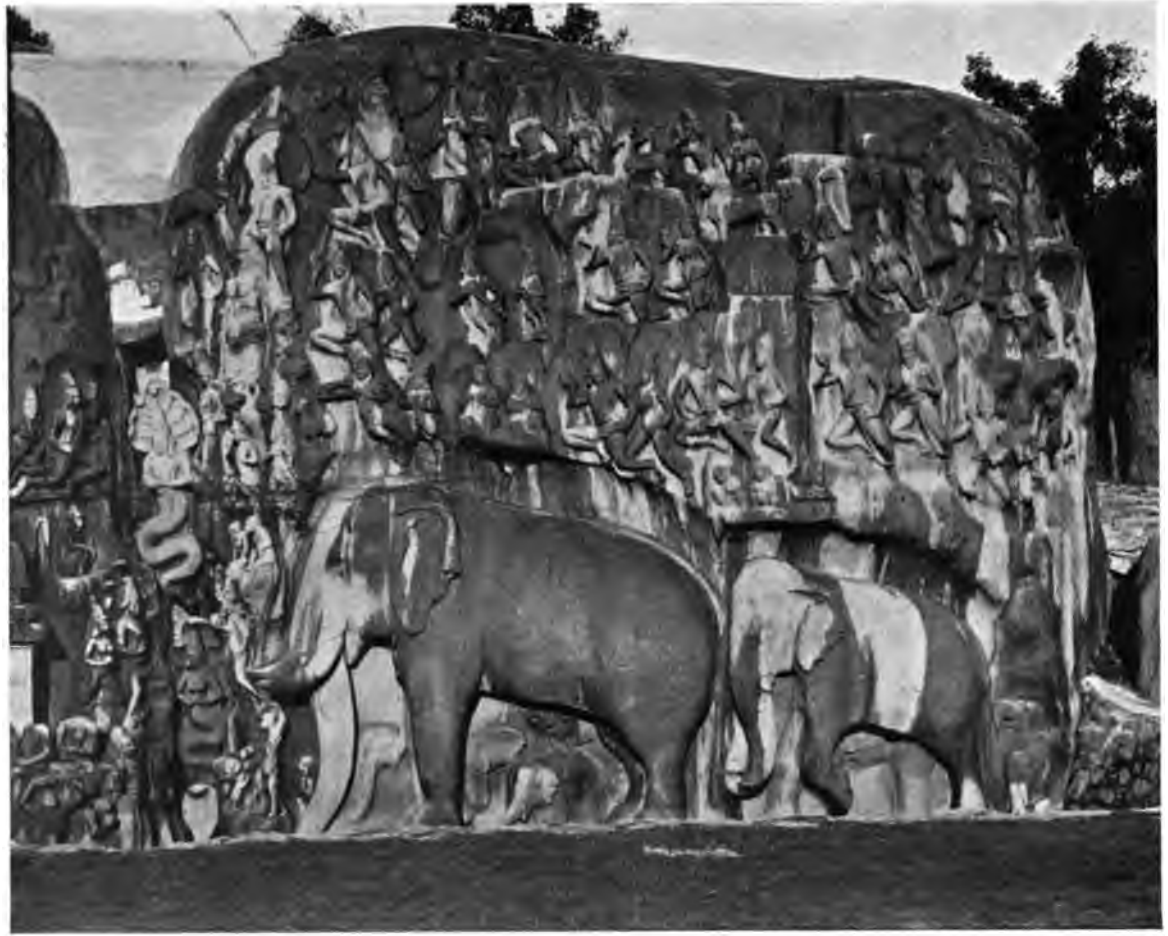
Another interesting point is, that they undoubtedly served as models for the first Dravidian structural temples. All the great South Indian gopuras were built later, but, although on a much more colossal scale, their correspondence in design with these raths is obvious.

Near the cave temples is a huge rock, on the face of which the legend of Arjuna's Penance from the Mahabharata is carved. Naga kings and serpents play an important rôle in this great bas-relief. The worship of the serpent and of the tree are among the most charming vagaries of Indian rock sculpture.

Buddhist temples are chiefly decorated with scenes from the life of Gautama, and the Hindu with those from the Indian epics, but intermixed with these ever recurring are the five and seven-headed serpents and trees, quaint symbols of that mythical cult which is supposed to have originated with the aboriginal tribes, that inhabited the peninsula before the advent of the Aryans.

From Cape Comorin to the Doric columned temples of Kashmir tree and serpent emblems hold sway among the carved fantasies on portals and façades. It is perhaps difficult to see why temples, halls, and tanks, were dedicated to the serpent, unless because the builders bowed before the power of that Oriental reptile to destroy, but it is easier to understand why they adored the tree or the god they believed to dwell within it.

When one considers the beauty of the trees, and has experienced the protection their deep shade affords from the power of the sun and



ARJUNA'S PENANCE, MAHABALIPUR.

the refreshment supplied by their fruit, a lively sympathy with the ideas of primitive peoples is awakened.

After passing years in India one cannot forget the gnarled and bearded banyans, the wide-spreading tamarinds and mangoes, and the glistening sacred pepul. Trees give the native food, fuel, cooling drinks, and shade, in a fiery sun-baked land, and, as a source of supply to his simple needs, it is but natural, that they should be invested with divine attributes.

Among the curiosities at Mahabalipur are figures of men and animals, groups of monkeys, and carved columns, cropping out everywhere, prominent among which are the colossal lion, elephant, and ox, which stand with the raths. The elephant is one of the largest and finest in India. It seems as if the strange race which left these mementoes wished to turn every rock and boulder into a story. Not only were they a skilful but they were a busy people, for it was no light task to make carvings such as these, many of which are admirably executed in the hard coarse syenite of the region.

On our return to Sadras the chief of police entertained us with the milk of green cocoanuts, a refreshing beverage in the Tropics, after which we rode back to Chingleput where the night was passed. The bungalow here was good and well kept, and the khansamah served an excellent game dinner, the only one we had at a bungalow in India. From here we rode to Conjeveram and on viâ Arkonam and Renigunta to Tirupati with its three gopuras on a hill, and thence returned to Madras.

The chief object of interest at Great Conjeveram is the large symmetrical gopura. At Little Conjeveram the hippograph columns of the choultris are remarkably well carved each in a different design. There are also two graceful four-columned pavilions. Chains cut out of the hard hornblendic rock with circular links each movable on its neighbours hang from the corners of the cornice.

ARJUNA'S RATH, MAHABALIPUR.

CHAPTER III

En Route from Madras to Ootacamund—How we were made Comfortable at Ranipat—Banyan-trees—Monkeys—The Temple at Vellore—Christianised Indians—Railway Station Waiting-rooms—Crossing a River in a Lotus-leaf Boat—Curious Figures on the Roadside—The Long Ascent to the Blue Hills—Ootacamund, the Mountain Paradise of the South—The Aboriginal Todas, their Habits and Customs.

ON the 25th of January we left Madras at daybreak en route to Ootacamund in the Nilgiri Hills, some three hundred and fifty miles to the south-west. On this day we rode seventy-five miles to Ranipat over roads that were partly lumpy and only fair at best. The bungalow here was a spacious building with brick floor, but destitute of furniture of any kind. One portion was occupied by a young lieutenant on duty, who was away on our arrival.

We took possession of the other half, but without much prospect of comfort, as the chaukidar had nothing in which to boil water, and our servant had gone ahead with our main baggage to the place we expected to reach on the morrow. The chaukidar advised us to apply to a retired English officer living near by for cots to sleep on, which advice we followed. He and his wife, on learning of the plight we were in in the unfurnished bungalow, kindly sent over not only the cots but sheets, pillows, a table, and washstand. The servants who brought the furniture were followed by a bearer with afternoon tea, which was most refreshing after the dust and heat of the day.

The lieutenant soon returned, and courteously invited us to dine with him, and allow his servants to attend to our wants. He played the part of host admirably, and we had a jolly meal together. All in all, owing to the kindness of our two benefactors, we passed as comfortable a night as we should have done in a well-appointed dak bungalow.

The lieutenant expressed surprise, that we had come from Madras in one day, and said he had planned to cycle back there, but it had not occurred to him to make less than three étapes, sending tents ahead to

BANYAN THROWING DOWN ROOTLETS.

meet him at night. Although accustomed to what he called much exercise, he confessed he did not feel equal to cycling in the sun for so many hours. He further remarked that a woman, who could cycle seventy-five miles in a day in the Madras Presidency, need fear no heat she might meet in other parts of India. This was consoling.

The next day we rode sixty-eight miles to Jalarpet Junction, viâ Vellore. The road was fair and level, except the last five miles, where it ascended. Between Vellore and Jalarpet it ran through a valley bounded by ranges of reddish hills, which at noon took on a beautiful mauve colouring.

The roads of South India are as a rule much better shaded than those of the middle and north. The trees here are chiefly banyans, mangoes, and tamarinds, which grow to a great size and cast a dense shade. In many cases their interlacing branches form a leafy arch over the road, which for miles completely shuts out the sun's rays. On roads thus shaded one may ride in comfort in the dry season even at a temperature of 90° Fahr.

The banyan is a tree, which with its protean shapes and variety of foliage one never tires of studying. Its strong lower horizontal branches send down a cloud of rootlets, now as slender filaments, which sway forward and backward with the slightest breeze, again as thick brushes, and still again in great clumps of intertwining stems. When these reach the earth, they pierce and take a firm hold in it with marvellous rapidity, and with the additional nutriment thence derived they increase in size, till they rival or even exceed the parent trunk in diameter, standing in firm columns to support the ever-increasing mass above.

Still other offshoots wind themselves about the trunk, as if they intended to strangle it, hugging it so closely, that in time the bark between the two becomes absorbed, and the whole grows together into one homogeneous mass. The banyan is a rapid grower, and if let alone, not a very long time is required for a single tree to become a forest. When once it has thrown down rootlets, the dying or cutting away of the original trunk does not destroy the tree, which nourishes itself by means of its new roots, and proceeds without interruption on its course of development. The dark green of its thick glossy leaves is effectively relieved by the abundance of red, white, and black berries about the size of cherries, with which the twigs are covered at the season of fruitage.

Monkeys were seen continually on this route. They were extremely shy, and never waited for us to come near them. If we stopped to look at them, they retreated immediately to a safe distance, but, if we did not appear to notice them, they would remain among the lower branches of

the trees, peeking out at us from behind them. They seemed to prefer the tamarind-trees, the fruit of which they ate with evident relish. When we stopped under these trees, they pelted us with the pods they were picking, grinning as if they enjoyed the sport.

On this day we sat under a spreading tamarind-tree to eat our tiffin.

MONKEYS IN BABUL TREES.

Shortly half a dozen rather small, dark brown monkeys climbed into the branches over us, and watched us attentively. At last one, more venturesome and perhaps more intelligent than the rest, cautiously descended, and sat on a small branch about ten feet above us. After a few

moments he began to open and shut his mouth rapidly, looking directly at us, evidently intending to indicate that he wished some of our food. As we did not appear to notice his appeal, to emphasise it and show us he was in earnest, with an expression of great determination he seized the branch with both hands, and shook it several times with all his strength, much as an excited child might do. Was not the karma of that monkey about fitted for its next transmigration into a human being?

The temple at Vellore, while smaller than those at Madura and Seringham, is of finer workmanship and earlier date. In front of the graceful seven-storied gopura stand two blue granite dwarpals, which faintly remind one of similar temple guardians in Java. The madapam is the chef-d'œuvre of the place with double flexioned cornice and admirably executed compound pillars, each of different design. The yalis and rearing horsemen on the columns of the portico are most spirited, and far removed from the ponderous conventional creatures seen in some Dravidian temples. Artists, and very good ones too, seem to have been employed here, where everything is carved, even to the fantastic fruit ceiling with its circle of lightly poised parrots.

Coming from the south one is impressed by the fine open work on many columns. It is the first suggestion of what the Chalukyas employed so effectively at Hulabid and elsewhere, and is particularly interesting from the fact, that the building dates of this and the Chalukyan temples differ by less than a century, that of this being about 1300. The temple stands within the eleventh-century fort. It is worth while to ascend the bat-infested stairway to the top of the gopura for the view, which combines a sweep of distant sunglint plain, flanked by azure hills, with a near coup d'œil of beige ramparts, offset by a sluggish moat. In the distance the sun blazing with noon-day power transforms the landscape into brilliant almost palpitating form in the heat haze, while a soft cloud sheathing an arc of the sky overhead shrouds the near scene in solemn half-tones.

We came upon a number of women engaged in repairing the road under the direction of a tall, fine-looking man draped in spotless white. The women were bringing water to wet down the road in large earthen chattis, balanced on their heads. Their fine figures were well set off by their bright-coloured saris, and the freedom and grace of their movements were admirable.

We found the South Indians usually polite, and willing to render us any assistance in their power. We were surprised to find how large a number of them spoke English, particularly in the Madras Presidency. We seldom passed through a village of any size, where Indians were not

DWARPAL AT TEMPLE GATE, VELLORE.

DWARPAL AT TEMPLE GATE, VELLORE.

to be found with a considerable knowledge of English. Undoubtedly missionary work, which has been undertaken here to a greater extent than in many parts of India, is partly responsible for this, but by no means wholly, for large numbers of Hindus, who have not come under missionary influence, speak English well, so that instruction under Government auspices must be allowed credit also.

Those Madrasis who have nominally embraced Christianity are usually baptized with, or have adopted Biblical names, such as Jacob, Paul, Peter, Abraham, Methuselah, &c. The sincerity of their Christian professions seems to be doubted not only by the native population but also by the European. It is a significant fact, that Europeans, not only in the Madras Presidency but in all parts of India, prefer Hindus and Mohammedans to Christians as servants. Everywhere we heard the statement made by those who had lived for any time in India, that they would not have a native Christian in their houses. After having had several of them in our service we learned to appreciate the grounds on which this all-prevailing sentiment is based. We remember one lady missionary, who was in a state of great depression at the conduct of her Christianised domestics, and her position forbade her to employ unregenerate natives.

It seems doubtful, whether it is possible to teach the lower class of natives, from which the Christian converts mostly come, to have any realising sense of the ethics of Christianity as bases of action, and the province of missionaries in India for some time to come would appear to be that of secular educators rather than of instructors of morals. The truth of this view is conceded by some missionaries, who are content to labour in the educational field, which affords abundant opportunity for the exercise of all their energies, without attempting to proselyte their pupils.

Those who best know Indian character consider that Christian missions can have no hope of making any impression on the upper classes. These, be they Hindu, Jain, Buddhist, or Mohammedan, are no fools. They are essentially philosophical and reflective in their habits of thought, and are entirely able to examine, weigh evidence, and judge for themselves. Many of them understand Christian philosophy better probably that nine-tenths of professing Christians, and see nothing in it more advanced than, or materially different from the teachings of their own, which was fully developed, Mohammedan philosophy of course excepted, when Christianity was born.

They have an academic interest in Christianity, and will attend meetings and lectures where its cause is presented, but what they hear

leaves them cold, and is without effect. They see in the dogmas and rites of the Christian Church only an adaptation of similar ones long pre-existent in their own systems.

There is one peculiarity common to Indians of every race, religion, condition, and class—except perhaps the highest, which is too well-bred to show it—viz., curiosity. Without any apparent motive they put a string of questions nearly always the same to us on all occasions, the answers to which could not possibly be of any importance to them. These were, "Where do you come from? When did you leave there? What service do you belong to? What is your business here? How long do you stop? Where are you going?" In some cases, not satisfied with these, they asked us if we were bicycle agents. They could not understand otherwise, why we should take the trouble to travel on cycles.

These questions were answered as prudence dictated. After some experience we found it convenient to cut off too much impertinence by looking wise and mysteriously hinting we were on secret service making an examination of the district, which usually had the effect of putting an end to further questioning. But, as in Spain, where the customs have many points of resemblance to those of the East, we could not get the people to do much for us, till their curiosity had been satisfied.

At Jalarpet Junction there was no bungalow, so we were obliged to pass the night in the waiting-room at the railway station, which was comfortable as such places go. At the larger railway stations the men's and women's waiting-rooms are provided with two or three cane couches each, and a dressing-room containing a washstand, pitcher, hand-basin, commode, and sometimes an iron bath-tub. If one is so fortunate as to be the sole occupant of the room, one can pass a fairly comfortable night; but usually one's rest is disturbed by the snores of other occupants, the screeching of locomotive whistles, the rumble of trains, the harsh and discordant shouting of natives on the platform, and the incoming of passengers. On several occasions parties of natives invaded the waiting-room and camped on the floor, making so much noise that sleep was impossible.

The waiting-rooms of the small stations possess only a table, straight-backed chairs, and wooden settees, and in these comfort is out of the question. One learns to doze on the wooden settees and even sitting upright on the chairs, but refreshing sleep cannot be obtained.

The next day we ran eighty-one miles to Salem Junction. This run was rather trying on account of thirst, for there was no town nor other

DETAIL OF CHOU'LTRI, VELLORE.

place in the whole distance, where we could get soda-water or refill our water-flasks. The road was partly good and partly bad. It ascended for sixty miles over a high plateau, and then descended gently to Salem. Much of the way it was well shaded. We had to ford three rivers, the water in which was from ankle to knee-deep. The country became greener as we ascended, and the Shevaroy Hills appeared on the right clothed in a beautiful blue and picturesque in outline. On the horizon over them was a thin veil of cloud, which showed pinkish shades like sunset tints for several hours during the day. These hills serve as a summer resort to those who cannot go to the Nilgiris. Their highest point is 6,347 feet.

Spending this night at the railway station at Salem we pushed on in the morning to Erode Junction forty miles to the south. Two miles before Erode we came to the Cauvery river, which here has a wide rocky bed, in which considerable water was flowing with an eddying current. There was no bridge, and when we reached the river no one was in sight, and no means of crossing was apparent.

After we had waited for some time, a native came up, and said there was a boatman a quarter of a mile above, whom he would call. In due time the boatman appeared with his boat, which was modelled after a lotus-leaf, or possibly, a frying-pan. It was circular, about six and a half feet in diameter, with a rim fifteen inches high turning up a right angle with the bottom. It was made of bamboo basketwork covered with buffalo hide.

As it danced about upon the water, it looked so frail, that we hesitated to trust ourselves to it, and suggested to the boatman, it would be advisable to take only one at a time over. He said the boat would hold all three, and we need have no fear. When the cycles and baggage had been placed in it, and we had stowed ourselves in the space which remained, the boat was completely filled. Only room enough was left for one leg of the boatman, by which he clung to the craft as only an Indian can cling, and wielded a spade-shaped paddle and a bamboo pole with great dexterity.

To our surprise the boat was exceedingly staunch and steady, and even when whirling round and round in the eddies in mid-stream did not tilt perceptibly. We at first felt ourselves in the position of the three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl, but we did not suffer the fate, which is supposed to have overtaken those adventurers, for our bowl proved strong, and we landed in safety on the other side.

For the third consecutive night we were obliged to put up at a railway station at Erode, where the waiting-rooms are well arranged.

CARVED CEILING IN CHOULTRI, VELLORE.

The couches were even provided with mosquito nettings, but alas ! these were full of holes, and the host of mosquitos which took advantage of this defect made sleep a mockery.

The next day we rode sixty-two miles to Mettupalaiyam at the foot of the Nilgiri Hills. The road, which ascended moderately for about thirty miles, although without shade, was the smoothest we had seen since leaving Madras.

We passed two of the collections of figures of horses, horsemen, elephants, dogs and men, which are scattered about this part of the country. These figures, which are grotesque, of rude workmanship, and often of colossal size, are grouped together in semicircles under trees by the roadside, or in front of lonely country shrines, or arranged around walled enclosures with faces turned toward the centre of the enclosure. They are hollow, made of clay or chunam, and are painted in various colours.

The only explanation we were able to get as to their purpose came from an English official, who said the figures of animals were intended as mounts for the village gods, when they made their rounds in the region, and those of men to serve them as servants.

From their appearance, position, and arrangement, it might also be supposed, that they are intended as habitations for the spirits of the departed, when they revisit the scenes of their earthly activities, or as memorial or votive offerings, like the small animal figures of baked clay placed on and around tombs in Bengal. We did not see them farther north than the state of Mysore.

The approach to the Nilgiris on a cycle is like nearing an enchanted land on wings. As you bear down upon them they rise like an ethereal barrier blotting out the world beyond. They are well called the blue hills as the name implies. Whilst their vast wooded spurs are perfectly distinct in outline, the whole mass seems to soar above the plain in a film of azure blue. In the early morning a pink mist bathes them, at noon and evening a blue ether. At no hour do they like most hills appear real and commonplace. The Nilgiris are theatrical, resembling well-painted stage peaks yet possessing the one thing, that the at best but tawdry work of the artist cannot reproduce, the soul of nature.

At Mettupalaiyam we put up at Brown's bungalow, an establishment with four guest-rooms. The main building stands in a large enclosure bounded on three sides by sheds for the ponies employed in the tonga service to Ootacamund, which exhaled an odour none too agreeable to persons of delicate olfactory sense. The walls of the dining-room were well sprinkled with cheap prints, among which were

INTERIOR COLUMN OF CHOULTRI, VELLORE.

numerous illuminated placards bearing such mottoes as "Dawson's Whiskies," "Dry Champagne, Geo. Goulet Rheims," "May Lee Cross cut," "The Lord will provide," "Faith, Hope and Charity," the last two evidently placed there by missionaries, doubtless as an antidote to the baleful effect of the others or with a view to create variety in the mural decorations, which might thus appeal to the taste of every one.

From Mettupalaiyam the road runs level for six miles to Kolar at the foot of the ghat leading to the Nilgiris. From Kolar to Coonoor sixteen miles it winds steeply upward, and thence on twelve miles with a somewhat easier gradient to Ootacamund. Although on this day the distance travelled was less than on any other of the six from Madras, the work was more fatiguing as we had to push our loaded cycles up the steep ascent twenty-two miles. The height climbed during the day must have been about 6,000 feet. The hills seen and passed were abrupt, of good shapes, and heavily wooded. Their bases were clothed with a jungle of bamboo, which was bare and brown having shed most of its foliage, then came dense forests of tropical trees largely deciduous, and higher these were replaced by evergreens.

The Nilgiri Hills consist of an isolated mountain massif adjoining the southern boundary of Mysore, extending fifty-one miles east and west, and twenty-one north and south, the sides of which rise everywhere sharply from the plain. The top is a rolling plateau of an average height of 6,500 feet above the sea, covered alternately with grass and forest. Its surface is intersected in all directions by narrow valleys. At several points it rises into peaks, the highest of which, Dodabetta, is said to be 8,728 feet.

The slopes of these peaks are scored here and there by ravines, which are lined quite up to their heads by a growth of forest trees. These are called sholas. At the time of our visit the sholas were transformed by the new foliage into a patchwork of red and green of various shades, presenting a pleasing contrast to the brown dry grass, which covered the rounded hills. Australian wattles and blue gum-trees have been extensively planted, which flourish and add variety to the landscape, as well as supply an abundance of wood for fuel.

The Nilgiris are a great blessing to South India affording a refuge from the heat in the warm season, which both the Madras Government and the people avail themselves of. The temperature is mild and equable being said to average 58° Fahr. When we were there the temperature was lower than usual even at that season, for on the 21st of January at Ootacamund the mercury stood at 7 a.m. at 26° Fahr., at 1 p.m. 56°, and at 7 p.m. 47°, again falling during the night to 28°.

CHOULTRI, LITTLE CONJEVERAM.

Ootacamund or Ooty, as the Anglo-Indian residents call it, the chief town on the plateau, lies at a height of 7,000 to 7,500 feet above the sea. With its delightful climate and attractive surroundings of wooded peaks, wild ravines, and grand forest, it is a by no means unpleasant place to live in. It is called by many the fairest hill-station in India, and it may indeed lay claim to certain attractions not possessed by the northern stations, prominent among which is the large amount of level area around it.

There are many miles of well-made roads extending in every direction over the hills and through the valleys, on which one may ride and cycle to his heart's content. There is plenty of room for polo, or golf, or any other game. It also offers attractions to the sportsman both in the surrounding district and in the mountains of the Kundas, on the wild slopes and crests of Murkurty and Avalanche peaks, as well as on the heavily wooded ones running down to the plains. Among the large game are the elephant, tiger, leopard, cheetah, bear, deer, wild boar, and muntjak, or mountain sheep. Tigers exist at all altitudes though more plentiful on the lower slopes.

A fine one was killed on Dodabetta a short time before our visit to it. There are also many varieties of birds and smaller animals. Darjeeling, Simla, and Murree, have their views of the "Snows" which may well be written with a capital. They also have their social life; but as one cannot live on views alone, so the interest in the social life of a hill-station, however agreeable, wanes after a time. At Ooty, if one becomes tired of gymkhanas and badminton, one can flee to the hills and forests without descending six or eight thousand feet to the plains or climbing to snowy heights. To escape from Darjeeling one must descend to the Teesta, or the Terai, or attack a slope of Kanchenjanga.

Ooty is also pleasant socially, for besides its summer colony from Madras, Mysore, and other states, and the usual sprinkling of English and American missionaries, it has an agreeable permanent colony of retired British officials with their families, who, unlike the majority of Britons in India, go there to spend the remainder of their days instead of taking the first boat for home, when their time of service has expired.

The supreme grandeur of sunrise on Mounts Everest, Kabru, and Kanchenjanga, as seen from Sandakphu, cannot be seen in the Nilgiris, but sunrise moments may be enjoyed on the summit of Dodabetta, when the wide-spreading plains below are carpeted with fluffy mists, and the hills rise like sentinels of the morning in a garb of mystic blue toward the rose-tinted sky. Nor can one ever forget the evening hours,

DETAIL OF CHOULTRI LITTLE CONJEVERAM.

when the blood-red disk of the sun sinks in a dark mauve haze, which soon changes into the grey of twilight.

Besides three small aboriginal tribes the native inhabitants of the Nilgiris are the Badagas, a Hindu race said to have come from Mysore after the downfall of the kingdom of Vijayanagar about 350 years ago. They are tillers of the soil, hold their land under the Government, and pay a tribute in grain to the Todas.

The aboriginal tribe of the Todas, now reduced in number to less than seven hundred, is the most interesting of the native races. They regard themselves still as the real owners of the hills, and look with little favour on the more numerous and industrious people from the plains. They are tall, well built, with copper-coloured skin, elongated heads, and narrow foreheads. The men wear their hair in a frowzy shock, which, hanging over the temples and eyes gives them a wild appearance.

Some of the women are very good-looking. Their hair, which is long and black, is parted on the crown, combed back, and allowed to fall in long curls or waves. Their dress when clean makes an effective setting to the dark curls falling over it. It consists of coarse white cloth, which is draped gracefully over the shoulders like a toga leaving the right arm bare.

The Todas live in hamlets of four to six huts called mands. The huts are made of bamboo woven into a framework and covered with thatch, which is waterproof even during the monsoon. They are tent-shaped, about eighteen feet long, ten feet high, and nine wide. The ends are closed with stout planks. One end has a doorway, the sole opening to the hut, which is closed by a wooden door thirty-two inches high, eighteen wide, and four to six thick, so arranged as to slide forward and back. There is no chimney, and the smoke of the fire has to find its way out by the door if at all. The whole interior is black with soot.

On one side of the interior there is a raised clay platform covered with skins for sleeping purposes, and opposite a fireplace with a stand for cooking utensils, which are few and primitive. Among these is the usual pestle for pounding rice, whilst a hole in the ground beaten hard serves for a mortar. The huts are surrounded by walls of loose stones. A mand is usually occupied by one family, which also owns one or more others in different places, to which they move to graze their buffaloes.

The Todas are good-natured, lazy, and independent. They are wholly pastoral in their habits, depending for support on their herds of buffaloes, the tribute paid by the Badagas, and a small gratuity granted

by Government in consideration of their claim to the land. Each householder has his own cattle, which are not interfered with by others. The buffaloes of different owners graze together in common under the supervision of the priest, who attends to the milking, and distributes each householder the milk due to him from his animals. The milk and

TODA WOMEN, NILGIRI HILLS.

butter are kept in one part of a separate hut entered by no one except the priest, the other part of which serves as a temple.

On the death of the head of a family the eldest son succeeds to the largest share of the buffaloes, and the youngest becomes owner of the house and has to support the women. Polyandry was formerly much practised but has fallen into disuse, and it is now the exception for a woman to have more than one husband. The marriage ceremony like

most of those of the Todas is simple, consisting only of an exchange of buffaloes on the part of the husband and his father-in-law. The women cook, carry water, and, as a pastime, make a coarse sort of embroidery. Their position is low. When the men come home after an absence, the women greet them by falling on their knees and raising first one foot and then the other to their foreheads.

The language is a mixture of Dravidian dialects, and most strongly resembles Tamil, which some of the Todas speak. Now and then one of them is induced to attend the missionary schools at Ootacamund, but no converts are made. The religion has a pastoral tinge showing traces of ancestor and element worship.

There are higher and lower priests. The chief priest lives in a hut by himself apart from every one. No woman can approach his abode and no man speak with him without permission. He has great influence over the people, who believe God dwells in him and makes known His wishes through him as a medium. As to rites, happy mortals, they practise almost none. Some old men salaam to the rising sun or moon, others fast at the time of eclipses, but none except the priests do more than this.

Their only form of prayer is, "May all be well," or "May all be well with the buffaloes." The younger ones do not trouble themselves about even this form. The only really religious ceremony is said to be the sacrifice once a year of a male buffalo calf. Women are not permitted to be present at this.

It does not fall to the lot of most persons to have two funerals, but in this respect the Toda has the advantage of his fellow Indians. The first or green funeral takes place soon after death, when the corpse is placed in the open, and three handfuls of earth are thrown upon it. Two buffaloes of the deceased are then brought up to touch the corpse, after which they are immediately killed and placed beside it. The family and friends surround the three corpses and mourn, which ceremony is followed by the burning of the body. The ashes are left to be scattered by the winds.

The second or dry funeral takes place at the end of the year in commemoration of all who have died during it, at a funeral hut devoted to this purpose. The ceremony lasts two days and is evidently not a very sad affair. The first day is occupied with the assembling of the participators, buying, selling, and soothsaying, in fact with the semblance of a country fair. The crowning event is the arrival of selected buffaloes, which the next day are excited to a high pitch and then killed as an offering, which act closes the ceremony.

TODA MAND, NILGIRI HILLS.

We heard a good deal in Ootacamund as in other parts of India of three bugaboos, of which the Europeans there appear to live in continual fear, "a touch of the sun," "fever," and "catching a chill," especially after a wetting even with the temperature at 85° and over. Without discussing these here we may say briefly that, in spite of constant exposure to heat, sun, cold, wet, and malarial emanations, in the course of many thousand miles of travel in all parts of India, we escaped all of these evils.

Fever enteric and malarial does constitute a real danger in India, and, not a great while after we were in Ootacamund, that place was ravaged by an epidemic of enteric fever. Before we cycled down into the jungles of Mysore some friendly missionaries presented us, together with much good counsel, with an ample supply of an orange-coloured powder, which they were using as more efficacious against fever than quinine, and which they advised us to take freely, if only as a prophylactic against this ailment. They added the powder was extremely unpleasant in taste. This powder appeared to be picric acid. We concluded to brave the terrors of jungle fever rather than martyr ourselves by taking so nauseous a remedy, however efficacious it might have proved to be in the hands of the missionaries.

CHAPTER IV

From the Rhododendron-clad Hills to the Jungle of Mysore—Our Madrasi Bearer—The Dak-tree — Indian Hotels and Cookery — The Chamundi Bull — The Chalukyan Temple at Somnathpur — The Babu in Government Employ — Relation of the Chicken to the Bungalow Dietary — Sravana Belgola and the Gomatasvara.

THE road to Mysore passes over the undulating plateau to Neddivattam near its northern edge. When we travelled over it the rounded hills were covered with dry grass, which in the fine lighting assumed a rich brown colour and a silky lustre, in strong contrast to which were the sholas with their clinging forests of fresh vivid green and red, out of which jutted great masses of white and coloured rhododendrons, the whole forming one of the pictures so delightful to the eye in India, where at the same moment winter, spring, and summer, seem to join hands.

As we wheeled down the Gudalore ghat, a wilder country than that on the Mettupalaiyam side unfolded itself to view. Several thousand feet below in the foreground lay the foot-hills of Mysore clothed with dense jungle, beyond which the pomegranate-toned plains vibrated under the brilliant sky, a unique vista even in this land of varied jungle scenery.

After reaching the foot-hills the road for the next twenty-six miles ran up and down, and finally ascended over a pass. It was not a metalled road, and it was in a most disgusting condition, being badly cut up by heavy carts and covered with dust to a depth of three to four inches. In many places it was impossible to ride over it. It ran through heavy jungle, which lay cool and green on either side, but it itself had no trees of any kind to temper the vertical rays of the midday sun, under which we toiled through the thick dust.

The jungle of this region conforms to one's preconceived ideas of tropical jungle derived from tales of the East, of areas covered with rank

vegetation, where vast masses of bamboo form an impenetrable barrier; where giant trees rise thick, smothered with snaky creepers, which hang in interlacing festoons from their lofty tops; where here and there openings occur through which the sunlight falls aslant prostrate decaying trunks, and tall grass borders a pool of sluggish water, into which a moss-covered bough falls with a splash, that makes one shiver even at a temperature of 85°; where the air is heavy and silent, the breeze never blows, and the birds never sing, a fitting place for the lairs of fierce wild beasts; where, with nerves ajar, one is ever expecting that something uncanny may happen to break the spell cast upon the jungle world.

About two o'clock p.m. at a cross road by a stream, where there was a serai patronised by natives, we found our bearer with the luggage. He had been despatched the morning before from Ootacamund with a bullock cart by a shorter route with orders to meet us at Gundlupet at ten o'clock a.m. on this day. Here he was some four hours behind time and still fifteen miles from Gundlupet.

The cart with the luggage was standing under a tree, the bullocks were grazing near by, and the bearer and driver were enjoying a siesta in the shade in the most nonchalant manner. We speedily interrupted their repose, and demanded an explanation of the failure to be at the appointed rendezvous, which it was easily in their power to reach. The bearer, with rolling eyes and excited manner, said they had met three wild elephants on the road a short distance ahead, on account of which they feared to venture further. We ordered them to yoke the bullocks at once and follow us, as we proposed to go on, elephants or no elephants. There are plenty of wild elephants in the region, but we had our own opinions as to the truth of the bearer's statement.

Our bearer was a Madrasi, who came with us from Ceylon. He rejoiced in the name of Jacob, by which it will be understood, that he was nominally a Christian, and had been under the influence of the missionaries. We engaged him, before we had heard of the general opinion regarding Christian Indians. He was by no means a fool. He could read, write, and speak, English as well as Tamil, and usually appeared well.

He had not been long in our employ, when we noticed certain things about him that seemed somewhat out of the ordinary course. He was not always on hand when wanted, and he was very unfortunate. On the afternoon when we visited the Great Temple at Madura, he accompanied us so handsomely dressed in a clean white ruffled tunic, purple turban, and scarlet kummer-band, that we felt rather proud to have such a trim-looking servant with us. After we had finished

REFLECTED PALMS IN THE MYSORE JUNGLE.

with the gopura, we told him he could have the remainder of the afternoon to himself, but must be on hand to serve us at dinner.

Dinner-time came but no bearer. Two hours more passed and he did not appear. About ten o'clock in the evening he came in looking rather wild but with his clothing intact. As a reason for his failure to return sooner he said, that, after our departure, the temple parasites, who had been so importunate with us, had set upon him in a body, and during his struggles to free himself had robbed him of ten rupees.

Two weeks later at Mahabalipur he came to us and said, his shirt, which he had left hanging on the bungalow wall, had been relieved of three ruby studs. A few days after this at Madras, some hours after receiving his box delivered by the railway agent with ours, he brought it to us, and showed us that the lock had been forced, and said that two shirts, a pair of gold sleeve buttons, and some money, had been stolen from it. An appeal to the railway agent resulted in a denial that the box had suffered while in his charge. At Ootacamund he suddenly became lame, and could not do his work, and now an apparition of wild elephants prevented him from carrying out his orders.

Soon after this point the jungle was cut away from the road, so that more view could be obtained of the immediate region on both sides. Here our attention was first attracted to irregular patches of flaming scarlet, which flashed among the trees and bushes in strong contrast to their green and brown foliage. These patches were formed by the flowering of a small scrubby tree of tortuous outline without especial shape, that grew in abundance in the jungle, the branches of which were thickly covered with lanceolated brilliant blossoms. Curiously the trees which were in bloom were destitute of leaves, while others of the same kind were well clothed with dark green leaves, but had not the vestige of a blossom.

We saw many of these trees, of which one lateral half was covered with leaves and the other half with flowers, but both leaves and flowers were seldom if ever seen on the same branches. This tree is widely distributed over the Indian plain, being plentiful in the Punjab up to the Himalayan foot-hills. It has an individuality of its own and a pleasing way of springing into view in different kinds of jungle, here near a date palm, there near a creeper-covered tree, or, in the north, beside a dusty babul or denuded crackling bush ; but, wherever it appears, it gives a touch of life and brightness illuminating the landscape often otherwise sombre and forbidding. Its flowers are succeeded by an abundant crop of long green pods. The native name for this tree is the dak-tree. Its

botanical name is butea frondosa. We remember it as the fiery torch of the jungle.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at the Gundlupet bungalow covered with dust after a run, which, though of only forty-one miles, had proved a fatiguing one. Some of our necessary baggage was behind with the bearer. The khansamah was slow, inefficient, and did nothing for our personal comfort. It took him two hours to boil water and three to get dinner, which consisted solely of the toughest chops that mortal was ever called upon to masticate. About midnight after we had fallen

NANDI AT SINGASARI, JAVA.

asleep, we were awakened by the arrival of the bearer, who with the two drivers after making much noise took up their quarters on the porch outside our room.

The next day we reached the city of Mysore at noon. On the way we saw a large tusker elephant in the jungle a short distance from the road, but he took no notice of us. Besides a dak bungalow Mysore boasts of two hotels, at one of which we spent several days. This hotel was typical of a large number to be found in India.

Much has been said and with truth of the unclean and neglected

condition of country hotels in Italy and Spain. A person disposed to cavil at these should pay a visit to those of South India, in comparison with which he would find the hostelries of the Latin countries patterns of neatness.

The bamboo mattings on the floors are seldom if ever cleansed. The dust collects under them and in their meshes, and, as one walks over them, flies up in a cloud at every step. The hand-basins, often of metal, and other toilet pieces are of motley patterns and thickly begrimed from long use and neglect. Various kinds of bath-tubs are to be seen in the same hotel from galvanized iron ones to those made by sawing wooden casks into halves. One towel is furnished, which is not replaced by a fresh one in two weeks, unless complaint is made.

The furniture like the toilet articles is evidently collected from different quarters ; no two pieces match, and most of it is rickety. The beds are usually destitute of springs, and the wooden slats are uncomfortably felt through the thin mattresses of cotton or some similar substance, which in one place balls up and in another is wanting, permitting the two sides of the cover to meet.

Mosquito nettings, when there happen to be any, are so full of holes as to be useless. The scanty linen, often only a single sheet and pillow case, usually has the appearance of having seen much service since it was last washed. Dust covers everything.

Sleeping-rooms have one or more rooms leading out of them used for bathing and toilet purposes. The floors of these are roughly cemented with a porous cement, often much broken, which readily absorbs liquids coming in contact with it. All waste water is poured freely on the floor, and allowed to find its way out through a hole in the wall, or through an open pipe if the rooms be raised above the ground outside.

As a result of this insanitary arrangement the organic substances lying on the surface of the cement or absorbed by it decompose, and give rise to sickening drain odours, which freely invade the sleeping-rooms.

We recall a large hotel in one of the chief ports of entry of India, built in a very open manner, so that air could circulate freely through all its parts, that was filled from one end to the other with a strong drain odour. How much this had to do with the illness that prevailed there we will not say, but the bathroom floors and untrapped drain-pipes would certainly furnish an abundant nidus for the development of the germs of enteric, cholera, dysentery, and plague, all of which diseases are prevalent in India.

INDIAN CUISINE

The person, who expects to find palatable food in Indian hotels, will be doomed to disappointment. The French cuisine, which passes everywhere among people of cultivated gastronomic taste, is unknown. Heat is applied, food is cooked, which is about all that can be said. But little attention is paid to the manner of the cookery. As a result the general impression produced on the palate is one of insipidity.

The chief spice used for seasoning is red pepper, which is used with such an unsparing hand that food is often uneatable. When one travelling in a temperature of 95° to 105° Fahr., stops at a railway refreshment-room for dinner, and is called upon to hurriedly swallow a soup and two or three other courses of food, that burn his mouth, throat, and stomach, like molten lead, one feels that one is being fed in accordance with the homœopathic law of similars, and, whatever may be the attitude of the victim towards that school of medicine, he finds, that the application of its principles in this direction does not conduce to the comfort of his internal economy.

Probably the hotel proprietors supply in the main what the public demands. In one respect they have our sympathy. They are expected to furnish chota haziri of tea, toast, butter, eggs, and jam, at six o'clock a.m., a four-course meat breakfast at nine, an equally ponderous tiffin at one or two, tea, bread-and-butter at four to five, and a dinner of six courses at eight to nine, all for the sum of five rupees in the smaller and seven to eight rupees in the larger cities. What European hotel-keeper would thus deplete his own pocket and ruin the digestion of his guests ? It is no wonder that quality is often sacrificed to quantity, that tiffin is clad in the cast-off garments of the previous day's dinner, and that the effects of the food provided are often disastrous to the well-being of the guest.

In South and Middle India there are many places, that offer an ideal winter climate to those who for various reasons are obliged to fly from the cold of Northern Europe. As regards the end in view the climate of the Riviera is a mere makeshift, that of Algiers only a shade better, whilst that of Egypt, though balmier, is spoiled by many disagreeable days. In the parts of India mentioned can be found a mild, equable climate during the winter months, with only a moderate variation in the temperature of day and night and without wind, where one can live constantly in the open air in light clothing. But the absence of comfortable hotels with a wholesome cuisine makes it almost impossible for an invalid or person of fastidious taste to pass the winter there.

South of Mysore is the sacred hill of Chamundi, which rises boldly from out the plain to a height of 3,489 feet. A path about five miles

long leads to the top, upon which a temple stands, where formerly, it is said, human sacrifices were made. The view from this point at sunrise and sunset over the lurid, oasis-streaked plain is striking. Some distance below the top of the hill is a finely carved colossal nandi, or sacred bull of Siva, cut out of a single block, resting on a stone platform. Although somewhat inferior in workmanship, it resembles closely a nandi we saw under the palms near a ruined temple at Singasari in East Java.

If any one were inclined to doubt the Hindu origin of the remarkable sculptures existing in that island, a comparison of these two sacred

NANDI ON CHAMUNDI HILL, MYSORE.

bulls would be sufficient to establish the fact. Their pose is almost identical, their faces exactly alike, and though differing a little in design, both have four ornamented chains around the neck and carved bands around the body. The bulls of Siva in all parts of India are similar in design and posture, but we saw no two so nearly alike as the guardian of the Chamundi hill and the lonely watcher at the Singasari ruin.[1]

[1] We understand that the Singasari nandi has lately been removed to the Museum at Batavia.

SOMNATHPUR TEMPLE.

In the state of Mysore there is a set of three temples more artistic and beautiful than the Dravidian but less frequently visited, because they are rather inaccessible. These are the Chalukyan temples at Somnathpur, Belur, and Hulabid.

The Chalukyan kings became known in the sixth century in the state of Hyderabad, and, as their dominions grew in importance, extended their power east and west, and south well into Mysore. They are supposed to have been originally Jains, and their chief shrines while dedicated to Vishnu and Siva show a certain Jain influence. During the dark age of Indian art from 750 to 1000 A.D., their record is obscure, and no temples built during that time have been discovered. In the twelfth century they appeared again on the stage of History, and began the construction of the temples which are classified under their name.

The most complete and symmetrical, although the smallest of the three temples in Mysore, is at the village of Somnathpur, twenty-two miles east of Mysore city, which is connected with the latter by a road running over the sparsely peopled tropical plain. After riding fifteen miles on this road our progress was barred by the Cauvery river, which here is about two furlongs wide with a stream two to three feet deep and unbridged. Two Indians were found to carry the cycles, and a man who came up with a bullock cart offered to take us over.

We entered the water attended by five other natives, whose united powers were required to aid the animals, which were unequal to the task of drawing the cart against the swift current through the soft sand beneath, into which the wheels sank deeply. After frequent stops, much floundering, and shouting, we were landed on the further bank in fifty minutes. Here we had to push our cycles through a quarter of a mile of soft dry sand before the hard road was reached again.

Another difficulty now presented itself. The road branched, and there was no sign-board to show on which branch Somnathpur lay. On appealing to two natives, one said it was on one branch and the other said it was on the other. This difference of opinion left us as hopelessly in the dark as the absence of a sign-board did, so we decided to trust to luck and follow one of them. After waylaying four more stray Hindus we concluded luck had favoured us, and we were on the right road. The temple was at length reached in the blazing heat of the South Indian noon.

The dilapidated mud huts near it scarcely deserved the name of village, and the whole scene including the people looked as parched as our throats felt, the filtered water brought with us being nearly exhausted.

DETAIL ON ONE OF SIKRAS OF SOMNATHPUR TEMPLE.

But what a gem of art greeted us at this desolate spot. Thirst and heat were forgotten. The fiery glare of the sun only threw into stronger relief the double curvature cornices, the exquisitely graded towers, and the remarkable perfectly preserved sculpture, that from plinth to domes adorns the building.

The temple stands in a paved court surrounded by a cloistered wall. It was the habit of the Chalukyas to place their shrines in such enclosures, an excellent one, as they were thus protected from the encroachments of native buildings and other nuisances. We could not get satisfactory photographs of certain temples in India on account of the nearness to them of village shanties.

The temple is of stellate form, and consists of three beautiful vimanahs or towers attached to a hall, from the front end of which a porch projects, enclosed by graceful stone windows, the openings in which are skilfully carved in many designs. The whole stands on a plinth three feet high, also a characteristic feature of the style.

The entire building is low as compared with many in India, and yet the master architect who designed it was able to produce a distinct effect of grandeur. If any parts can be called finer than others, the palm must be given to the three stellate towers. Their height from the plinth is about thirty-two feet, and not a square inch of their surface is without decoration.

The tall Dravidian gopuras rising to two hundred or more feet weary the eye with a superabundance of embellishment, but these low towers absolutely captivate the mind by their profusion of detail and perfection of outline; and there is no suggestion of superfluity in the endless concourse of figures and designs.

By the disposition of these and a subtle combination of vertical and horizontal lines, effects of light and shade are produced, which, Fergusson tells us, Gothic architects aimed at but never succeeded in obtaining. To construct a building of less than thirty-five feet in height, load it from bottom to top with carving, and produce the effect not only of beauty and perfect symmetry but also of impressiveness, shows supreme talent on the part of the architects.

As may be seen in the detail photographs there is a remarkable string course frieze, which follows the sinuous outline completely around the temple. This is used on many Hindu temples, but we have nowhere seen it so perfectly preserved as here. First come the elephants typical of Indian temple life and art; then horsemen; above them a fine scroll interspersed with shardala heads, grotesque lions the emblem of the Bellala kings, in whose dynasty this temple was built; fourth a

DETAIL SOMNATHPUR TEMPLE.

complicated scene from the Mahabharata, which epic is said to be illustrated in its entirety on this frieze; fifth strange celestial beasts; and above all the sacred geese.

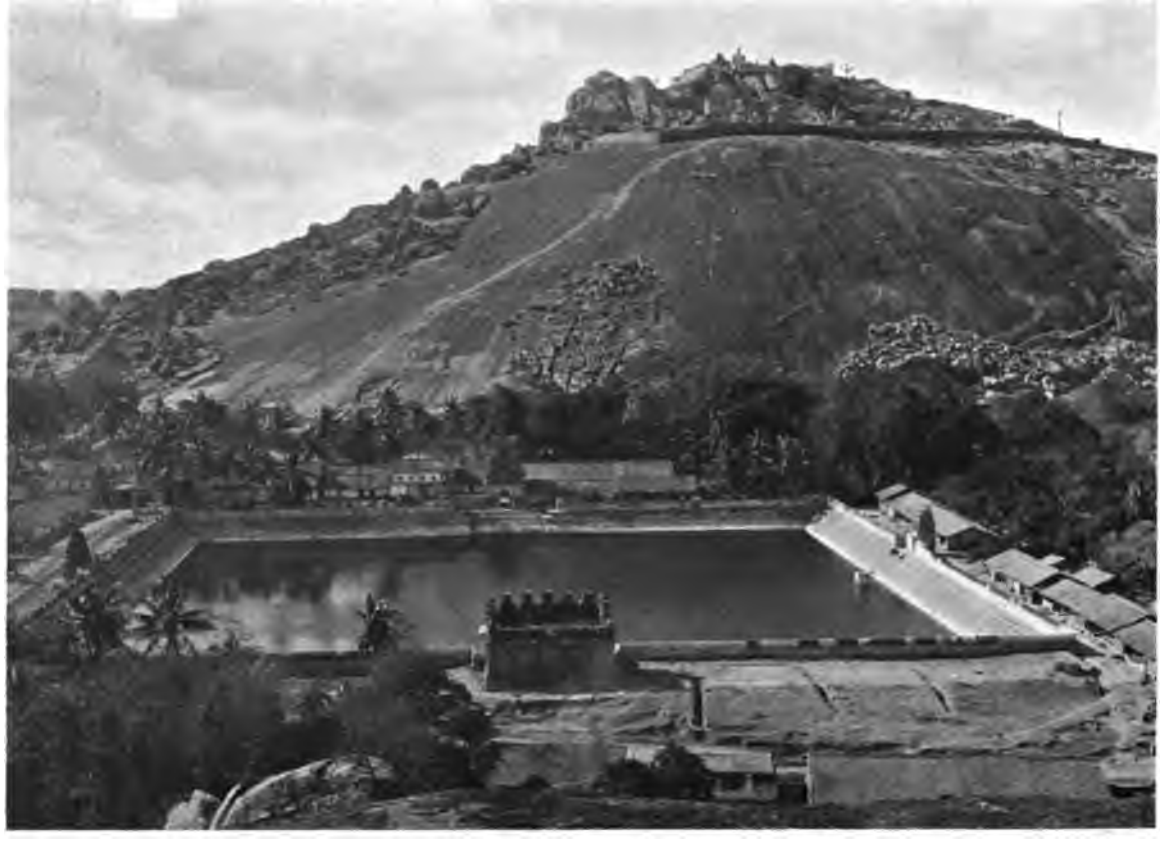
Then come the panelled rows of gods, Vishnu in his different avatars and others. One of the most admirably carried out features is a broad cornice running around the porch and towers, beautifully carved inside and out, overshadowing the windows and decorations in a most artistic manner. It is Eastern, barbaric if you will and perhaps foreign to Western ideas, but no one, who has studied temples in various parts of the world, will deny the architectural refinement and fantastic beauty of this temple at Somnathpur. An inscription near one of the entrances says it was completed in 1270 A.D.

After Somnathpur the garish and second rate Mohammedan architecture at Seringapatam failed to interest us, and it was a relief to start out over roads but little travelled to seek the other two of the trio of remarkable Chalukyan temples in Mysore. After a ride of fifty-three miles through a rolling country rather bare of trees and covered with dry brown grass, we reached the village of Chanraypatna where there was a scantily furnished, badly kept bungalow. The khansamah was said to be away on a visit, and, as he had locked up the china and taken the key with him, we were deprived of the little that probably remained of it. The furniture consisted of one cane bedstead, one made of boards, a couple of chairs, and a table The chaukidar succeeded in finding also two cups and saucers, a cracked teapot, and an iron candle-stick.

Whilst we were wrestling with the chaukidar trying to make him understand that we wished some food, a native "in the Government employ" who spoke babu English came in, and volunteered to help us. He as usual had many questions to ask, using learned and high-sounding language, which was not always pertinent to the matter in hand, and soon exhausted our patience. Several others from the village joined him, and they wrote a list of food including chicken cutlets, curry, and vegetables, which they said they could provide.

After an hour's discussion they completed the list. We gave them money to pay for the different articles, and all departed except the babu, of whom by this time we were heartily weary. He was not easily shaken off. He hung around repeating what he had already many times said, dilated with much circumlocution on his services to the Government of India thus consuming another hour, and finally asked us to give him a written certificate of character. We had not then learned to make short work of such fellows, as was later our custom.

Meanwhile the others returned, and said they could not find any one



GRANITE HILL, INDRA GARI, SRAVANA BELGOLA.
Gomatasvara seen at top rising above Temple Walls.

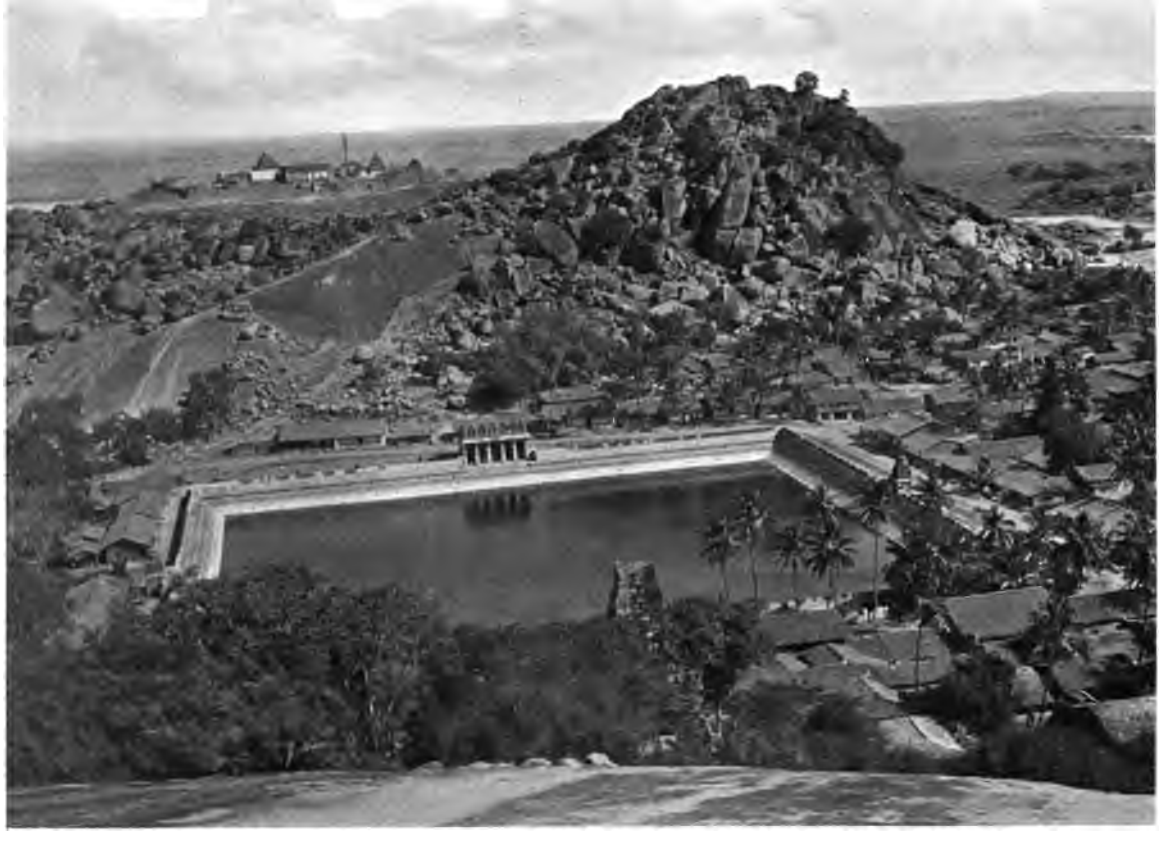
to cook the food on their list, so it was finally arranged that the chaukidar should provide some rice and eggs, which were served late in the evening execrably prepared. Sleep that night was made impossible by a combination of noises, among which were the constant braying of donkeys which made the bungalow compound their sporting ground, the whinnying of a mare tethered to a tree near by, and the banging by the natives upon tin pans and pieces of sheet-iron through the small hours.

The variety of food to be obtained in a dak bungalow outside the large towns, even when it has a khansamah, is limited. Beef, mutton, bread, and butter, except the unpleasant stuff called ghee which is used for cooking, are unknown quantities. Garlic is usually the only vegetable in evidence. The viand, that forms the pièce de résistance and in many cases the sum total of the bungalow menu, is the flesh of the murghi or domestic fowl, which commonly passes under the name of chicken.

Fortunately for the traveller this feathered biped is well distributed over all parts of India, for without it he would often be reduced to the verge of starvation. Soon after his arrival at a bungalow he hears a great outcry among the fowls, and, looking out to discover the cause, sees one or more chickens running open-mouthed at full speed, circling around in the compound uttering cries of fear pursued by the children of the khansamah or bungalow attendants. After dodging into and out of corners and under carts and doubling repeatedly on their tracks to escape their pursuers, the victims are finally secured and borne away in triumph to the cook-house, where a few more smothered cries attest the fact, that their lives have been forfeited for the benefit of the guest.

An hour or two later dinner is served, consisting under the most favoured conditions of four courses. (1) A thin smoky soup made from some desiccated soup stock kept on hand. (2) Chicken cutlets, pieces of fried chicken with a small bone stuck into each. (3) Chicken curry with rice, or roast chicken ; and lastly a milk pudding or a custard made with eggs laid by some female relative of the deceased chickens, which served to provide the preceding courses.

This meal has two invariable attributes. It is tasteless, and the meat in whatever form it appears is tough and stringy, as it must be when transferred so quickly from its own feet to the table. It makes no difference, whether the chicken is still in its youth or has lived to a good old age when sacrificed, its flesh under these conditions is equally tough, as the period of keeping it after death necessary to soften the tissues is wanting. From the circumstances attending the preparation of such



BOULDER-STREWN HILL, CHANDRA GARI, SRAVANA BELGOLA.

meals Anglo-Indians facetiously speak of having dined off sudden death.

Eight miles south of Chanraypatna is the village of Sravana Belgola lying between two granite hills, which stand up boldly from the plain, and are covered with huge granite boulders. In the whole beautiful state of Mysore it would be hard to find a spot, where the historic and the picturesque clasp hands so firmly as here. The westerly hill called Indra Gari rises about 500 feet above the plain and 3,300 above the sea. It is ovoid in shape, its long diameter being perhaps a quarter of a mile.

The other hill, Chandra Gari, is 200 feet lower. Scattered over it are polished surfaces and steles covered with old Canarese inscriptions, which tell a curious and authentic tale. They relate that in 290 B.C. Bhadrabahu, a celebrated Jain muni and prophet, who was heading a Jain migration of 12,000 disciples to the South, finding that his end was near, stopped on the hill to die. He put his disciples in charge of another muni and ordered them to continue their journey, while with one disciple, the famous Chandra Gupta the Maurya Emperor, as attendant he awaited death on the hill.

How the great king left his dominions and distant Patna on the Ganges and followed Bhadrabahu is thus told. Chandra Gupta, having passed an uneasy night, during which his sleep was disturbed by sixteen dreams, on rising the next morning heard that the noted muni had arrived in Patna on his southern pilgrimage accompanied by many followers. He thereupon consulted the muni, who interpreted the dreams to mean, that the land was threatened with a twelve years' famine, which would bring death and destruction in its train even as far south as the Nilgiris.

He advised all devout Jains to join the migration as those remaining behind would see their faith corrupted. Convinced of the truth of the prophet's words Chandra Gupta abdicated his throne in favour of his son, and joined the muni. The inscriptions further say, that Chandra Gupta attended the muni till his end, and performed the funeral rites in a cave on Chandra Gari, after which he remained on the hill as a recluse, and finally died there. It is also related, that one of his grandsons, coming to pay honour to him as Guru, founded the city of Belgola between the hills.

The inscriptions have been translated and published by Lewis Rice, Esq., C.I.E., Director of Archæological Research in Mysore, who states, that comparison with other historical data leaves little doubt, that the well-known Bhadrabahu did migrate south and die on this hill, and

that he was attended by the Maurya Emperor. Mr. Rice discovered Maurya inscriptions in the district of Chitaldung in 1892, which appear to show that the Maurya Empire included the northern part of Mysore. In a country like India, where authentic historic evidence is difficult to obtain, the story told by the ancient rocks of Chandra Gari adds the interest of actual history to the poetic charm of a place now held sacred and often visited by Jains from all parts of the Peninsula.

There are several Jain bastis on the hill dating from 1100 A.D., built in Dravidian style, rising in receding stories, and decorated with pilasters surmounted by rows of carved cells. In one of these bastis

HEAD OF GOMATASVARA, SRAVANA BELGOLA.

there are elaborately carved screens illustrating scenes from the lives of the muni and Chandra Gupta.

Five hundred steps cut in the granite rock lead up to the summit of Indra Gari, upon which stands one of the structures built by the Southern Jains called bettus, consisting of an open court surrounded by a battlemented corridor containing cells, each with an image of some sage or saint. This corridor is again surrounded at some distance by a heavy wall, a good part of which is picturesquely formed by boulders in their natural position.

In the centre of the court stands a colossal statue called Gomatasvara. This is not a Tirthanker nor is it precisely a Buddha, although

the serene and contemplative absorption of the face suggests the latter, nor is it known whom it represents or why it is worshipped. This giant figure surrounded by inferior ones in the cells conforms to the Buddhist idea of a large Buddha attended by smaller ones. Also as Buddhas were supposed from their exalted mental point of view to calmly survey the struggles of combative humanity, so this divinity is fittingly placed where it can overlook all that transpires beneath.

It is probable that the Gomata was cut out of a boulder which

WATER CARRIER, SRAVANA BELGOLA.

rested on the spot, as it would have been a work of great difficulty to transport a granite mass of this size up the oval hillside. This is the largest of three similar statues in India, being, according to the latest measurements, fifty-seven feet high, whilst the other two are thirty-five and forty-one feet respectively, and it is larger than any of the statues of Rameses in Egypt. It was formerly believed to be 2,000 years old, but is now thought by archæologists to have been made by command of Chamundi Raja in 980 A.D. It is the oldest of the three colossi.

BELUR TEMPLE.

This figure like the other two is standing with shoulders squared and arms hanging straight. Its upper half projects above the surrounding ramparts. The ears are large and long, and the head is covered with short tightly rolled curls. It is carved in a fine-grained light-grey granite, has not been injured by weather or violence, and looks as bright and clean as if just from the chisel of the artist.

The face is its strong point. Considering the size of the head, which from the crown to the bottom of the ear measures six feet six inches, the artist was skilful indeed to draw from the blank rock the wondrous contemplative expression touched with a faint smile, with which Gomata gazes out upon the struggling world. Reaching to the thighs on each side are stone ant-hills resembling those seen everywhere to-day in Mysore. From these large serpents are emerging, and above beautifully carved creepers rise, twining themselves about the thighs and arms and ending in clusters of fruit. These vines are not, as suggested by Fergusson, branches of the bo-tree, but a creeper well known to the Jains by the name of Madhavi, which in the hot weather bears fragrant white flowers.

Attractive as the idea is, that these symbols suggest tree and serpent worship, it is not compatible with a purely Jain conception, and to those, who know the habit of the cobra of concealing itself in an ant-hill, it is more plausible if more commonplace to suppose, that a thousand years ago the fondness of this serpent for the ant-hill was as well known to the artist, as it is to-day to the native of the South. It has been aptly and popularly said, so great was the abstraction of the saint and so oblivious was he to the flight of time, that the ant-hills grew up unobserved about his feet.

The pedestal is designed to represent an open lotus, and upon this the artist worked a scale corresponding to three feet three and a half inches, which was probably used in laying out the work.

Gomatasvara has watched over India for only 1,000 years, whilst the statues of Rameses have gazed upon the Nile for more than 4,000. The monolithic Indian saint is thousands of years younger than the prostrate Rameses or the guardians of Abu Simbal, but he is more impressive, both on account of his commanding position on the brow of the hill overlooking the wide stretch of plain and of his size.

As we rode away from this interesting spot, from a point eighteen miles north on the road to Hassan we could still see the Jain deity towering above the temple keeping his silent watch over the plain.

CHAPTER V

The Belur and Hulabid Temples—Disappearance of Temples—Trees and Vegetation as Temple Destroyers—Narrow Ideas of Europeans Regarding Indian Architecture—Temples at Nagalpur, Harranhalli and Koravangula—More about our Christian Servant—Features of the Mysore Plateau—Bangalore—The Beautiful Gopuras at Tadpatri—An Experience with and Observations on Thirst.

ON our arrival at the Belur temple we were kept waiting two hours before we were permitted to enter the court, as a religious ceremony was in progress of too sacred a character to admit of the presence of strangers. After our entrance bands of priests and attendants chanting and banging damarakas continued to circle about the pavilions.

The Belur temple, which is unfinished, was built by a Bellala king in the twelfth century as an offering to the Hindu faith on his conversion from Jainism. It stands in a court which is entered through a profusely decorated gopura. Unlike that at Somnathpur this temple is in the centre of a town, and is still used as a place of worship. As a result many fine carvings are splashed with whitewash and cocoanut oil, the disfiguring use of which modern Hindu taste sanctions.

It has several pavilions, but the chief attraction is the large and elegant porch with twenty-eight stone windows cut like those at Somnathpur in many patterns but more elaborate, while sculptures of mythological subjects cover the more solid portions. These windows are extremely ornamental and perfectly adapted to this style of architecture. The temple is larger than that at Somnathpur, the length of the vimanah and porch being one hundred and fifteen feet.

Murray's "Indian Handbook" is compiled with considerable literary taste, but sufficient attention has not been given to practical details to make it conform to the standard of accuracy required by travellers in a guide-book. We were a number of times led astray and put to considerable inconvenience by inaccuracies in the second edition of 1894, which remain uncorrected in the fourth edition of 1901. The chapter

on Hulabid presents two examples of this. The Ketareswara temple, which fell in ruins years ago, is fully described as still standing, and columns of the Jain bastis near the village are placed in the Great Temple half a mile away.

The bungalow at Hulabid, like most of those we stopped at in Mysore, was not overburdened with furniture. The inventory is short, one good cane couch, one cane chair, two galvanised iron bath-tubs, several tables, and one china bowl, not a list to suggest a luxurious lodging. Nothing could be obtained to eat, so we were compelled to rely on the scanty remains of the food brought with us. The maty or caretaker boiled some water in an earthen chatti.

The Great Temple was built by the Chalukyas after they removed their capital from Belur to Hulabid. They put up here an important part of what would have been the largest and most elaborate of this series of temples, had not the Mohammedan conquest in 1310 put an end to all work on it, so that it was never finished. The whole rich base or body of the temple with its portals is standing as well as two nandi pavilions. These last, which are open on all sides, have roofs supported by beautifully turned Jain pillars, which cover two colossal bulls elaborately carved in a soft dark green stone, the base of which is, apparently, serpentine. The Hindus usually built fine houses for their sacred nandis, which, decorated with carefully chiseled stone garlands, sit placidly in their pillared halls watching the incoming and outgoing of the centuries.

The main part of the temple is made of a fine-grained potstone, the surface of which has acquired a bright polish with years. The whole covers an area about two hundred feet square. The friezes are remarkable both in design and extent. That of the elephants, which winds around the complex contour of the exterior, is over seven hundred feet long and contains two thousand figures, some with riders, others caparisoned only. The sculptured frieze from the Ramayana is also of the same length, one hundred and fifty feet longer than that on the Parthenon.

There are other friezes of gods and apsarasas, and panels representing Siva sitting with his wife Parvati on his knee, and groups in which Vishnu figures in his nine avatars. Vishnu and Siva seem to vie with each other for supremacy in the ornamentation of this temple. Krishna and Narsing are also well represented.

If to follow the windings of the building, as it now is, and note even superficially its complicated decoration and the effects of light and shade, as the sun changes its position, takes the better part of a day, how long

PIERCED STONE WINDOWS, BELUR TEMPLE.

would it have taken to study carefully the great double porches, the six or more vimanahs, and various attendant pavilions, had the full design been carried out?

In looking at it to-day one does not feel the same thrill of satisfied æsthetic delight as with the gem of Somnathpur. Combined with admiration for the noble structure, on which eighty years of work were spent, is a feeling of disappointment that it was not finished, as well as a stronger one of bitterness against that destroyer of Hindu art and annihilator of temples, the Mohammedan conqueror.

Owing to the efforts of the mediæval Moslem and the want of effort on the part of the indifferent native and Christian rulers of modern times, numberless priceless gems of ancient building art have disappeared from India. This disappearance has been taking place even in recent years. Of some temples, that thirty-five years ago existed in entirety, we did not find so much as a piece of wall standing.

A case in point was that of the temple of Ketareswara at Hulabid, a former jewel of Chalukyan skill, built earlier than the Great Temple and reputed to have been even finer in detail. Fergusson figures it, as it appeared years ago, with a good-sized banyan-tree, also a destroyer of Eastern temples, growing from the top of the tower, which it was doing its best to break apart. At that time he said a small sum spent by the Government would suffice to preserve it. At a later date he states it was almost hidden from view by the foliage. Interest in the subject appears to have failed. No measures were taken, and the banyan and tropical rains continued their ravages.

We shall not soon forget the hours spent in the broiling sun wandering about the jungle in search of this temple. A native finally led us to a place, where shrubs, creepers, and trees, were growing over heaps of stone and mutilated carvings. Here, he said, a vimanah had stood some years before. The banyan had done its work thoroughly.

The power of rapidly growing tropical vegetation to destroy heavy structures is marvellous. The encroachment of forests on areas, that formerly were the sites of populous and civilised communities, is responsible for the demolition of many monuments of greatest architectural and artistic importance. Where once massive buildings stood, proud tributes to the constructive skill of man, buildings that seemingly might hurl defiance at the despoiling hand of time, now only shapeless heaps of stone are seen covered by the gnarled roots of giant trees, which spread their branches to the sky high above the ruin they have wrought. Man in his generation has passed, and Nature has overthrown the work of his hands.

FRONT ENTRANCE, BELUR TEMPLE.

This destruction has taken place on a far larger scale in countries like Cambodia with a moist steamy climate and plenty of water in the soil, where whole cities and vast temples, like that of Angkor Tom, have been blotted out by the rapidly developing jungle and forest, than in the drier plain of India; but here also instances of a similar effect of tree growth are not wanting.

DETAIL HULABID TEMPLE.

Seeds are deposited upon a building. They sprout, develop into bushes and later into trees. Slender rootlets are sent out, which insert themselves into the crevices between the stones. Here, in spite of pressure and the narrow space, they grow and flourish, and, as they increase in size, force the blocks gradually apart, until these become

STRING COURSE ORNAMENTATION AND PIERCED STONE WINDOWS, HULABID.

loosened from their places, and fall to the ground. Often large masses of masonry are thus separated from the building.

As vegetation increases the process affects an ever-widening area, until at last the whole structure falls in ruins, carrying down, as in the case of the vimanah at Hulabid, the trees which cause the mischief.

TOWER IN PROCESS OF DESTRUCTION BY TREES, BHUVANESWARA.

When a fringe of tropical vegetation has established itself on a building, be the latter ever so solid, if the growth be allowed to continue, the days of that building are numbered.

The process presents some interesting features. The rootlets do not by any means always increase in size along the line of least resistance, i.e. in the direction of the crevices, which would cause them to assume

a flattened shape, but in many cases, notwithstanding the resistance offered by the stone, they preserve a cylindrical shape, which must greatly increase their power as wedges.

The fibre of many of these trees is soft, and would not appear to be sufficiently dense to exert any appreciable wedging effect against the great weight opposed to it. If these same roots were to be used mechanically as wedges to drive between the stones or as levers to draw or pry the parts asunder, they would in the one case be crushed into

BANYAN ROOTLETS DESTROYING BUILDING, MAHOBA.

shreds and in the other broken, without any effect in separating the masses of masonry.

Their surprisingly destructive mechanical action must therefore be ascribed to the mysterious power of the principle of life and growth, which exerts a force which mere matter alone would be incapable of, and gives to matter an energy seemingly incompatible with mechanical laws. Here is an example of the power of life over matter producing results analogous to those due to the action of heat and cold.

Temples have also been demolished by engineers to get materials

for building bridges, houses, and roads. Altogether, except for now and then an individual or a few archæologists, interest among the native rulers and Government officials in the matter of temple preservation seems to have been slight.

A person, who spends some time in the examination of such monuments as the Chalukyans left, can scarcely fail to perceive the widened

DETAIL HULABID TEMPLE.

range of view which Indian architecture opens to him, who is willing to study it in the right spirit. Whilst some archæologists, who have investigated it personally, have done full justice to its importance and beauty, others, who have written volumes on Egyptian and Assyrian architecture, have without the least personal knowledge spoken slightingly of that of India. The same is true of Indian art. With characteristic

DETAIL HULABID TEMPLE.

Western narrowness these writers, because themselves ignorant of the Eastern religions, condemn the art of the Buddhist and Brahmanic races.

They refer to the "unreliable sources of information," and then remark, "There is no temptation to dwell at length upon the sculpture of Hindustan." If such persons could have the advantage of a few months' study at various temple centres in India, possibly their eyes might be somewhat opened, and, like the man who goes to India to look into Oriental religions, they might learn to see, that, in architecture and art as in religion, there is much in that other great half of the world fit to command most thoughtful attention and admiration.

It is not through a wholesale attack on the Buddhist and Brahmanical religions, that we shall become convinced of the merits or demerits of Indian art. Although the temple art of India, like that of other nations, is largely the expression and perpetuation in stone of religious myths and dogmas, and a knowledge of the epics and mythology help one to understand it, it must be studied from a wider and non-religious standpoint to be fully appreciated. Also, instead of criticising the mediæval temples of India as too modern, as some are inclined to do, one should rather consider with admiration the important and many-sided building art, that flourished in that peninsula from four to nine hundred years ago.

On revisiting Mysore in 1904 we learned of the existence of four other seldom visited, undescribed temples, smaller and simpler than those already mentioned, but well preserved and excellent examples of Chalukyan art. One of these is at Nagalpur twenty-three miles from Tumkur. The others are in the Hassan district. At Harranhalli, formerly a large and important walled town, the walls of which are still standing, five miles from Arsikere on the road from that place to Hassan, is the temple of Somesvara, which stands in an open field a short distance from the road.

This temple is built in the form of a Maltese cross with one star-shaped sikra at its western end similar to those at Somnathpur. Three smaller replica stars project from the base of the sikra on three sides, which add to rather than disturb the harmony of its outline. The porch is square, closed, and has three projecting entrances flanked by the usual Chalukyan pavilions. It also has pierced stone windows much simpler and less varied than those at Somnathpur, Belur, and Hulabid. On the top of the south entrance is a damaged carved stone bull. The interior is adorned with Jain pillars of the disc pattern with several highly sculptured ones like some at Belur and Hulabid.

SOMESVARA TEMPLE, HARRANHALLI.

DETAIL SOMESVARA TEMPLE, HARRANHALLI.

TEMPLE OF BUKESVARA

The building stands on a plinth exactly like that at Somnathpur, and the string courses around the base would probably have had the same sequence, had they been carried out. Above the elephants, horsemen, and scrolls, the bands are uncut, except here and there a line of unfinished chakwas. The whole from base to top is decorated in the usual manner, the canopied gods being well executed though not quite so finely cut as those at Somnathpur. The temple is built of potstone, is about fifty feet long and forty wide, the height of the sikra being twenty-eight to thirty feet. It is a graceful harmonious structure.

In the village of Harranhalli is another temple called Charnakesvara, almost a counterpart of Somesvara. Harranhalli is referred to in the Epigraphia Carnatica Vol. V. by Mr. Rice, but no account of the two temples is given. So far as we can ascertain our photographs are the first to be taken of them.

On leaving the same road at the twentieth milestone towards Hassan and crossing the open country to the left for a mile and a half one comes to the small, palm-embowered village of Koravangula, where there are two temples. Of the older little remains except a fine open choultri with a beautiful rail.

In the village, marred by the propinquity of dirty huts, stands the well-preserved and finely ornamented temple of Bukesvara. This is a more complex building than Somesvara, consisting of the usual sikra with an astylar porch containing an image of the god, connected with a beautiful, small, open, pillared choultri with two opposite entrances, beyond which is a closed continuation with another idol.

The temple is seventy feet long, twenty-five wide, and the sikra is about twenty-eight feet high. At one of the entrances of the choultri are two well-carved elephants. Above the richly ornamented projection from the sikra towards the porch, usual in Chalukyan and Indo-Aryan temples, stands in this place a graphic sculpture in granite of Sala slaying the tiger, representing the Hoysala crest. The temple is decorated with canopied gods and a variety of serpent motifs, which we have not seen on other Chalukyan temples.

One particularly effective scene is Vishnu lying asleep on a coiled serpent. Above the god the cobra rises gracefully, supporting on its hood another smaller god. There are also Naga kings with serpent bodies. The temple built of granite and potstone is one of the most complete and interesting specimens of Chalukyan architecture existing. The date is given as 1160 A.D., and it is mentioned by Mr. Rice as an important building but is not described. A few photographs have been taken by missionaries, but we believe ours are the first ones published.

Inscribed steles are found at both the Koravangula temples, but we saw none at Harranhalli, though inscriptions have been found on rocks in the vicinity.

We reached Tiptur, a town on the railway, on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving Mysore. Our bearer had been ordered to go to that place, which was only a day's ride by rail from Mysore, and await us at the bungalow. On our arrival at the bungalow the khansamah said he had seen nothing of the bearer or our luggage. We were in consternation at this information, for we needed the services of the bearer and still more our luggage after four days of hard riding in the heat and dust. We did not know what to do, but as something must be done, we decided to do the first thing that suggested itself, viz. to make inquiries at the railway station.

On going to the station we found our luggage piled up in a corner in the rear and the bearer lying beside it in a most bedraggled condition helplessly intoxicated. When aroused he looked at us with the dazed expression we had previously noted, and could give no coherent account of where he had been during the three preceding days.

Here we had at last the solution of the problem of his many misfortunes and his sins of omission. He was possessed of the devil of intemperance too strongly to warrant any hope of its being cast out. It was evident he would no longer suit our purpose, which required that a servant should at least be able to exercise such faculties as he might possess. Accordingly, thankful that the matter was no worse, we paid him his wages on the spot and gave him a return ticket to Colombo. Thus ended our first lesson with a Christian servant.

Over the greater part of the state of Mysore and to the north over the districts of Anantipur, Kurnool, Bellary, and well into Hyderabad, the rolling surface of the country is dotted with bare granite hills much broken and covered with great rounded boulders, many of which are balanced one upon another. Similar boulders are also scattered everywhere between the hills. Their size, rounded outlines, and distribution, suggest that this portion of India was once subjected to powerful glacial action. There were many date-palms with clusters of yellow fruit. These mostly grew singly each at some distance from it neighbours, but in places they were bunched together in picturesque oases.

The people here were the darkest in colour of any we saw in India, and were as black as any African could possibly be, but they did not have the coarse features and woolly hair of the negro.

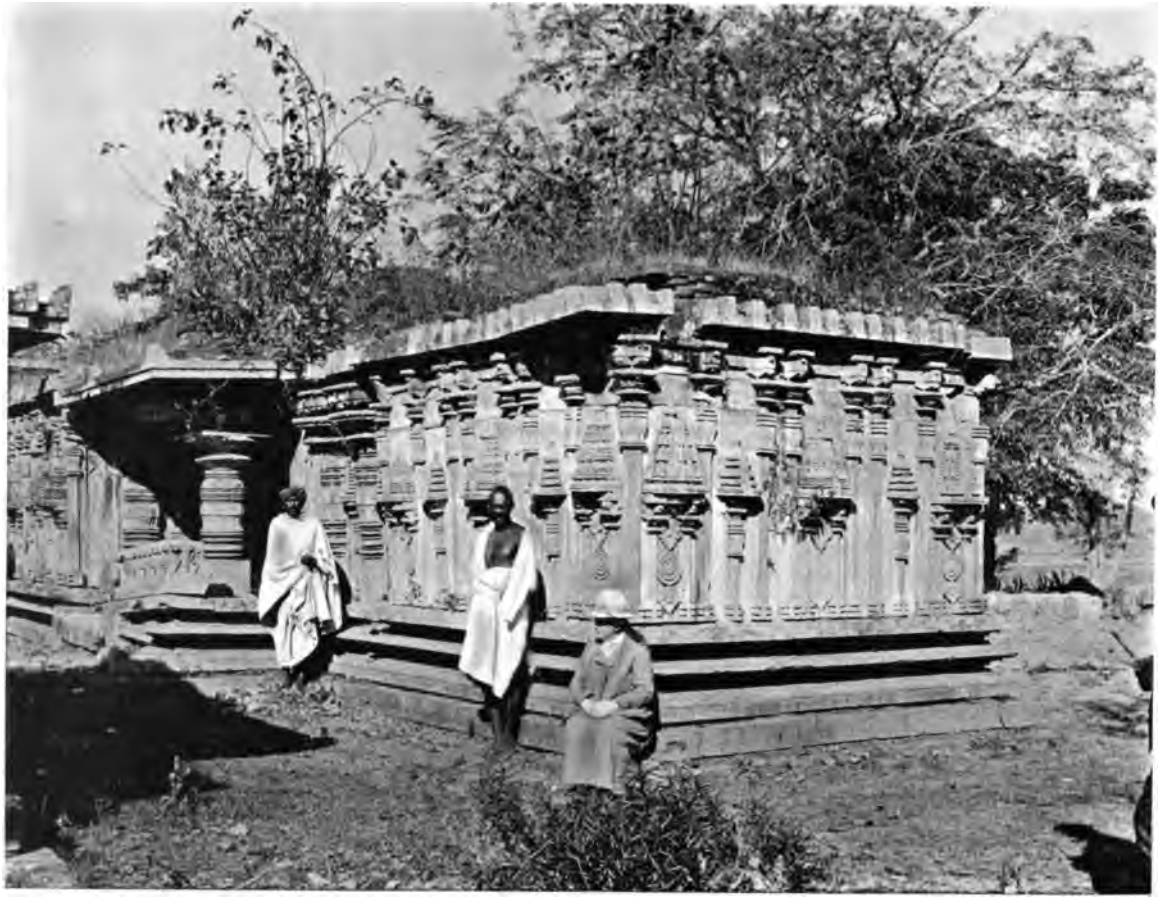
As we ascended the Mysore plateau towards Bangalore the scene was very picturesque. In all directions rose the wild boulder-covered

BUKESVARA TEMPLE, KORAVANGULA.

BUKESVARA TEMPLE, KORAVANGULA.

ENTRANCE TO CHOULTRI, BUKESVARA TEMPLE, KORAVANGULA.

NAGA DECORATIONS, BUKESVARA TEMPLE, KORAVANGULA.



OLD TEMPLE AT KORAVANGULA.

CHOULTRI OF OLD TEMPLE, KORAVANGUI.A.

hills in chaotic confusion. Quaint temples crowned the tops of many of them, and tanks surrounded by rows of stone steps and little pavilions, though filled with filthy water, added to the landscape effect. The plain was bejewelled with myriad bright green oases of date-palms and creeper-covered trees illuminated by flaming dak-trees. These glowing spots of verdure characteristic of Mysore add life and variety to a nature otherwise bronzed and colourless.

Bangalore lies on a moderately high plateau. It has upwards of 180,000 inhabitants and the European quarter is clean, well laid out, and well kept. On account of its mild agreeable climate it has become of late a favourite dwelling-place for retired officers and their families. It is mentioned in our note-books as possessing one of the most comfortable hotels that we found in India.

At Tadpatri, about a hundred and thirty miles north of Bangalore, two remarkable, unfinished gopuras stand on the shelving bank of what in the dry season is a wide sand river. These and the mandapams connected with them were built by the Vijayanagar kings, who also built the important group of temples at Vijayanagar or Humpy in the first part of the sixteenth century.

Although a hundred miles from that capital Fergusson calls these two gopuras the chefs d'œuvre of that dynasty. The first one, which forms the entrance of the temple, is fast going to pieces, and if nothing is done to prevent it, a few years will see this beautiful structure laid low like that of Ketareswara. The ground is already strewn with carved remnants. Indian artists did not usually lavish their best skill on gopuras, but an exception was made in this case.

Unlike others, which usually have a plain base up to the line where the chunam work begins, the base of the chief one is elegantly carved from the ground throughout its perpendicular. The scroll-work is varied and executed in the best manner, and the animal figures, particularly those of the elephants and monkeys, are admirable. The sides have highly decorated niches supported by graceful plantain columns.

One of the gopuras is disfigured by red paint to a height of eight feet from the ground. The temples are said to be no longer used for religious ceremonies, but this is, apparently, not the case, for, while we were there, a band of natives came down from the village bearing a silk-swathed god to the music of a dismal chant. After they had disappeared within the inner shrine and closed the doors, nauseous odours including that of incense issued through the crevices.

Leaving the gopuras, the finest in India from an artistic point of

view, to further disappearance in the sands of the river and of oblivion, we returned through the heavy sand that burned our feet to the village temple, which, though not equal to those by the river, has a fair gopura and an excellent pillared hall.

Lines of monkeys, some sitting on the laps of others, are beautifully carved on its base, and, as we were studying them, a large family of the real animals took their position on the wall above chattering and eyeing us. When we ate an orange to quench the thirst which proved almost unbearable on that day, they scrambled down from their perch and begged for some too. They were doubtless as thirsty as we.

But who can tell of the "Tarputry" of archæologists in the heydey of its splendour? Only a few centuries have elapsed and yet but scant traces remain, here and there on the sunglint sands a fast-decaying shrine, to tell an imperfect story of the work of the Vijayanagar kings.

Before we finished the inspection of the temples the heat had become oppressive. No water could be obtained, so we attempted to allay our thirst with a melon before heading our cycles towards Gooty forty miles distant. We had already ridden thirty-three miles that forenoon, and the prospect of forty miles more in the great heat through a desert and waterless country with only one quart of water left in our flasks—a mere aggravation—was anything but pleasant, still we braced ourselves for the effort.

Shortly we were confronted by a river of sand a mile wide, along the middle of which a slender thread of water ran. The Indian roads are often interrupted by rivers of this description. These are bad enough to cross in the cool of early morning, but at noon, when the sun is blazing in the zenith, when the burning sand, into which both feet and cycle-wheels sink deep making the labour of traversing it most difficult, sifts in over the tops of one's boots and scorches the feet, when the reflected heat is so great as to produce a feeling akin to suffocation, these river-beds become almost unendurable. The slight breeze that may blow is not refreshing, but is a sirocco blast from the sand sweep burning lips and skin. The heat-haze tears madly over the steely surface of the sand, till it appears to halt and vibrate in white tongues over the distant dry grass. It seemed to be our fortune to reach river-beds of this description at or near noon.

The remainder of the road to Gooty was bad with hard grades, and crossed several sandy river-beds, but none so wide as the one described. By three o'clock the last drop of water was exhausted, and from that time on we suffered tortures from thirst. Darkness had fallen, when at seven o'clock we finished the ride of seventy-three miles, one of the

RIVER GOPURA AND CHOULTRI, TADPATRI.

most trying of those made in India. So exhausted were we from thirst and so parched were our tongues and throats, that, when we tried to ask a native the way to the bungalow, always a difficult place to find after dark, we could not utter an articulate sound.

The native seeing we were in distress took us to a missionary who lived near by. He and his wife received us kindly and ministered to our needs at once supplying us freely with tea and water. It was fully an hour before our interest in the teapot and water-pitchers began to wane. After dining with the hospitable missionaries we started off with a servant to find the bungalow.

No one, who has not experienced it, can have any idea of the thirst which prolonged exertion in the tropics induces. The thirst which one feels in hot weather under ordinary conditions is not a circumstance to it. It is a painful, torturing thirst, which no amount of liquid seems to quench till some hours have elapsed. We found that, after riding the greater part of the day in a temperature of 160° Fahr. or upwards in the sun, the insatiable craving for water did not cease, drink as much as we would, till far into the night. On one occasion after a ride of sixty miles in the heat we reached a railway station about six p.m. In the course of the next two hours we drank three quarts of tea and thirteen bottles of soda without causing any marked diminution in the feeling of thirst.

The cause of this intense thirst is obvious. A certain amount of water is essential to the proper performance of the physiological functions of the body and to a feeling of well-being. Under ordinary conditions disturbances in the amount of water in the tissues are slight and easily corrected. When for any reason the amount of water falls below the normal, the tissues communicate the fact to the nerve centres through the nerves by what we recognise as the sensation of thirst. A glass or two of water replaces the deficiency, and the thirst disappears.

Physical exertion increases the temperature of the body, and this, in case of prolonged exertion, together with the high temperature of the air causes a rapid and excessive evaporation of water with a resulting intensity of thirst proportioned to the amount of water so lost. Where the loss of water greatly exceeds the supply for a number of hours, the ordinary metamorphic tissue changes are probably interfered with in a way which makes the thirst more difficult to quench. Could water be supplied to the body as fast as it is lost by evaporation, probably thirst would not at any time become urgent. But in the circumstances under which we travelled this was not possible.

Our day's water supply boiled and filtered had to be carried with us,

as water suitable to drink was not always to be had en route, that met with in rivers, village tanks, and even wells, being so befouled by the natives, who use it indiscriminately for bathing, washing, and drinking, that no European would venture to touch it. Water filtered through chattis, not a very reliable filter, was to be had at all railway stations, but these were not everywhere accessible.

Thirst began to be felt after two or three hours of riding, say about nine o'clock. As the day wore on and the heat became greater, thirst increased, in spite of attempts to allay it, till in the afternoon it became excessive. Our desire for water was seldom satisfied after eleven o'clock. After one o'clock our lips, tongues, and throats, often became parched within ten minutes after water had been taken.

We carried four felt-covered aluminium water-flasks, each containing a quart. If the contents of these had been used with any such freedom as thirst demanded, our supply would never have lasted beyond noon and usually not till then. We found it advisable, when passing a railway station at any time during the day, to stop, fill our flasks, and drink as much water as we possibly could. We were always glad when the station happened to be a large one with a refreshment-room, as we could then indulge in the luxury of soda and lemonade.

Otherwise we replenished our stock as occasion offered at dak bungalows, or failing these, if we passed through a town large enough to have a postmaster we applied to him, though we drank with misgivings unboiled water obtained from natives. When all the above sources failed, as sometimes happened, we had to endure the tortures of thirst from the time our water gave out till the journey's end. Probably we drank on the average somewhat over three quarts each during a day's ride. The loss by evaporation must have been much greater than this.

In the course of many years of travel and active out-of-door life, we have never experienced any ill effects from drinking water as much and as often as thirst has dictated. In saying this we do not include iced water, which is often beyond question injurious, but refer to water at its natural temperature, which in India is about that of the air. The water in our flasks under exposure to the sun became after eleven o'clock as warm as ordinary tea, but even at this temperature we did not scorn it, although it was not so agreeable or refreshing as at a lower one.

After the day's work we found weak tea relieved thirst better than anything else, and we always had our light travelling kettle, holding about three quarts, filled and boiled as soon as possible after arrival

at our night quarters. This was however only a preliminary to the process of satisfying the demands of thirst.

After the publication of a paper on this subject in the "Pioneer" some time ago, an Anglo-Indian critic ridiculed the idea of allaying thirst after prolonged exertion by free indulgence in tea and water, asserting that a bath and one cup of hot tea were all sufficient for this purpose. By what legerdemain he would make one cup of tea, holding four to six ounces, replace the quarts of water withdrawn from the system during a day's ride he did not state. We should like to have had him put his assertion to a practical test by riding with us for one week and drinking his cup of tea in his bath at night. It would be interesting to see how many days he would have held out.

We always took a bath on arrival whenever practicable, but never noticed that it produced any alleviation of thirst as claimed by the gentleman, and the cup of tea had to be supplemented by many more before any relief was obtained.

CHAPTER VI

Charms of the Chadarghat Hotel—Hyderabad Deccan a Centre for Indian Types—Enlightened Native Gentlemen and a Glimpse behind the Purdah of their Fair Unenlightened Wives—More Splendid but Neglected Chalukyan Art at Hammancondah—The Torans at Warangal—Our Record Cycle Run in India—Hospitality of Palmar Missionaries, their School—Palm and Banyan—Unbridged Rivers and Sandy Nullahs—Torrid Bellary—Hampi Capital of Ancient Vijayanagar.

THE 21st of February found us in Hyderabad Deccan. We put up at the hotel in Chadarghat. Whether this was better or worse than most Indian hotels we have no recollection, as of our stay of one night there but a single impression remains, viz., that of noise. The partitions between the rooms or cells were only about twelve feet high leaving all the space above open in common, a rather inconvenient arrangement for guests with sensitive auditory nerves.

One of the adjoining rooms contained the usual crying child, and long and lustily it cried whilst we were dressing for dinner. During an interval when it dozed to the crooning of the ayah, the shrill voices of two American lady travellers echoed from the room on the other side. Both speaking at the same time, they expressed their satisfaction in having done India in three weeks. Finally one gained the upper hand in the conversation, and branched out on the theme of dress. She was unable to decide whether an old rose or a mauve dinner-gown suited her grey hair the better.

Later on, as we were trying to sleep, new-comers took possession of other rooms, and the opening of tonic and soda bottles, and calls of "Bearer get me a bath" to the music of boot polishing and the scurrying around of slipshod servants resounded on every side. Finally towards midnight other sounds were merged into a symphony of multifarious snores.

Fortunately for us, as we were to remain in Hyderabad for several days, the First Revenue Commissioner, A. J. Dunlop, Esq., C.I.E., and his

wife, gave us a cordial invitation to be their guests during the remainder of our stay, which invitation, it is needless to say, was accepted, and we found them most charming hosts.

Hyderabad the barbaric like "Genoa the Superb," when closely viewed, presents some flaws among its attractions. Architecturally it is garishly modern, and modern Mohammedan architecture in India is less picturesque than modern Hindu. To be seen to the best advantage, its streets must be looked down upon from the back of an elephant, and

STREET IN HYDERABAD.

then the dusty bazaar teeming with life from all corners of India assumes its proper complexion.

The white-robed Madrasi, the sombre-turbaned athletic Punjabi, the gipsy-eyed Rajput with fierce upturned moustaches, combine with many others to make an interesting study in types. Garments of every shade, sashes of red and tinsel, and turbans of orange, mauve, and green, to say nothing of the many bright-coloured stuffs in the bazaar, form an ensemble, that amply conforms to the expression applied by Mark Twain to Jeypore "explosion of colour."

It is in this moving mass of colour, together with the cheaply painted and gilded booths flashing in the white heat of an Indian noon, that the picturesqueness of Hyderabad consists rather than in any predominant Oriental grace of drapery, for many of the people in the streets wear European clothing.

Take the Indian in his natural costume, and he still retains something of barbaric grace and dignity of carriage; but many who have become semi-Europeanised present a most ludicrous appearance in turbans with long streamers floating in the air, checked coats cut tight to the figure at the waist with ample bell-shaped skirts falling to the knees, and flaring yellow trousers reaching only half way down the leg, from which two slender black ankles and feet project, the latter shod with dirty grey sandals.

Travellers have told gruesome tales of the fierce armed inhabitants of this bigoted city, but the citizen of Hyderabad with his ammunition pouch and flint-lock musket looks more romantic than dangerous, when you examine him. Many in the city and still more of those seen in the country around carry arms of some sort, all of them of antiquated patterns. Some carry short, broad, curved swords in black sheaths in their hands, dispensing with the formality of a belt. Others are the proud possessors of old flint-lock guns and even of matchlocks, with which they are said to face and shoot cheetahs and tigers. Still others have huge, single-barrelled, flint-lock pistols of a long-past era stuck in their belts. All carry their weapons with as much assurance as if they were of the most modern patterns.

Our cycles provided a convenient means of visiting the suburbs of Hyderabad. When he could not go with us, our kind host furnished two of the Nizam's under officials to pilot us, under whose guidance we visited Bolarum, the fort and the tombs at Golconda of the Kutb Shali dynasty. That of the founder of Hyderabad is a simple, dignified structure of the usual Mohammedan type, and there are many similar ones more or less perfectly preserved, but here as at Bijapur Mohammedan tomb architecture becomes monotonous when seen in the bulk.

During our stay we met several Nawabs and high native officials of the Nizam's Government. Later we were thrown into contact with Nawabs and Rajas of North India, who, while they represented the educated and progressive classes of titled Indians, but little resembled these men of Hyderabad.

Of fine presence, with manners which left nothing to be desired, they were men whom it would be a pleasure to meet in any European

drawing-room. The mention of this may seem banal, as it is well known that many upper-class Indians possess all the requisites demanded by society. But these were exceptional, in that they were more interesting in conversation and much better informed than the average so-called educated Occidental. They were not society dabblers, nor were they, like some professional, military, or business men, possessed of only one idea.

They knew their own country, and were well informed in regard to and liberal in their views of other lands. They could talk intelligently of their own architecture as well as that of Europe, and, to our surprise, were well versed in the literature of England and America. We well recall discussing with a turbaned Mohammedan the merits of Tennyson, Browning, Lowell, Emerson, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte. He was equally keen and charmingly loquacious on the subject of English and American up-to-date novelists, and was familiar with sundry French and German authors.

As they were Mohammedans their wives were not mentioned, who, living, as is usual with Mohammedan ladies, in purdah, never accompanied their husbands into society. One of us, whose sex permitted, was invited to tea with two of these ladies. They were Begums, and lived in beautiful villas with large verandahs enclosed by purdahs, which admitted air and light freely.

She was received in an artistically decorated verandah by a fair-skinned, dark-eyed woman with pleasant manners, who spoke English fluently. The hostess was dressed in heavy gold-threaded trousers and violet sari. Her neck was adorned with chains of fine pearls and rich gold, and her ears bore a heavy burden of jewels, which covered them to the top of the helix. She also wore four gold anklets studded with brilliants.

She talked very simply, asking questions in a childlike manner, and appeared to wish to learn as much as possible about her visitor. Tea was served in the English manner. As the visitor was leaving, the hostess remarked with a sigh, "I am very glad to have seen you, you have told me so much that is new to me, and I should like to see the world as you see it. But that can never be. It is not our custom you know." And her eyes grew sad as she spoke.

The second one was a bride and resplendent in magenta and gold. Behind her purdah she was full of the happiness of youth and anxious to show her jewels and wedding gown, which her ayah brought in for inspection. The latter was a sheeny mass of gold, silver, and silk, and the more it was praised the better pleased she was. "And now I have

MOHAMMEDAN TOMB NEAR ROSA, HYDERABAD.

something much more valuable to show you," she lisped, as the ayah produced a rich forehead ornament made of large and small egg-shaped pearls. It was placed on her brow and attached to her head by long strings of pearls, which fell in delicate strands on her hair at the back. This, she explained, she should wear only on great occasions and hand down to her daughters.

These child-women, possessed of scarcely a dawning idea of things

HYDERABAD FROM ROOF OF A RAJA'S HOUSE.

beyond their purdah, were the wives and toys of the clever Nawabs of Hyderabad.

In here and there an isolated case the purdah has been lifted in Mohammedan households as well as in some Hindu families, and the women are less the slaves of ancient custom than formerly, but such cases are rare and most Indian women wear their shackles with resignation if not with contentment. It is to be hoped that light may fall upon the souls of the men, that they may realise the great injustice practised on the weaker sex, and that a day of awakening may come, when the latter may be free to develop as their nature demands.

From Hyderabad we made an interesting trip to Hammancondah

THOUSAND PILLARED HALL, HAMMANCONDAH.

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE, HAMMANCONDAH.

missionary's house to ask for the loan of two charpoys. In case of necessity in India one need not be overmodest in depleting a neighbour's house. The keeper said the missionary would be only too pleased to let us have the charpoys, so they were sent over to the bungalow.

Having thus furnished our lodging and secured a cook for a two days' stay we began with a visit to the Metropolitan Temple. This is the earliest of the great Chalukyan temples now known, the inscribed date being 1163 A.D., though an earlier one smaller and simpler exists at Buchrapully and one of a few years earlier date at Koravangula. Rumours also reached us of a large undescribed temple somewhere in the jungle a hundred miles from Hyderabad, but no one knew in what part of the jungle it lay.

Chalukyan architecture is so full of beauty and originality, that a thorough search for further remains ought to be made in the state of Hyderabad. The Moslems, who mutilated, and destroyed, and converted beautiful Hindu buildings into mosques, without doubt placed their annihilating hands on many specimens of Chalukyan work, particularly near the bigoted capitals of Hyderabad and Bijapur, in the original country of the Chalukyas. More is the pity, for this style of architecture is original and complete in itself even as seen to-day, and to trace its origin and development would be a most interesting study. This has in all probability been blocked by the Mohammedan iconoclast, who carried on his work here as extensively as in Northern and Western India.

The great Metropolitan Temple is triple in form. It is built of granite, which in places is highly polished, and it has much tasteful and carefully executed work. It was never finished, the advent of the Moslems having put an end to labour on it, as in case of the Hulabid temple. The entrance porch is especially handsome with lines of massive columns and carved ceiling, and sides richly decorated with pilasters and open work. The interior of the porch was occupied as a dwelling by a gipsy family, whose presence seemed a desecration. The floor was strewn with beds, coals from their fires, and refuse of various kinds. Soiled garments and greasy cooking-utensils hung from the ornamental projections of the beautiful pillars, which were blackened and defaced by the smoke of the fires kindled against them.

The temple is no longer used for worship, and an air of neglect pervades the whole place. A fine pillared court is going to ruin, the nandi pavilions have fallen in, the nandis are broken, and prostrate columns lie all about. The inhabitants of the untidy village which

surrounds the temple have little regard for its sancity, and do nothing to preserve it.

This, like most Indian temples, was built without mortar, a defect in construction, which with time accounts for a good deal of the ruin. But what these have spared the native is allowed to deface. A prop here and there and a little time and money devoted to preservation not restoration would be well expended.

Six miles from Hammancondah at Warangal are four Kirti Stambhas or torans put up by Pratapa Rudra, who built the great temple at

KIRTI STAMBHA OR TORAN, WARANGAL.

Hammancondah. They stand in a plain facing one another on the four sides of a square, as if forming entrances to a building or enclosure, but no indications of walls or foundations are to be seen. Only one remains intact. They are decorated with sacred geese, birds, and other objects. The stambhas are of interest as being in a sense derivatives of the Sanchi torans. They are made of green-grey granite, and, while Hindu and showing no such sculptured history as their Buddhist confrères at Sanchi, they are completely lithic in design.

On the evening of our second day at Hammancondah, as we were

making the final preparations for an early start next morning to ride to Hyderabad, the good missionary, who had been notified of our arrival by a runner, appeared on the scene having come sixteen miles to see us. He said his wife was coming over in a bullock cart the next day, and he begged us to remain and visit them.

We expressed our disappointment at not finding them at home on our arrival, and explained that an engagement at Hyderabad the following evening demanded our return. He seemed quite vexed that we should not remain, after he and his wife had taken the trouble to leave their preaching and come so far. We could not blame him, for it was but natural, that two people, cut off from all intercourse with their own race in that out-of-the-way place, should wish to see wanderers from civilisation, who might cross their path.

The feast of Ramazan was in progress while we were here, and the natives in fresh bright turbans and silk draperies were more picturesque than those of Hyderabad. The more wealthy wore belts filled with long cartridges and some carried huge curved swords, whilst the poorer were armed with the usual antiquated weapons.

At six-fifteen in the morning we left the bungalow to ride eighty-eight miles to Hyderabad, the longest distance we accomplished in a single day while in India. We often made between seventy-five and eighty miles, and from eighty-one to eighty-three on a dozen occasions, but this was our record ride. We dismounted at our quarters at Hyderabad at six-fifteen in the evening, twelve hours to the minute. The sun on that day, February 24th, rose at six-thirty and set at six-five. The road was good for sixty miles, though we had to dismount and walk across small sandy nullahs some fifty times. The last twenty-eight miles the road was soft and dusty. We carried respectively twenty and thirty pounds of baggage.

Our route from Hyderabad led south-west across a rather desolate country away from railways to Bellary. On the evening of the first day we reached a small place called Palmar, where we should have fared badly had not a Baptist mission existed, to the head of which we had a letter of introduction. We were cordially received and treated with the greatest hospitality.

The American Baptist Mission at Palmar appeared to us as casual observers to be doing excellent work, and the sixty or more boys and girls living at the school seemed to be much better off than they would have been in their own homes.

The missionary and his wife, who had eight children of their own at school at Tennessee, were working earnestly in behalf of the Indians.

The school was conducted on the co-education plan. The children were taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and even algebra and geometry, where there was sufficient capacity, which was seldom. Those who showed ability were sent to a high school in one of the large towns, and graduated as teachers or assistants for other missions.

Ordinarily the girls remained at the school until the age of fifteen,

YOUNG PARASITIC BANYAN ON PALM STEM.

and many were married from there. One hour daily was devoted to religious teaching, and all instruction was given in Telugu. The food was simple and in the Indian sense abundant. It consisted of gruel in the morning and rice or native grain at noon and night. The custom of keeping the girls at the mission until the age of fifteen, and thus preventing their early marriage at the age of nine would alone be sufficient to establish the usefulness of the mission, to say nothing of the

educational advantages it afforded. The parents of some of the pupils were Hindu, of others Christian. A few pupils were said to be of the third Christianised generation.

In passing through this region we noticed many scattered palms towering above banyan-trees, by the trunks of which their stems were encased. This phenomenon was of such frequent occurrence as to suggest the operation of a common cause in each case. It was also noticeable that both trees were uniformly in a flourishing condition and living amicably together, a remarkable circumstance, as it might be expected that the parasitic banyan would strangle and kill the palm.

On mentioning this to the Palmar missionary, who had lived many years in the district, he was able to throw some light on the subject. The palm, he said, is always older than the banyan, and the latter is in a sense a parasite. Banyan seeds dropped by the birds lodge in the projections of the cortex of the palm stems. During the wet season these seeds sprout, throw down a long slender root, which in a few days reaches and fastens itself to the ground, and then others which soon completely enclose the palm stem and cling tightly to it, meanwhile throwing out abundant foilage.

The roots finally coalesce forming a centre trunk for the banyan and a close-fitting jacket about the base of the palm. The reason why the palm is not strangled by the banyan is, probably, that palm stems, when once formed do not enlarge externally as do those of exogenous trees. It may be that in time the banyan does kill the palm, but we saw none of the latter that were dead or looked sickly.

The missionary said there were plenty of tigers and cheetahs in the neighbourhood. The latter were particularly active and ferocious, and, while they usually kept in the hills, were often seen on the road. We were fortunately spared any encounter with them, and continued on unmolested towards Bellary over a lonely and desert though sometimes picturesque route.

Some distance before Raichur the wide Krishna river had to be crossed. Our kind host at Hyderabad had furnished us with a parwanah requesting all officials to render us any needed assistance while in the state of Hyderabad. On looking over our prospective route he thought we might have difficulty in getting across the Krishna, so he also wired the Talukdar of Raichur to have a boat there to take us across.

When we reached the river the expected boat was not to be seen, but a large native craft was discovered moored at some distance without any boatmen to manage it. It was barbaric in construction and bore a strong resemblance to the ship on the stage in Tristan and Isolde,

having a high prow and stern with a cluster of horses' heads on the former.

After a while we secured the attention of some natives, and pointing out the craft made them understand that we wished to be taken across, whereupon they waded out to it, brought it up, and soon landed us on the opposite bank. When within five miles of Raichur we were met by

PALM STEM FULLY ENVELOPED BY BANYAN.

a carriage and horses sent out by the Talukdar, which accompanied us to a well-equipped private bungalow.

The next two days' ride from Raichur to Bellary were over heavy and cut-up roads, which gave us very fatiguing work. On the first day we had to cross the wide Tungabhadra river. When we came to it we found neither bridge nor boat nor natives. There was a village a little back from the river, so we presented the parwanah to its chief man, and

asked for men to carry us over. He placed a dozen at our disposal. Each cycle was immediately seized by five men, who without waiting for directions started across the river. As the remaining two were not equal to the task of carrying us over dry shod, we took off boots and stockings, and started into the stream followed by them bearing our boots. The water in the middle was nearly waist deep and the current rapid, but we reached the other side with no damage beyond a good wetting.

On the second day at noon we came to the Vedavati river, which proved to be the climax of all our river experiences thus far. A bed of soft superheated sand one and a quarter miles wide had to be traversed in the burning sun before the narrow stream was reached, and on arriving at the further bank we found ourselves temporarily exhausted. An hour's rest under a tamarind-tree for tiffin restored us somewhat, although the temperature was 91° Fahr. in the shade. From these incidents it may be seen, that cycling in the Nizam's dominions was not all pleasure.

Bellary is situated among picturesque, granite, boulder-covered hills such as have already been described, and is reputed to be one of the warmest stations in India. The hills, which are weathered almost black, absorb the heat of the sun and act like great furnaces to radiate it out again after sundown, so that the temperature in their neighbourhood was nearly as warm at night as by day.

March had ushered in the warm season, and the heat was becoming oppressive. On March 6th the temperature was 92° Fahr. in the shade at 2 p.m., and, from this time on, until we reached Rawal Pindi on May 1st, the temperature ranged in the afternoon from 90° to 100°. There was generally a breeze which was pleasantly cool till about nine o'clock a.m. From nine to eleven it was not uncomfortable, but from eleven till four it was as the breath of a fiery furnace penetrating the clothing and burning the skin.

On account of the dryness of the air we suffered less than in the moist atmosphere of Ceylon and Java at a temperature ten degrees lower, the dry, burning sensation of the skin here being less disagreeable than in the profuse perspiration, which would not readily dry off in the humid air of those islands. Here all surface moisture evaporated as fast as formed, thereby reducing the bodily temperature notwithstanding the burning of the skin.

Thirty-four miles west of Bellary lies Hampi the former capital of the Vijayanagar dynasty, which, briefly stated, arose in the following manner. The kingdom of Warangal was overthrown by the Moham-

medans from Delhi in 1322. Three-quarters of a century later when the Hindus had recovered in a measure from this blow, two princes of the same dynasty settled with their followers at Vijayanagar on the Tungabhadra river. This was at the beginning of the fifteenth century. The new kingdom grew and prospered and sustained itself against all attacks from without for a hundred and fifty years, during which time temples and civic structures of a high order were built. The city was destroyed by the Mohammedans in 1565.

To-day Hampi, as it is usually called, presents a large undulating

STONE CAR, VITOBA TEMPLE, VIJAYANAGAR.

area along the river, the lower parts consisting of paddy fields, strewn with enormous rounded boulders, some of them fifty feet in diameter, among which are scattered temples within and without enclosures, palace walls, and remnants of many public buildings; a spacious labyrinth of ruins in which a day is needed even to obtain one's bearings.

Among the many interesting remains the finest is the temple of Vitoba or Wali. This and two others nearly as fine in the same enclosure make a remarkable group. The Vitoba is beautiful both in design and proportion. It is built of a coarse-grained, yellow-brown

granite resembling in colour the material of the Sicilian temples, which does not lend itself so readily to the purpose of delicate ornamentation as the softer green potstone used by the Chalukyas.

Most of its features are Dravidian, but there is great refinement of execution. Especially noticeable are the compound pillars composed of

FRONT OF VITOBA TEMPLE, VIJAYANAGAR.

a main member and four or more fluted columns. The effect of these pillars and of the broad double flexure cornice in the light coloured stone which takes on a rich tone in the sunlight is singular, almost fantastic. The stone car of the deity in front, hewn out of a single stone with movable wheels, is a most uncommon work of art.

CHAPTER VII

Early Jain Architecture at Gadag and Lakkundi—Reception at Lakkundi—Mohammedan Bijapur—In Plague-infected Districts—Thorny Roads Deadly to Cycle Tyres—Self-sealing Air Tubes.

FORTY miles farther west is Gadag in Dharwar. Here are to be found two early Jain temples of remarkable beauty. Indian archæologists have written much about the work of the Jains in the line of cave temples, and of their architecture in the hill temples of Western India; but they have given little attention to the Jain temples built in South India about 1000 A.D.

It is true that few of these remain and some are terribly defaced, but such as are fairly well preserved are worth a long journey to see. That of Trimbakeshwar in Gadag, a structural temple, is of rather flat proportion and architecturally of no particular importance. Its salient feature is its ornamentation.

It is built of an almost black hornblendic rock which admits of the most delicate chiseling. The whole exterior is a mass of superb carving, and at both front and rear are hundreds of canopied figures, every detail of which is sculptured in the minutest manner. The canopies themselves are highly finished conceptions.

Behind the main temple is what is called the Saraswati porch, which contains eighteen columns executed with a perfection not to be found even in the Dilwarra temples at Mount Abu. The work on the architraves of the doors would do credit to an expert artificer in gold. The patterns here are often copied by goldsmiths.

Eight miles from Gadag in the out-of-the-way village of Lakkundi is a group of Jain temples of a century or two earlier date but almost as wonderful. Of these there are thirty-four in all. They are built mostly of a coarse granite, though they contain some fine basalt pillars. Time and man have played havoc with them, either a roof or a vimanah having disappeared from every one. The three principal temples contain door-

ways, pillars, or niches, that might well rouse the envy of a European designer.

What Lakkundi was twelve hundred years ago can be judged only by the architectural remnants to be found there. To-day it is almost without the pale of civilisation, lying on a sandy jungly plain three miles from any road. We were three hours in reaching it in the deep sand, and might as well have walked as to try to cycle. Visitors are not often seen in Lakkundi and our arrival created great excitement. The whole town turned out to receive us. School was dismissed, and the schoolmaster, who spoke good babu English, the village commissioner or chief man, and a third, who we understood filled the position of village doctor, formed themselves into an impromptu committee of reception.

The commissioner embellished his native costume by a black, rather seedy-looking sack coat, probably worn as a mark of distinction, which was buttoned closely over his well-nourished form. The schoolmaster was not so well nourished, but his face wore a more thoughtful expression indicative of the intellectual character of his occupation, and he undoubtedly enjoyed a reputation similar to that of the pedagogue in the "Deserted Village" of carrying in his head the major part of the learning of the community. He acted as interpreter for his chief who spoke no English.

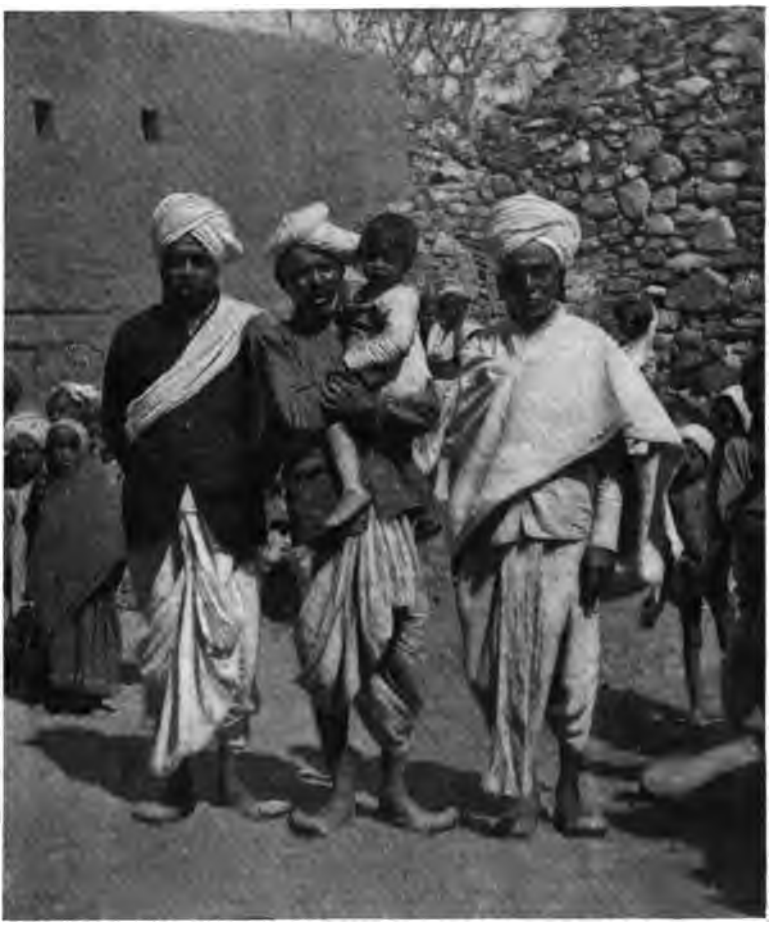
The committee at the head of the village population escorted us on our tour of inspection of the temples, after which we all adjourned to the school-house, where the schoolmaster invited us to avail ourselves of his skill in tea-making, an accomplishment he said he had learned of a European, who had visited Lakkundi three months before. Of course we accepted, for the prospect of tea or any other drink after five hours' active exercise in the hot sun was not unwelcome.

The schoolmaster went to prepare the beverage, while we sat in the schoolroom with the other members of the committee and numerous scholars, who perched themselves unceremoniously in various attitudes on the few remaining chairs and tables, indulging their eyes to their full capacity.

It is astonishing what a small space an Indian will occupy when sitting. He will roost on a chair, the head of a cask, or the top of a rounded stone, on his haunches with his feet drawn up closely against them in exactly the position of a monkey, taking up only a third of the room required by a European.

After a while the schoolmaster returned bringing a teaspoonful of tea tied in a strip of white cotton cloth, an equal quantity of sugar in a similar wrapper, one teacup without a saucer, and a brass chatti, holding

about a quart of tepid water. The tea was turned into the water in the chatti, which was not hot enough to soften it. Vigorous stirring failed to make a proper infusion and the water was scarcely discoloured. On pouring the combination into the cup the tea persisted in swimming about in annoying proportions on the surface of the water, and the



THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE AT LAKKUNDI.
Commissioner, Schoolmaster, Doctor.

separation of the water which we needed from the tea, which in this condition we did not need, was a matter of some difficulty.

The schoolmaster made an elaborate speech on behalf of the chief, asking us to honour them with our presence at a tiffin, which they would have prepared of native foods. Having on more than one occasion already waited several hours for Indian meals of rice and chicken, and

fearing that the fabrication of the promised delicacies might take so long a time, that we should be unable to return to Gadag that night, we declined the honour.

After photographing the committee, the schoolmaster's daughter, a comely maiden, and some of the others, we took our departure at one o'clock to tramp back in the heat over three miles of sand to the road. We were attended by about two hundred of the zealous youth of the village anxious to see us mount our cycles, who raised such a dust that we were well-nigh suffocated. We afterwards mailed prints of the photos taken to the schoolmaster, who acknowledged their receipt and expressed his satisfaction in a well-written letter.

The extensive Mohammedan capital of Bijapur rose to importance in the reign of Yusaf Khan the founder of the Adi Shahi dynasty of Bijapur. He was a Turk born in Constantinople, and, after being purchased for the bodyguard at Bidar, he raised himself to such importance that on the overthrow of Dustur Dinar in 1501, he was able to make himself the founder of a royal dynasty.

The real building period of this line of rulers did not begin until sixty years later, when some of the first great buildings were begun under Abdil Shah. All the important structures were completed the following century. Bijapur was overthrown by Auranzib in 1686.

During a little more than a century after this the city was decorated with buildings, which although different in type were no less important and valuable to architecture than those of other Mohammedan capitals such as Delhi and Ahmedabad. The constructive skill of the architects here in dome building and in bracketing of cornices was of a high order, and added to these was the wonderful tracery carving of windows and screens, which only artists of Indian imagination and dexterity have accomplished.

This all resulted in a collection of tombs, palaces, and gateways of great splendour, which still excite the admiration of enthusiasts of Mohammedan architecture. As an example of an entrance gateway may be cited the Mehtar Mahal, which, though small, is an elegant combination of Hindu and Mohammedan styles, built in three stories with corner minarets and projecting balconies set with rich carvings.

It was early in March 1898. The plague, in spite of all precautions, had broken through the barriers set up against it in Bombay, and got beyond the control of the authorities. It had spread southward through the Bombay Presidency, had ravaged Poona, Ahmednagar, and Sholapur, had invaded the western villages of the Deccan, and its dreaded presence was daily expected in Hyderabad itself.

PLAGUE AND HEAT

Sholapur and Ahmednagar had been deserted by their inhabitants, who were living in the country outside in temporary mat huts. It was by the exodus from the latter city that plague was carried to the Deccan villages. A short time before this many of the inhabitants of Sholapur had returned to their houses, which had been cleaned and disinfected, but the disease had broken out anew, and they had again departed. Segregation and observation camps had been established at various points, and sanitary camps guarded the approaches to infected districts, at which all passers were subjected to close scrutiny.

On the ride of sixty-four miles from Bijapur to Sholapur we entered the infected zone, through which our course lay for the next twelve days. The heat was excessive. The sun burned mercilessly from the cloudless sky and the baked, black soil radiated back the heat with a withering fervour. The metal parts of our cycles were so hot that our hands could not endure contact with them. Ninety-three and ninety-five Fahr. in the shade were daily temperatures during the afternoons.

Towards noon, after having passed over twenty-five miles of road thickly covered with broken stone, where we were obliged to ride on the withered grass at the side or in the ditch, a very fatiguing and irritating experience, during which our water supply was exhausted, we came to a river, on the bank of which near the ford was a sanitary camp of native officials, the first outpost of the plague-afflicted region.

We marched boldly up, and asked for water to quench our burning thirst and fill our flasks. The officials supplied us, and courteously had tea also made, and invited us in out of the heat of the sun. They asked many questions, but themselves were rather reticent, and at first appeared considerably embarrassed. We remained with them a couple of hours, and they gradually became more natural and confidential.

As we were leaving, they confessed that they at first thought we were Government spies sent to report upon their camp, which accounted for their caution, for no one can be more reticent than an Indian, when he distrusts those around him.

They supplied us with seven coolies to take us across the river, and bade us God-speed. Later we came to another stagnant, muddy body of water blocking the road where no natives were to be found. Not liking the appearance of the water and not knowing how many plague microbes it might harbour, as the refugees from Sholapur near by were probably responsible for its muddy condition, we waited some time, but finally, as no natives appeared, we had to take off boots and stockings and ford it, carrying our cycles and baggage over.

About six p.m. we reached Sholapur which was deserted. The dak

bungalow on the outskirts of the city was filled with natives and surrounded by cattle, so that this could not offer us a refuge. After obtaining a good supply of soda from a Parsee merchant we went to the railway station, where we sat till two in the morning, when we took a train for Hotgi Junction.

On reaching Ahmednagar we rode through the city, which appeared like a city of the dead. The gates were closed, only here and there a guard was to be seen in the streets, and the houses were shut, empty, and locked. All was silent as the grave which had swallowed up so many of the inhabitants.

From this point onward through Central and North India, the banyan, mango, and tamarind-trees, which shade the roads of the South, are replaced largely by thorn acacias usually with thin foliage, which cast only the suggestion of a shade but produce enormous quantities of thorns. The jungle through which the roads pass becomes more thorny. Almost every species of shrub or bush is provided with thorns. Some have long, strong, white thorns with points of siliceous hardness, others long slender ones, still others, and among these trailing creepers, short wide ones with hawk-beaked points turning in all directions, which seize the skin and clothing of any one unfortunate enough to come in contact with them in a hundred places with a diabolic grasp, to free himself from which causes the victim considerable trouble.

The roads are sprinkled with an inexhaustible supply of all these varieties of thorns, the points of which are sharper than needle-points, as well as with a short thorn with a broad triangular base, which grows in the grass on the side. These constitute a veritable pest to the cyclist, who in spite of the greatest vigilance cannot escape having his tyres honeycombed with punctures. He cannot count on their integrity for half a mile at any time.

The large thorns often pierce the tyres through and through, making in the two tubes four punctures. The smaller varieties make punctures which are invisible, many being as fine as those which would be made by a cambric needle. The only way to discover these is by immersing the inflated air tube in water, and even then the bubbles which escape may be so small and so infrequent that the puncture may easily be overlooked, and, after searching the tube over with considerable care, half a dozen may remain undiscovered.

Fortunately the escape of air through such is so slow, that by inflating two or three times in half a day one may keep the road till it is convenient to stop, unless the number of punctures becomes very numerous or large thorns are encountered. Much time is lost in making

repairs. It was no uncommon thing for us to have thirty-five to forty punctures to repair at a sitting, and on one occasion the number repaired was seventy. We were often delayed half a day by the necessary repairs to the air tubes, which soon became covered as thickly with scales as a fish.

Before starting on our second season of cycle touring in Central and Northern India, with the object of obtaining some relief from the nuisance of constant repairing we ordered from England two sets of so called self-sealing air tubes. We had not long to wait to test them. They were speedily punctured and the air promptly escaped, indeed considerably more promptly than in case of ordinary air tubes. They were repaired and tried again but always with the same result. They collapsed sooner than ordinary tubes. Instead of being called self-sealing they would have been better named self-deflating.

The reason of this was obvious. The tubes were provided with strongly contracting elastic bands, which, when they were deflated, drew them together into irregular knotted cylinders. When they were punctured even by slender thorns, the contraction of the elastic fibres pressed the air out actively, while in ordinary tubes the escape was only passive. They were also difficult to repair, as in their irregularly shrivelled state it was almost impossible to make a rubber patch adhere firmly, and, when they were inflated again, the expansion tore the patch off. We were much troubled by leaks caused by loosening of the patches. After a two weeks' trial, with a feeling of relief, we removed them, pitched them into the road, and replaced the old tubes.

CHAPTER VIII

Buddhist Cave Temples at Bhaja and Karli—The Dak Bungalows at Pachora and Ferdapur—What the Ajanta Caves tell of Buddhist Art—Remarkable Mural Frescoes—Buddhist, Brahman, and Jain Caves at Ellora—The Kailasa.

THERE is no more fascinating study in India than that of the Buddhist, Hindu, and Jain cave temples, all replete with work of architectural, historical, and ethnological interest. We can only mention a few of the more important ones in these pages and these without regard to the order in which they were seen. The Buddhist series claims the greatest antiquity and is in many respects the most interesting. These rock caves illustrate the history of Buddhist cave architecture and art from the time of Asoka B.C. 250 to its decline in 700 A.D., a period of over nine hundred years of much importance.

The chief temple at Bhaja in the Western Ghats between Bombay and Poona is the most complete example of that early time, B.C. 250, when the Buddhists were carrying over their former wooden models into stone. As almost no traces of Buddhist temples previous to Asoka's time are now extant, and as signs of a transitional period from wood to stone are obvious, authorities have concluded that Buddhist architecture in early days were confined to wooden edifices.

Fergusson, Burgess, and others, while at variance with some minor students of the subject, agree, that the Indians received the idea of building in stone from the Greeks after the invasion of Alexander and the occupation by them of a part of North India. Greek forms and draperies, while almost universal in the carvings of the monasteries of Jamalgiri and the neighbouring region in the far north, are not found in the cave temples of Western India, where the work is purely Indian.

The Bhaja Chaitya or Buddhist assembly hall resembles closely in its interior the form of the early Christian church. The semicircular roof is made of teak girders, the original ones remaining mostly intact, and the plain columns supporting it, though not perhaps artistic, are

CHAITYA CAVE TEMPLE AT BHAJA.

curious because of having been made to slope inward to support the thrust of the wooden roof.

The stone façade is simply and tastefully carved with the usual horseshoe arches. This cave and those adjoining are hewn out of the rock scarp of a hill about three hundred feet above the plain. The narrowness of the path separating the entrance from the precipice which falls in front makes it difficult to photograph them.

The beautiful rock Chaitya temple of Karli about five miles from Bhaja is also cut in the scarp of a hill above the plain. This temple has a unique interest, having been made by the Buddhists when they had nearly thrown off the influence of wooden models, and thus except the roof lining and a wooden screen cut entirely in stone. Inscriptions show that it was made not later than fifty years before our era, and yet it too is an almost perfect model of an early Christian church. It would be more exact to say that the early Christian church is a model of it. It has a nave and side aisles ending in an apse, around which the aisles are carried.

In place of the altar under the dome of the apse stands the stone dagoba or shrine of the Buddhists. The roof is arched and set with teak girders, presumbly a copy of that of Bhaja, and the rows of impressive granite columns are surmounted by finely carved capitals of elephants supporting female figures.

The three entrances are under a gallery, and the crowning glory of this splendid structure is the great horseshoe window above the doors, through which the light entering falls full on the dagoba at the rear leaving the aisles in mysterious shadow. The Hindus understood lighting their altars and idols, but not with the complete effect obtained by the early Buddhists.

The tee of the dagoba is topped by a carved wooden umbrella, which produces almost a Chinese effect, and, except that it is not the place for him, one can picture a solemn-faced Buddha sitting in its shade. We visited many Buddhist cave temples, but found nowhere else such a grand yet simple unity of purpose.

The cave temples at Ajanta form the most extensive and absorbingly interesting group of Buddhist viharas and chaityas to be found anywhere. To visit Ajanta one has to undergo considerable hardship, which begins at the wretched bungalow at Pachora, a town on the Great Indian Peninsular Railway, where arrangements must be made for bullock carts to carry the visitor to Ferdapur thirty-five miles distant, and still four miles from the caves. We had to spend two nights and a day at Pachora in order to procure carts and drivers from the Mamlatdar.

INTERIOR KARLI CHAITYA CAVE.

At the time of our visit the Pachora bungalow was in a chronic state of uncleanliness. It stands in an angle formed by the union of two dusty roads, and the dust raised by the wind and passing vehicles sifted directly through the open doors and windows. The floors and verandah instead of cement were plastered with cow-dung, which made a soft but

VESTIBULE KARLI CAVE TEMPLE.

not agreeable pavement. The khansamah was in the last stages of consumption, and kept us awake at night by his distressing cough and groaning. As he was obviously not in a fit condition to prepare food, and it might have been unsafe to eat it had he done so, with the aid of our bearer we attended to our own cuisine. It was a most uncanny place.

PART OF HILL SCARP IN WHICH AJANTA CAVES ARE CUT.

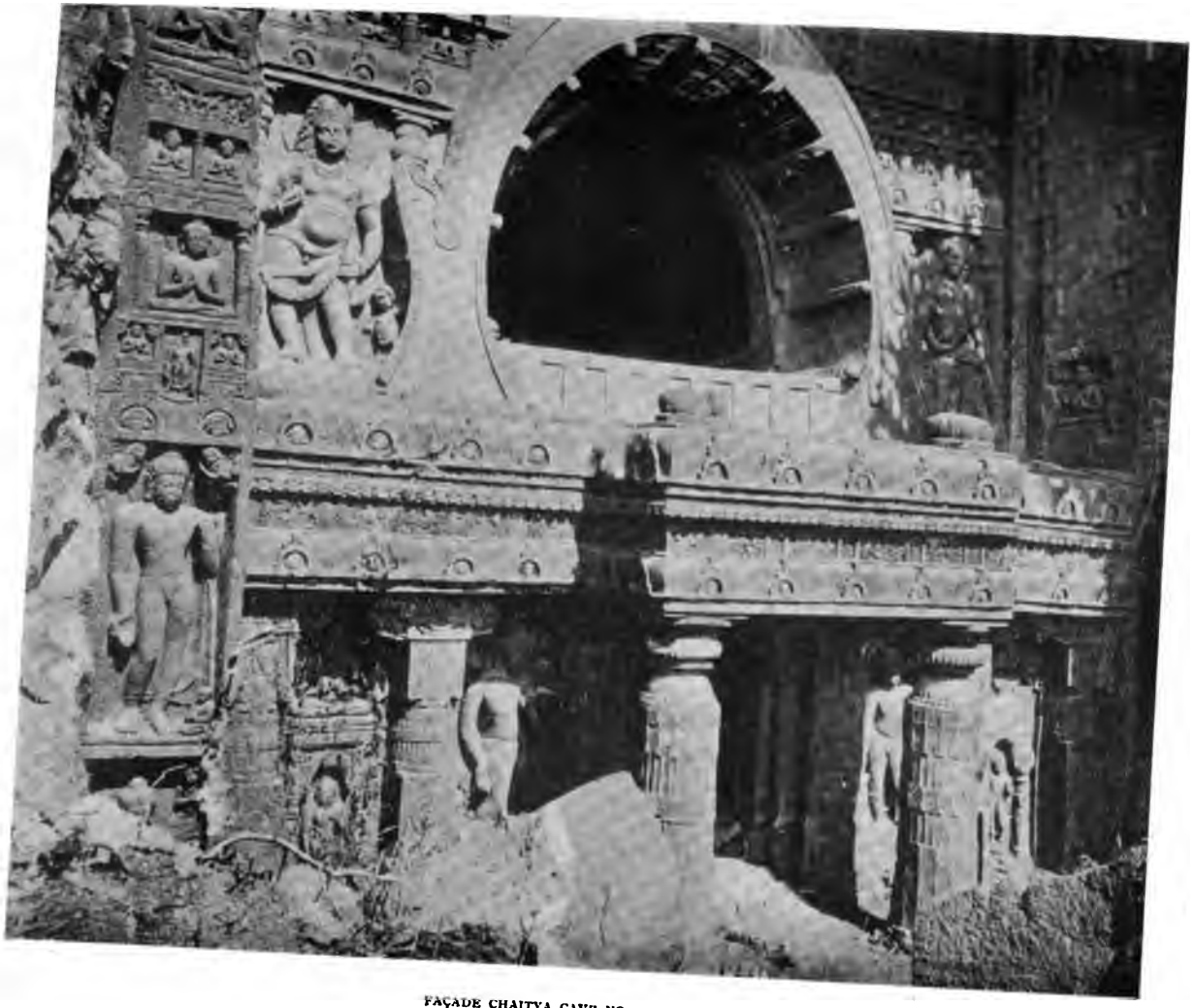
At dawn of the second day the result of the efforts of the Mamlatdar drew up before the bungalow door in the shape of two bullock carts without covers or springs. The bodies of the carts were made of round poles, which rested directly on the axles over which we sat. The iron ends of the axles, where they passed through the boxes, were worn to a dangerous degree, and the wheels were held on the axles by iron pins, which were so worn that it seemed as if the first jolt would cause them to break. The ends of the wooden pieces forming the felloes did not meet by half an inch, and they were held together by the narrow much-worn tyres. We suggested to the drivers, that their carts were unfit for the work in hand and that they should get others more stable, but they said these were all that could be had and were strong enough.

The road to Ferdapur was one of those cross-country trails of which we afterwards saw a good deal, which run here through heavy sand, there through a ploughed field with hard, sun-baked, lumpy surface, from which they emerge on a dangerous slant into a rutted track, one rut of which is usually deeper than the other, where one wheel or the other constantly falls nearly to the axle giving the cart a terrifying tilt first to one side and then to the other.

Again they descend suddenly to the rock-paved bed of a stream, where the inequalities cause the cart to tilt in every direction. At short intervals the track is crossed by large tree roots or obstructed on one or the other side by a large stone, against which the wheels strike with sledge-hammer force, rise in the air, and fall again into a hollow on the further side with a jolt, that wrenches every bone in the body of the poor wretch sitting over the axle on the floor of the springless vehicle, and holding on for dear life in the vain attempt to mitigate the punishment, which the erratic movements are causing him. During the dry season in addition to the other inconveniences of the road the traveller has to endure a shower of fine sand and dust sifted upon him by the high wheels between which he sits.

On this occasion the suffering incident to this method of travel, including the mental anxiety caused by the constant expectation of being overturned, was increased by the knowledge of the shaky condition of axles and wheels, which led us to expect a breakdown with every jolt. Twelve hours of such experience in an atmosphere of choking dust did not tend to fortify our bruised and aching bodies and wearied minds against the further hardships, that awaited us at the Ferdapur bungalow.

Many Indian bungalows, although perhaps wanting in the culinary department, have clean and sufficient furniture, but this one, while evidently originally well equipped and intended to be comfortable, was



FAÇADE CHAITYA CAVE NO. 19, AJANTA.

wanting in every particular. The bedsteads were falling to pieces, and had been tied with cords to keep their parts together. They were supplied with mattresses much the worse for age and wear, from which the cotton was bursting in bunches at various points. They were foul from neglect and so filled with dust, that it flew out in a cloud as our bearer lifted one of them. They were forthwith consigned to the compound outside, as we preferred to sleep in our blankets on the rickety wooden slats with which the beds were provided.

One of the two chairs of which the establishment boasted was minus a leg, so we took turns in occupying the other as convenience might dictate. The tables were tottering partly from age, but chiefly because the rats and insects inhabiting the place, gourmets and connoisseurs of wood diet, had indulged their appetites to the full on the lower ends of the legs. Large portions of the surface of tables and doors had been fretted away by white ants. There was no glass in the windows, and, where shutters remained, they fell off if moved on their rusty hinges. In fact the whole place seemed to be in the last stages of disintegration. Even the tea-kettle had a large hole in the bottom, but here we were masters of the situation, for we had one of our own. The chaukidar procured a few eggs, which were the only food obtainable.

Tinned provisions and candles were unpacked, but when the latter were lighted to add cheer to the simple dinner, all the winged hosts of the Indian night including bats came to assist at the feast. When we went to bed, opportunity was offered to study the habits of the denizens, which were bent on the destruction of that bungalow. On every side they were heard scurrying about and gnawing. Fearing lest they should deprive us of our only means of visiting the caves the next day, we put our boots under our small travelling pillows.

A shadeless walk of four miles brings one to the Ajanta caves, excavated in the abrupt scarp of a rock hill overhanging a wild and secluded ravine. A trail leads up from the ravine, so narrow and broken in places, that one has to climb over boulders, and hold on to bushes in order to gain an entrance to some of the temples. The bees which swarm here constitute a danger against which one should be on one's guard. Visitors have at different times been severely stung by them.

The isolation of this place and its remoteness from inhabited centres of the present time is the more striking, when one considers the fact, that for eight centuries it must itself have been either a centre or near a centre of large populations, all traces of which have disappeared, and that Buddhist art from 100 B.C. to the time of its decline in 700 A.D. is fully exemplified in its twenty-seven caves and temples.

The rock in which the temples are cut, as is also the case at Baja and Karli, is a porous black, brown, and grey, lava filled with cells about the size of a pea containing a green substance resembling copper carbonate. It is not suitable to fine artistic work, and it is surprising that builders of such skill should have selected it for this purpose. It is soft and friable, and large portions of the temple faces have fallen as well as many columns. The bases and lower portions of several columns have

AT CAVE NO. 19, AJANTA.

disappeared, as if they had been dissolved away, leaving the upper two-thirds hanging from the roofs.

The caves are divided into two groups, the Hinayana belonging to the early period and the Mahayana to the later one. The earliest chaitya temple dates back to about 100 B.C. but shows almost no wooden influence. It is decorated with mural paintings. It is supposed, that all early Buddhist caves had frescoes, but in most cases they have dis-

appeared. At Ajanta, on the contrary, while much damaged of late years, as Burgess says "by bat and barbarian," the frescoes are still well enough preserved to be of the greatest interest as showing what perfection of art was attained in that early time, and as placing before us pictures of the life of Buddhists during their dominant days in Hindustan.

The frescoes in the temples of the first period are not always coeval with them, but date from the second, third, and even sixth, century A.D. and represent scenes from the Jatakas or legends of Buddha as well as local events of the time. A beautiful example now much defaced is the temptation of Buddha by Mara while hunting. Naga and miracle scenes are numerous. The types are not Aryan but appear to be those of aboriginal races. We noticed a resemblance to the quasi-civilised people we saw in the Bhil country not far from Ahmedabad. In the later cave group these types disappear, and the features and colouring of the faces are distinctly Persian, a fact curious and difficult to explain.

In perfection of drawing and delicacy of execution as well as in colouring artists have found a close resemblance between the Ajanta frescoes and the work in Italy in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Some of the standing Buddhas, clad in yellow robes, with benign expression lifting their hands in blessing, are as beautifully coloured and as graceful in form as the holy men of Italian art of a much later date. This is the more remarkable, in that the Indian artists lived seven and eight centuries earlier and in a land where architects and sculptors, not painters, held the supremacy.

These frescoes serve to show, that art of a high order existed at that time in India, and, had not time, whitewash, and other obliterating causes, destroyed them, many others would doubtless have been found to swell the round number that grace the walls at Ajanta.

The sculpture in both groups shows great skill. In the earlier one it is simpler and runs more to horseshoe and rail decoration and animal capitals ; whilst in the later there is a bewildering wealth of ornament in richly-carved pillars, elaborate ceilings, and whole scenes of mythological character. The delicate stone tracery patterns on lintels are marvellous, and the flowers both in stone and fresco are so perfect as to make one wish to carry away a spray of lotus or Indian lily. In their stone representations of floral life, the Indians proved themselves masters both here, in Orissa, and many other places.

The wealth and beauty of sculpture, the manifold grace and variety of design in capitals, brackets, ceilings, and façades, at Ajanta and many

INTERIOR CHAITYA CAVE, AJANTA.

other places opens up a field for study, to which contemporary sculpture in Europe offers no parallel. Eighteen centuries of dampness, rain and sunshine, have partially or wholly effaced many of the fresçoes; the constant presence of numberless bats and bees has contributed to the same result; and added to these is the modern art scourge, the scribbler. How he found his way from Greece, Italy and Egypt, through the discomforts of Ferdapur to this secluded temple hill is a conundrum we will not try to solve.

We were there with only eagles, bats, and a stupid guide from the bungalow, and saw no sign of the human defacer except his scrawl on, among other things, the café au lait face of a maid in a Persian fresco. The worst of these offenders are natives, as the names indicate. But few foreigners visit Ajanta, and these as a rule are not of the class, who delight in disfiguring art treasures with their names.

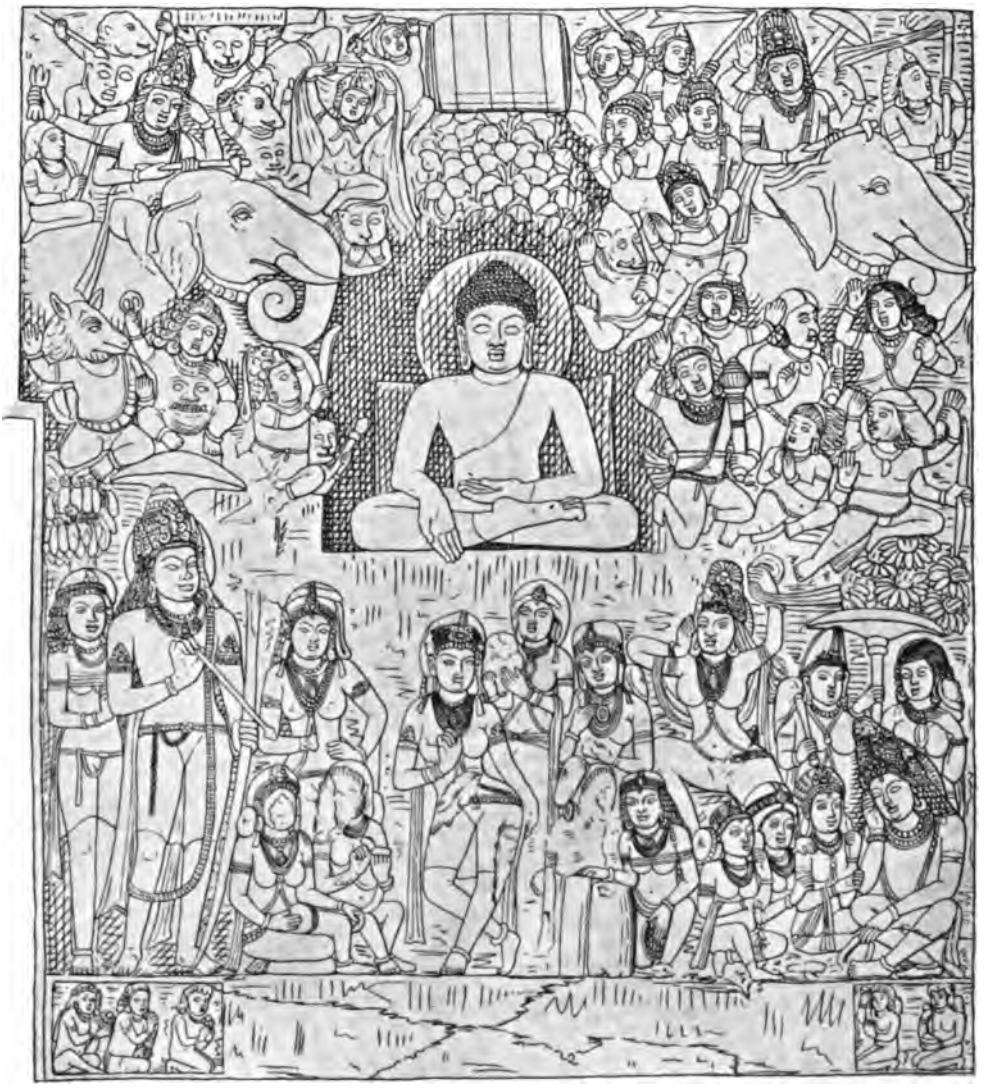
Having survived two nights amid the diminishing chairs, tables, and doors, of the Ferdapur bungalow, we started to return to Pachora. On this drive our worst fears regarding the stability of the cart axles were realised, for while still twelve miles from the journey's end the axle of the cart carrying one member of the party and the servant succumbed in a deep rut to superior force and broke short off. The occupants of the cart were obliged to walk the remainder of the distance in the dust and scorching sun. The temperature was 95° Fahr. in the shade, and not far from 160° in the sun. What a walk of twelve miles under these conditions signifies can only be appreciated by one who has made it. Cycling on a fair road is nothing to it.

From Jalgaon station twenty-nine miles east of Pachora a good metalled road runs over Neri direct to Ferdapur and Ajanta, but this route was mentioned neither by Murray nor the railway guides at the time of our visit.

Ellora lies south-west of Ajanta near Aurungabad, and is best reached by a fair tonga road from the railway station of Nandgaon.[1] Here is situated the largest group of cave temples in India, considered by some the most interesting, because it comprises the temple art of Buddhists, Brahmans, and Jains. While in no way to be compared with Ajanta in wildness of situation, the Ellora caves are also cut in the side of a long hill, and run north and south for a mile and a half. The rock in which they are cut is composed of black lava, trap, and brown

[1] Since the construction of the railway from Hyderabad to Munmar the easiest way to reach Ellora is to take a tonga at the station of Daulatabad and drive to the Rosa bungalow a distance of seven miles. This bungalow is about a mile above the caves.

FROM DRAWING OF AJANTA FRESCO, CALCUTTA MUSEUM.



BUDDHA'S TEMPTATION.

From Drawing in Calcutta Museum of Fresco in Cave No. 26, Ajanta.

sandstone, all of which are seen in the temples. One of these has a front of sandstone, and a floor of trap.

The Buddhist series does not go so far backward in time as the caves at Ajanta, the earliest here dating from about 350 B.C. The difference in age is observable in the disappearance of the horseshoe front and the nearly complete absence of the dagoba in relief, so common

CHAITYA, VISHWAKARMA, ELLORA.

in the earlier Buddhist work. There is much imagery as is usual in the later Buddhist style ; large stone Buddhas are common and also reliefs of him attended by chauri bearers.

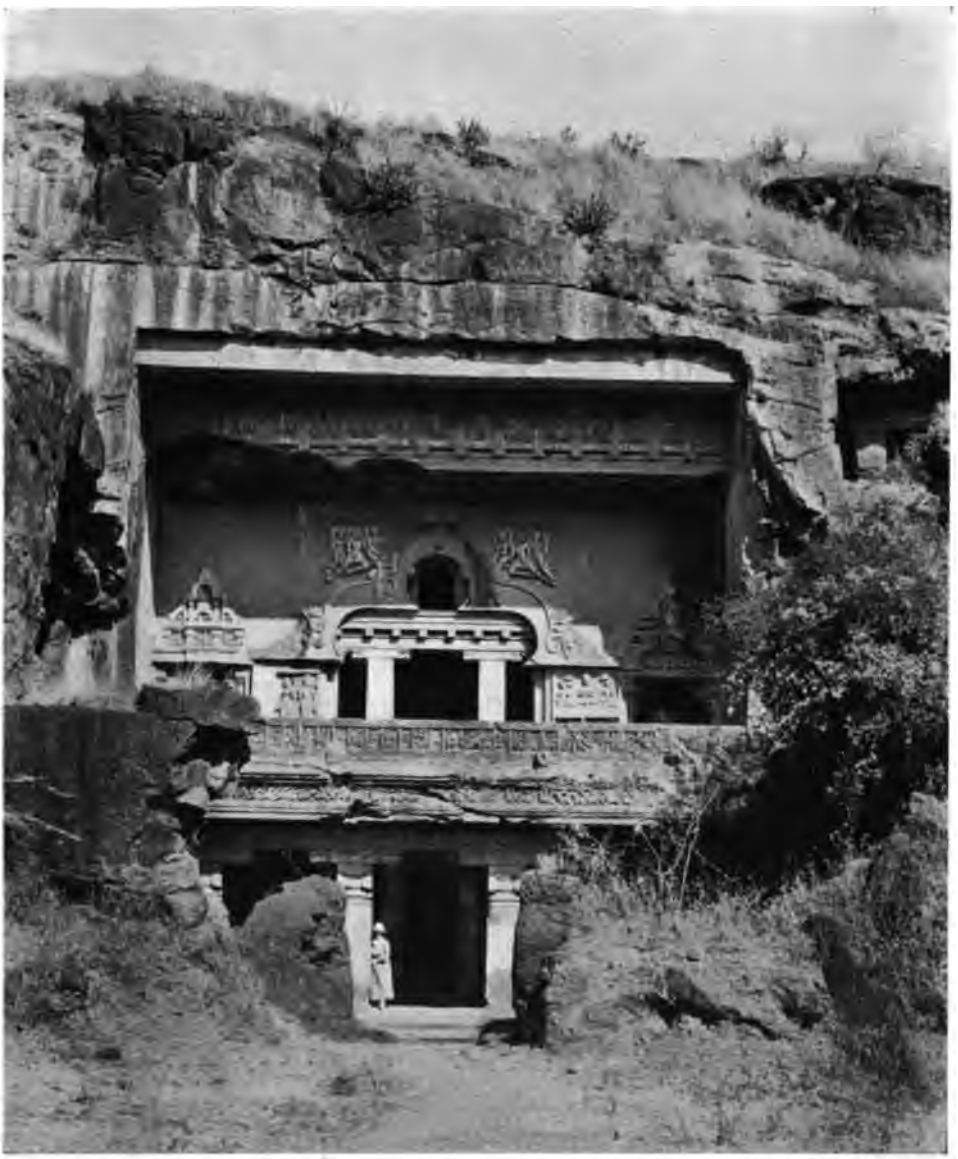
The Viswakarma or Carpenter's Cave is a fine chaitya, the only one seen at Ellora. Carpenters have frequented it for years with the object of worshipping Buddha as Viswakarma their patron saint. This chaitya

is not unlike that of Karli, but is more highly ornamented, and is wanting in the simple dignity of that temple. The arched roof is an imitation of that of Karli, but the ribs are carried out in stone. It has a nave and side aisles, and a large dagoba in the apse. Instead of the horseshoe façade as at Karli and the Ajunta chaityas the front is broken into three divisions. There is nothing wooden about the style, which

FRONT OF THE KAILASA, ELLORA.

here in the early part of the seventh century had developed into a purely lithic one.

There are one hundred and sixteen Brahmanical cave temples at Ellora, made on quite as large a scale as the Buddhist and more exuberant in decoration. At first the Hindus imitated the Buddhist models, but later they became emancipated and made their own designs. The Dumar Lena cave is one of the oldest and best examples of the



ENTRANCE TO VISHWAKARMA CAVE TEMPLE, ELLORA.

kind in India. The excavation extends in a direct line over two hundred feet north and south. Twenty-six columns uphold the roof, and the interior has the form of a cross. The Brahmanical series dates from the first half of the seventh century. They have few inscriptions, and their age has to be determined mostly by comparison with the caves at Badami and other places.

PILLAR IN ROCK-CUT TEMPLE ON NORTH SIDE OF THE KAILASA ELLORA.

Midway among the caves stands the beautiful temple of Kailasa, one of the most unique in India. This is not a cave but a structure fully exposed to the air. It is however cut out of the solid rock, and was made in the later Brahmanic period when the artisans had freed themselves fully from Buddhist influence. The cutting was not begun as in case of the caves from the face of the scarp, but three large

ROCK-CUT TEMPLE OF KAILASA, ELLORA.

trenches were first excavated in the rock, two at right angles and one parallel to the front so as to secure a detached mass standing in a rock court. This was then fashioned into the temple and decorated inside and out. The style of the Kailasa is Dravidian, and, to a certain extent, it is modelled after the Raths of Mahabalipur.

It is not quite a hundred feet high and has a very irregular outline.

RIGHT SIDE OF ENTRANCE TO INDRA SUBHA CAVE, ELLORA.

A curious well-carved frieze with elephants and griffins in different postures forms the base, which appears to support the superstructure. The porch is connected with the temple by a bridge, on the sides of which stairways lead up to the central hall. On the wall of the south stairway scenes from the Ramayana are represented and on that of the north those from the Mahabharata.

COLUMN IN INDRA SUBHA CAVE, ELLORA.

Among the legends graphically depicted on its walls is the quaint one from which the temple takes its name, that of Ravana, demon king of Lanka or Ceylon, attempting to carry away Kailasa the white mountain, or Siva's heaven. To accomplish this Ravana stretches himself under the mountain thereby alarming Parvati, Siva's wife, by shaking her house. She clings to Siva, who to quiet her fears holds Ravana under the mountain with his foot, until he repents of his bold design.

On the front of the court is a mass of rock intended to represent a gopura with two stories, the first decorated on the outside with figures

RELIEF DUMAR LENA CAVE, ELLORA.

of Siva and Vishnu. Through this runs the entrance corridor with rooms at the sides. The sides of the court are excavated into caves, one of which is called the Lanka cave.

The pilasters of the Kailasa and the Lanka cave are quite free from the wooden delicacy of those of the Mahabalipur Raths of a century earlier date, and are of entirely lithic design and of noble proportions, comparing well with Egyptian columns. It seems to us that, taken as a whole, India offers the finest study in columns of any country in the world, for, combined with strength and graceful proportions, Indian

columns present a wealth of tasteful and well executed as well as diversified carving on their bases, capitals, and sometimes over the whole surface of the shafts.

Burgess places the beginning of this temple at about 725 A.D. and its completion at the close of the same century. The date of building of the Great Temple at Pattadakal near Badami seems to have settled the age of the Kailasa. The former is structural and has two stories, but otherwise they resemble each other in plan, size, and sculpture.

Of the Jain caves at Ellora there are only half a dozen, but these are large and elegant. The Indra Subha, or Court of Indra, is really a group of caves with a fine entrance, which stands out nobly against the natural rock background. The Jain caves have many splendid columns and stone images of the Jain prophets. Passawanatha, Gautama, Swami, and Mahawira, the last of the Jain Tirthankers, are carved in many places on the walls. While showing equally fine work the Jain caves are perhaps the least original, for this sect copied much of their decoration from the Buddhists and Brahmans.

A few ceilings show traces of frescoes but these are unimportant, and in mural frescoes Ellora plays no rôle at all. In the Jain caves we found places were the chunam with which the interiors were covered still remained. The frescoes were made on this. The place is fairly well looked after, for the Hyderabad Government, although it has neglected to protect the Chalukyan temples, has devoted considerable attention to the Ellora caves.

CHAPTER IX

The Sanchi Tope—The "New Man" in India—Roadside Trees—Gwalior the Splendid—Legend of its Origin—Painted Palace of Man Singh—Temple of Padmanatha—Rock-cut Statues of Jain Prophets—The Taj Mahal.

ONE of the most interesting as well as one of the oldest of Indian monuments now remaining is the Great Tope at Sanchi in Central India. It possesses a special interest as being one of the few well-preserved examples of a class of structures built, probably, as burial mounds for the ashes of noted persons in the palmy days of Indian Buddhism, most of which are now in ruins; also as carrying us back at least to the time of Asoka, 250 B.C. and perhaps to a still earlier date, and giving an idea of the perfection to which architecture and sculpture had attained in India in that far-off period, as well as a picture of the ethical status of the people and a measure of Buddhist religious traditions as they then existed.

So much has been written about the Sanchi Tope, and its form has become so familiar from photographs and models in European museums, that lengthened comment on it is scarcely necessary. Its rail is plain in comparison with the highly ornamented one of the Barhut tope of later date, part of which is now in the Calcutta museum; but its torans or gateways of a shape suggesting Chinese models, with gently curving members, and covered with elaborate and beautiful carvings have no compeer. They are all the more beautiful from their contrast with the severe plainness of the tope itself standing in the parched rock-bound jungle.

The only similar torans are the Kirti Stambhas at Warangal built probably some 1,200 years later, which in form and ornamentation are greatly inferior, lacking the grace, art, and lifelike charm, of those at Sanchi. The Sanchi sculptures portraying events in the life of Buddha and history of Buddhism are so vivid as to transport the beholder into the very midst of the scene they represent.

Before reaching Lalitpur, where we had to spend a night on the route to Gwalior, we wired the stationmaster to send word to the khansamah of the dak bungalow, that we were coming, and to order rooms and dinner. On arrival we called on the stationmaster to inquire the way to the bungalow, when he informed us he had not notified the khansamah, as he himself had only arrived at Lalitpur an hour before to

NORTH TORAN AT SANCHI, FROM REAR.

enter on his official duties, being newly appointed to the position. We met this new man under similar circumstances many times in India both before and after this, but the new woman was nowhere in evidence.

This incident illustrates a custom in the different organised services such as the railway, postal, and civil services, of frequently changing officials from one post to another. We had occasion constantly to apply

to stationmasters, postmasters, engineers, political agents, deputy commissioners, and wazirs, for topographical or other information, and it was surprising how often we received an answer to this effect, "I cannot tell you, as I have only recently come here and know nothing of this locality."

So often did we meet with this answer, that at length it seemed, as if a general migration of officials must be going on all over India, even to the borders of Turkestan. The newly installed official would usually refer to a babu or other assistant for the desired information, which often proved to be unreliable. We learned to distrust information obtained from native sources. One civil service official told us he had been assigned to four different stations in six months, and he hoped he would be allowed to remain in the one he was in long enough to acquire some personal knowledge of the details of its business.

On our last Himalayan expedition in 1903 we found at a village between Srinagar and Skardu the same postmaster, a Punjab babu, whom we had seen there the preceding summer. This was an exceptional circumstance in our experience. He had occupied the position for a year, but he was not satisfied. The universal spirit of change was upon him, and he asked us to give him a chit recommending his promotion to a more important field on the ground of faithful service. The chit was not given, but a few months later he was assigned to another sphere of usefulness.

With due regard to the fact that this custom is probably based on good and sufficient grounds best known to those in authority, we may be pardoned for calling attention to certain disadvantages it entails, which are obvious to those outside the official circle.

Other things being equal, it is evident, that in order to administer the duties of a position properly the incumbent should be well posted in regard to the people, customs, topography, and routine work, of his district. Also that some length of time is necessary to acquire such knowledge, during which the official is, in a sense, in the position of an apprentice. It is only after a certain period that his action can become independent and his services valuable.

The longer he remains after this, and the more intimate his knowledge of details becomes, the more valuable will his services be. By rapid rotation in offices of the same grade a state or organisation loses a large part of the efficiency of its agents, as they scarcely have time to get beyond the apprentice stage in any one place.

Further when they are expecting to be removed shortly to another post, there is little incentive to inform themselves thoroughly as to the

GREAT TOPE AT SANCHI.

duties of the one they are filling, and it is only natural, that they should fall into lax methods of administration to the injury of the service, or corporation, and the public welfare. In their want of knowledge of local conditions such officials are obliged to consult their Indian babus and other assistants, who alone are possessed of the needed information, and who, it is to be feared, too often take advantage of this fact to misrepresent the real circumstances, so that the official with the best intentions may be misled in his judgment.

This system unavoidably transfers to subordinates considerable power and influence, which ought to be retained in higher hands. Good authorities say that Indian students learn readily and display remarkable ability in mastering theoretical knowledge, but they fail when called upon to put what they have learned into practice. They lack the decision, directness, and force, necessary to make good executives. Our rather extensive experience with them favoured this view. If this be generally true, it shows that, while Indians may make excellent clerical assistants, it may be unwise to trust them with too much responsibility.

The trees, always roadside studies, were of particular interest between Lalitpur and Gwalior. There was the dak-tree flaming in the jungles, but the banyan gave place to graceful trees completely covered with beautiful mauve and white trumpet-shaped flowers. They garlanded the road on both sides at times for a quarter of a mile, when a line of caroubas covered with yellow pods would come in followed by others with pale green blossoms.

Glancing ahead along the road we were reminded of the variegated floral chains, with which the Hindu decorates his idols. The high tide of spring was on every side, but a soft European atmosphere would have been more in keeping with the flowers than a temperature of 92° and a hot singeing wind.

By obtaining a permit from the Resident one can stay at the Maharaja's bungalow at Gwalior. This is a commodious showy building of two stories comfortably and indeed for India luxuriously furnished. Usually guests at Maharaja's bungalows are guests of the State, but the Maharaja of Gwalior has more of an eye to business than most of his compeers, runs his bungalow on the plan of a high-priced hotel, and charges his guests accordingly, it being considered a favour to permit them to put up at the bungalow. They are glad to avail themselves of this favour, as the dak bungalow at the station is a most wretched place.

Gwalior, the old, is overtopped by its rock-girt fortress, rising in solemn massiveness out of the plain from which it is visible for many

miles. A bit of concentrated history is comprised within the carved rock ramparts of this hill two miles long by half a mile broad.

The wide steps alternating with paved pathway, which aforetime led to the east gate, saw many a procession from the passing of Suraj Sen its leper founder to those of the armed hosts of Mohammedan and Hindu dynasties. Diverse have been the scenes witnessed from the parapets of Gwalior the impregnable since the days, when Atamsh and his army beat for a twelvemonth in vain against its charmed ramparts.

It had its dark days, when under the Delhi Moguls it served as a

MAHARAJA'S GUEST HOUSE, GWALIOR.

prison for the superfluous relatives of the rulers, when sadness reigned within, and pageants ceased, to be resumed two centuries later when the Tomara Rajas obtained possession of it, and rose steadily in power. A period of prosperity came with Man Singh the great Tomara hero, who was adored by his friends and respected by his enemies, when the flag of peace waved on the bastions, and in the city below he planned for the welfare of his people by attention to irrigation, agriculture and art.

For a hundred and twenty years the Tomara dynasty held sway, while the rival Mohammedan states of Delhi, Jodpur, and Malwa, looked

askance at its turreted prosperity. At last Gwalior fell again and this time into the hands of the Mahrattas, who in turn lost it to the English in 1803. But it was not until 1858 when captured by assault by Sir H. Rose, that it became an English garrisoned fort, which it has remained to the present time.

Tradition ascribes the founding of Gwalior in 275 A.D. to Suraj Sen, the leper Raja of Kutwal, in the following legend. Suraj Sen while hunting came on the cave of the hermit, Siddh Gwalipa, of whom he begged water. The hermit served him with his own cup, on drinking from which the leprosy left him. Overcome with gratitude he asked the hermit what he could do for him. "Put up a fort on the Gopagiri hill, and enlarge the tank from which water is drawn," replied the recluse.

The Raja obeyed, and named the fortress Gwali-a-war afterwards shortened into Gwalior. He also rebuilt the tank, which he called Suraj Kund. The hermit conferred on him the new name of Suhan Pal, prophesying that eighty-four of his lineage would reign after him if they preserved the name of Pal.

From old Gwalior, which clings to the hill below the fort, an easy ramp, which has replaced the ancient steps, leads up about half a mile to the six gates of the main entrance. There are two other entrances, but this is the one which has remained open throughout the whole history of the fort. The six gates were built by different Rajas between 1424 and 1660.

As a fortress Gwalior has been considered one of the most impregnable in North India, having but one or two weak places at the re-entering angles of the west side. These were known to the British, who successfully attacked it in 1780 and again in 1803. Owing to its system of tanks, several of which are as old as the walls, and its baoris, the water supply has never failed, and thus, unlike some other North Indian fortresses, it has never been obliged to capitulate for want of water.

The tanks are cut in the solid rock to receive water during the rainy season, and the cisterns are made in the side of the cliffs getting their water from the tanks above, which filters through the sandstone. The water in the cisterns is clear, but is undrinkable being defiled by bat dung. The large baoris or wells furnish the only really good and permanent supply of water.

The main or east cliff entrance to Gwalior passes through the beautiful Hindu palace of Man Singh, that juts out picturesquely from the rock scarp, which it crowns. The Raja gave it the name of painted palace, for in his time it was lavishly decorated with coloured glazed tiles,

PALACE OF MAN SINGH, GWALIOR.

remnants of which stand out in fine relief to-day against the pale sandstone of the building. There are two visible stories on the east side and two underground, of which latter bats form the chief tenants. The façade is three hundred feet long and one hundred high. It is broken in places by solid round towers crowned by domed cupolas.

These cupolas are the least interesting feature of the walls and pass almost unnoticed, when one contemplates the exquisite battlements of

ANCIENT JAIN CARVINGS, GWALIOR.

latticed stonework, which connect them. The domes were formerly covered with plates of gilded copper, and the effect of these surmounting the white chunam covered walls banded with brilliant tiles must have been striking. Only a few traces of chunam remain, and the pale sandstone structure seen to-day is delightfully harmonious as well as impressive.

TEMPLE AT GWALIOR.

Even now it is worth climbing the hill to see a huge elephant in his trappings majestically enter the grand gateway. In mediæval times, when a long line of these animals richly caparisoned bearing howdas filled with bright-robed Hindus wound around the curve of the hill and disappeared under the pendants of the six gateways, the poem of Ancient India as portrayed in sculptured scenes from the Ramayana must have been complete.

The fortress contains other palaces, but, after the Man Mandir, one does not care to spend much time on them. The Hindu style of building with well-fitted square stones without mortar is vastly more interesting than the Mohammedan remains seen here, composed of rubble stones set in mortar. One hears much of Jain temples on Gwalior Hill, but the three chief temple ruins here are Brahmanical, as is indicated by their sculpture.

The great temple of Padmanatha built in 1093 in three stories has a much-damaged roof, but is otherwise a splendid structure, carved richly inside and out. It stands on a fine though damaged plinth, and the central figure over the door is Vishnu. It is built, like the palace, of light-coloured sandstone. The interior covered for many years with white-wash, which is now removed, is bewilderingly ornate, in fact the number of carved columns is almost too great.

There is one Jain temple, which was discovered by Cunningham in 1844, but it is only a remnant and of little artistic value. There are other fine shrines falling to decay. The whole space within the fort is strewn with grand remains. Not only is the interior an archæological museum, but the whole hill might be called a monument to the religions of India.

During the time of the Tomara rajas the Jains seem to have desired to turn the whole cliff below the fortress into a Tirthanker shrine. They made caves in both faces but the largest group is in a deep ravine, which runs into the rock base on the west side. Here is a large collection of decorated niches containing colossal statues of the Jain prophets. A Jain Père la Chaise it might be considered to Adinath, Neminath, and the other Tirthankers, who vie with one another in the size of their white-washed effigies. There are sitting and standing figures, the tallest reaching the awe-inspiring height of fifty-seven feet. The caves are small and their art is not of a high order. Still they are worth study, and form a unique base to the imposing rock called Gwalior.

When one is about to visit India, one's friends are sure to remark, "Ah then you will see the Taj," or "You must certainly visit the Taj." Some of the more insistent advisers, even if they have not seen it them-

PADMANATHA TEMPLE, GWALIOR.

selves, know from the writings of noted authors what the building in general is like. Others have no idea of it, and would believe you, if you were to tell them it is the grandest Hindu temple in India, but they also are firmly convinced that it should be seen by all who set foot in that land.

When you reach India, every traveller and Anglo-Indian from Cape Comorin to Kashmir asks you if you have seen the Taj. Having read to satiety the unmeasured praise of this tomb in the sentimental strains of the poets and others, you turn to Murray, hoping to find at least a plain description and commonsense estimate of it. Alas, vain hope. The compiler of Murray shares the common enthusiasm, and gushes as romantically as the rest over this "poem in marble."

After we had been in India over two years and had examined the Taj more than once, we had occasion to call on a Resident, to ask for information regarding a beautiful Hindu gateway not far from where he lived. He could tell us nothing about this, but, just as we were leaving, out it came, meant doubtless as a solace for the absence of the desired information, "By the way, have you seen the Taj? If not do not fail to do so, for it is the finest monument in India."

Some curious incidents illustrate the seductive power of the Taj. An artist started several years ago on a "tour du monde," but when he reached Agra he was struck dumb with admiration, and began to paint the Taj. He put it on canvas first by sunlight and then by moonlight, but he was never quite satisfied with the results, and the expiration of the third year found him still at work on it.

Again a lady in speaking of the Indian climate asked with tears in her eyes, "Is not Agra very unwholesome?" "Not that we are aware of," was the reply. Then she confided the fact, that she had recently lost a dear cousin, who had lived some time in India but had finally succumbed to fever after repeated visits to Agra. He had been Taj mad and had haunted its portals at dawn, midday, sunset, and moonrise, and had at last, as the Lahore nautch girl sings, "caught fever and died."

As elsewhere remarked this tomb is about the most hackneyed sight in India and ought, from the tourist point of view, to be as well known as the Roman Forum or the Parthenon. That it is in its own way beautiful none will dispute, but that it is the most beautiful, perfect, and interesting, example of Indian architecture, some who look with open eyes will deny.

To those seeking a brilliant ensemble of costly material and square yards of pietra dura in jasper, jade, and onyx, this building is without doubt eminently satisfactory; but those who look for buildings that are

JAIN FIGURE CUT IN HILL SCARP, GWALIOR.

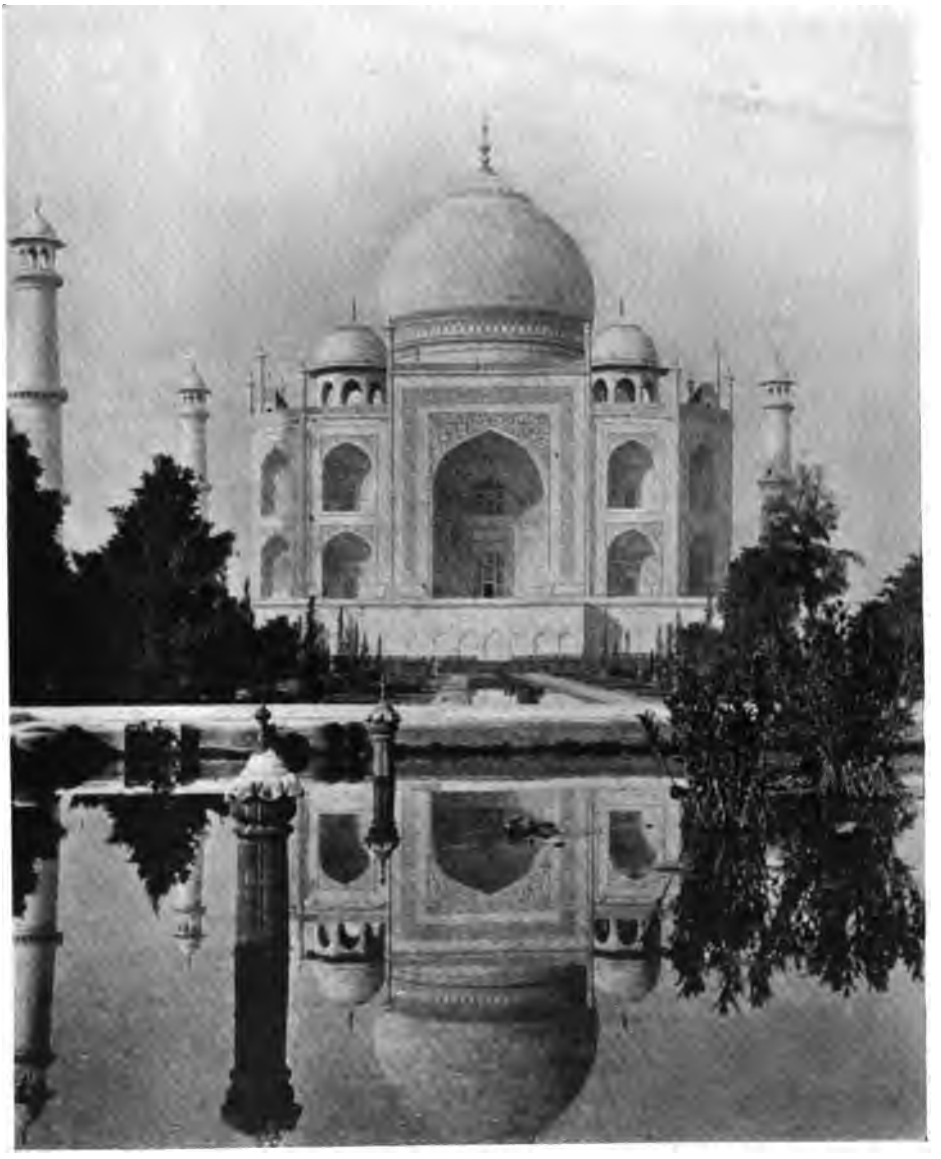
typical, or that, while great in their own style, have peculiar affinities with those of other native styles, will not find the Taj of absorbing charm.

Like some beautiful women it lacks soul, the national soul of Indian architecture, which speaks to us at Mahabalipur, in Orissa, and at the Buddhist cave temples of Karli, Bhaja, and Ajanta. Even its jewelled

STONE PLAFOND, PADMANATHA TEMPLE, GWALIOR.

marbles jar somewhat, suggestive as they are of the presence of Italian artists. It stands passive like a bird with folded wings, beautiful but wanting in the life, which animates the temples at Somnathpur and Khajuraha.

That the Taj is not architecturally perfect ought not to count against it, since many very interesting temples are not that. It has



TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

however a disturbing feature that a trained eye cannot overlook viz. its dome. To those, who have learned to admire the domes of Old Delhi and the subtle majestic curve of the Patan domes at Gwalior and particularly at Mandu, the modern balloon-like, narrow-necked excrescence, that crowns the Taj is unsightly. One has only to compare the two styles to see, that the Patan domes give an impression of quiet dignified repose in entire harmony with the structure they surmount, that is wanting in the Mogul example.

Again the tall white minarets at the four corners of the terrace are of questionable taste. There are other minarets in India, especially among the beautiful ones at Ahmedabad, that put those of the Taj in the shade, and are not so suggestive of the whitewashed lighthouse towers scattered along the coast of Spain.

Whilst it is evident that the Taj has its architectural flaws, one cannot deny that it has equals in exquisite marble carving. As an example may be cited the tomb of Itimadudaulah in Agra itself, and in claiming for Shah Jehan's treasure the supremacy in rich and delicately carved tracery, one must not forget the superb marble-cut interiors of the Jains.

Thousands of photographs of this tomb have been taken from all points of view, but the one taken by ourselves, here reproduced, may perhaps claim to be peculiar, in that it shows the Taj completely reflected in the water-tank.

Apart from its antiquities Agra is one of the most disagreeable cities of India. We were there three times at different seasons, and found it either hot or cold, and always wind-swept, the air being filled with clouds of irritating dust from its uncleaned unwatered streets.

Here for the first time in all our wanderings since leaving Madura we struck the beaten route of travel, and the change in conditions was immediately noticeable. We were beset at all points by touts, beggars, and vendors of cheap photographs, alabaster miniatures of the Taj, and curios. Even in the hotel there was no certainty of an hour's freedom from the persistent attention of these gentry. If the door of one's room were closed they would appear at the window, and, when ordered away from this, they would wait on the verandah till we came out, meanwhile attacking every other unfortunate who happened to pass by.

The stranger within Agra's gates may be said to enjoy as little peace of mind as the tent-dweller at Srinagar Kashmir. At the end of twenty-four hours he is likely to have but one wish viz. to flee to the jungle, to the ice wilderness of Himalaya, in fact anywhere in order to escape from the curse of pestering humanity.

CHAPTER X

Fatehpur-Sikri—Temple of Gobind Deva at Bindrabun and its Monkeys—Deeg and its Double Corniced Palace—Dust Storms—The Hodal Bungalow and the Municipal Officer—Old Delhi—The Grand Trunk Road—The Golden Temple at Amritzar—The Ekka.

THERE are deserted cities in India such as Amber, Chitor, and Mandu, whose palaces, temples, and towers of victory, still stand as memorials of the culture and power of some ruler or dynasty. The builders have passed away, and left no apparent influence on the world of to-day, but enter one of these cities where seldom a footfall echoes, walk through its deserted palaces and pleasure-pavilions, and you feel the presence and the spirit of former times to a degree, that is not possible when studying a single building of the past surrounded by the accessories of the active life of to-day.

Such a city is Fatehpur-Sikri, twenty-two miles from Agra, where every arch and pillar of the red mosques and palaces breathe forth in impressive phases the architectural spirit of the great Akbar. Here may be seen several gems of Mohammedan building skill, the red sandstone walls and ceilings of which are covered with scroll and flower carvings of the best type.

One of the most beautiful, and perhaps least visited buildings in Northern India is the temple of Gobind Deva at Bindrabun, built about 1590 by Man Singh of Amber. The sikra is gone and the temple, as now seen, consists of a cruciform porch. This has for a roof a real vault of almost Gothic style, with radiating arches, which is exceptional in a Hindu temple.

The combination of horizontal with vertical lines is well seen in the exterior decoration, which is wrought out with rather simple but elegant moulding. The openings and windows are artistically spaced, and the front is ornamented with triple rows of beautiful balconies. The temple is built of the same red sandstone as was used at Fatehpur-

Sikri, and while combining the radiating arch with the best Hindu work of that time, it has a certain cachet of its own, which would mark it as a grand building in any era.

The living as well as the stone monkey plays an important rôle in many Hindu temples, but rarely are so many of the former seen as at Bindrabun. The priests were feeding them at the time of our visit, and they were present in scores, young and old, capering about and perching themselves on the balconies and entrances. There is a temple called "The Monkey Temple" at Benares, much visited by tourists, where the attendants demand a round sum for showing a few measly monkeys. At Bindrabun ten times as many may be seen without an anna being paid for the privilege.

From Muttra we cycled to Deeg, and spent a day under the shadow of the unique double cornices, and behind the purdahed windows of this most charming of late date Indian palaces. Both here and at the tombs of the Rajas at Godvadhan there is the same fine pietra dura work as at the Taj. Bloodstone, jasper, and agate, figure freely in the floral decorations of pilasters and doorways.

The palace at Deeg, like others of its kind, is surrounded by a labyrinth of terraces, courts containing tanks, pavilions, and gardens, so that on first approach one is puzzled as to which way to turn. We asked of one of the turbaned figures always standing about a building in India, if there was anyone who would take us over the palace.

An intelligent looking Punjabi, hearing our request, disappeared at once into an adjoining villa, from which he soon returned followed by a light-complexioned Indian gentleman. From his rich turban, half English costume, and gold-embroidered slippers, we saw he was a high caste native. He greeted us in excellent English, saying he was a a friend of the Raja of Bhartpur, and was passing a few days at the palace, which it would give him pleasure to show us.

We accepted his offer, and in the course of conversation, learned that he was a Punjab Nawab travelling with his servants by carriage. He was entertaining, and his opinions on Indian questions had an interestingly original flavour. We soon became well acquainted, and we breakfasted with him in the large dining hall of the palace. Later, in the same place, we had a convivial tiffin of curries, and various other Indian dishes, including sweets, while the Raja's servants kept a long line of punkahs swinging for our comfort.

Afterwards the Nawab's butler, who had been ordered to have a nautch as accompaniment to the café noir, produced the best Deeg

THE TEMPLE OF GOBIND DEVA, BINDRABUN.

danseuse in her finest apparel. A small town orchestra furnished the music, and she did her best to amuse us, although her talents and her beauty were not of the highest order. This little incident was one of many similar ones we met with during our Indian travel. Here it was a native, there an Englishman, but numerous were the types encountered, and pleasant the acquaintances made away from the common high road of travel.

After leaving Muttra we began to meet with the spring dust storms, that presage hot weather, and are produced by the west winds. These are to be expected in the Punjab during the month of April. The wind rises about nine o'clock, and increases in severity till noon, when one can scarcely stand against it. Clouds of dust are whirled high in the air, and the sun is obscured. By ten or eleven o'clock the air was so filled with dust that the sky appeared to be of a dull copper colour, the whole landscape was veiled in a brown film, and the hot dust blasts in our faces were sickening. Cases are mentioned where the dust causes such darkness that one cannot see an object ten feet away. The storms sometimes last three days, and there is reason to believe the fine dust is carried into the air to a height of several thousand feet. Two or three days are required for the dust to settle so that the air becomes clear again. The temperature falls after a dust storm.

Still we preferred to take our chances on the road to going by rail, and started before daylight, indeed about three o'clock in the morning, when there was a moon, so as to get in as much work as possible before the wind rose.

We were several times driven into bungalows the latter part of the forenoon, where we remained till three or four p.m., when the wind usually abated. It did not always, however, and on one occasion we were obliged to spend the night in a most dismal bungalow at the small village of Hodal, fifty miles south of Delhi, when we had intended to reach a place thirty miles further on.

There was only a chaukidar in charge, but he boiled water for tea, with which and a small tin of meat we managed for tiffin. At three o'clock the wind instead of abating became stronger, threatening to burst in the rickety windows and doors, through the cracks of which clouds of dust were driven in, that covered us and the scanty furniture with a brown mantle. However unpleasant the prospect of spending the night in such a dust-hole without dinner or breakfast, it was evident that we could not get away till the next morning.

We accordingly sent a chit to the postmaster explaining our predicament, and asking him if possible to send some one to us who could

WATER PALACE, DEEG.

provide us with a simple meal. In about an hour a young rais, who said he was the municipal officer, came in with his brother. They spoke some English, and after the usual polite questioning twice over as to who we were, where we were stationed, what service we belonged to, and our past, present, and future intentions, they promised to send in something for dinner if they could find any one to cook it. Those who are acquainted with the slender resources of an Indian village will not wonder at the condition appended to the promise.

We offered them money with which to buy provisions, but they scorned the idea of accepting it, and said they would attend to that. After their departure, in order to help pass away the dreary afternoon hours, we had recourse to the record book of the bungalow, which we read from beginning to end. In it we found the last visitor was the executive engineer, who had occupied it for a night on his tour of inspection some five weeks previous to our visit. He entered on the record, that he had found the building in good repair, except a few broken hinges on the doors, which he had ordered renewed. Evidently his orders had not been carried out, for the doors had an uncomfortable way of falling into the room with every heavy gust of wind. We had to barricade them with furniture to keep them in position, but nothing could keep out the dust.

As evening approached, we managed to convey to the chaukidar's mind the idea that a lantern would be desirable, and he in turn conveyed to ours by words and signs the fact, that the bungalow did not possess such an article. We only had one short candle with us, which had to be used with care in the emergency. So we sat in the twilight, hoping our Indian benefactors, when they sent the dinner, would add a decoration in the way of a light.

Twilight deepened into darkness, but there was no sign of dinner. We began to fear that no cook had been found, so we sent the chaukidar to inquire. He returned after a time with the information that the meal was in process of preparation in the bazaar. Encouraged by this news we concluded to light our candle. The chaukidar now brought out a piece of dry slate-coloured bread, as hard as a stone, which he laid on the table. This was probably left behind by the engineer on the occasion of his visit. We made no attempt to investigate its secrets, but in our turn left it to our successors at the bungalow.

The evening was far advanced when our good friends returned, accompanied by two younger brothers and two servants with the dinner consisting of a roasted chicken with rice, potatoes, and prunes. With good sense they retired to the verandah while we were eating. When this

ceremony was concluded the four brothers returned, and seated themselves in a row on one side of the table.

After we had thanked them for providing so well for us the "municipal officer" said the village was so small, that it was difficult to get even a chicken cooked in six hours, but if they had had a longer notice we might have had a better meal. We assured them it could not have been better. They then invited us to remain another day, when they would show us the objects of interest in the neighbourhood, which appeared to consist mainly of the remnants of an old palace.

ACROSS THE CHAMBAL RIVER ON BRIDGE OF BOATS.

After this conversation naturally flagged somewhat, as there was not much in common to discuss, and we were too tired from the events of the day to exert ourselves. This did not disconcert our visitors, who, as seems to be the Indian custom, sat calmly without moving for an hour and a half, at the end of which time the eldest produced a series of written testimonials relating to his grandfather, father, and himself, and asked us to give him one also.[1] If a testimonial from entire strangers

[1] Indian etiquette demands that the visitor shall remain until dismissed by his host, which fact we did not at this time know.

could be of any service to him he was entirely welcome to what we could say in his favour, and we certainly appreciated his naïf kindness to us and have not forgotten it.

As we cycled out of this village of five hundred souls in the early moonlit morning, we looked in vain among the mud huts for the gates or walls of a palace. Yet very likely they existed, for in this wonderland of architecture, the mud huts of a village often cluster about a temple or palace worthy of more than a passing glance.

Without further adventure we arrived at Delhi, the classic city of the Punjab, whose tower of victory, the Kutb Minar, like the Giralda of Seville, has no compeer. Like the Giralda, it has its later-time disfigurement in the ill-conceived cupola. But its four lower stories ornamented in fluted sandstone with beautiful corbelled balconies compensate amply for the presence of the somewhat discordant top. The detailed description of Delhi can be left to the handbooks which deal with the subject lavishly, even to advice given to visitors to turn a deaf ear to touts.

We spent some days amid the charms and splendours of Old Delhi, where, while one cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the constructive genius of the Moguls, one must still feel, that Hindu and Jain played an important part in making Delhi the artistic centre it became. Take for instance, the pride of Old Delhi, the Kutbul Islam Mosque. What would it be with all its huge arches without its courtyards composed, as the Arabic inscription boastfully says, of the spoils of twenty-seven idolatrous temples, and what temples must they have been to furnish a clear thousand Jain and Hindu columns such as are here represented ?

And so also in other things, in much of the work which is purely Mohammedan in design, in scroll and flower tracery there is the turn or curve that denotes the presence of the Hindu artist, though working under the direction of the Mogul ruler. When reading the history of Old Delhi one can but regret, that the Mogul conquerors allowed so much that was rare and beautiful in Indian art to be destroyed in the seven old Hindu cities, of which to-day so few vestiges remain.

From Delhi we travelled over the Grand Trunk Road viâ Umballa, Ludhiana, Amritsar, Lahore, Wazirabad, and Gujrat, to Rawal Pindi, a distance of over five hundred miles. The next season we continued our journey on it from Cuttack in Orissa to Calcutta and thence to Cawnpore, a thousand miles more, and later from Rawal Pindi to Peshawar, two hundred miles, covering the whole distance from Cuttack

to Peshawar, excepting the stretch from Cawnpore to Delhi, in all seventeen hundred miles.

Since the introduction of the cycle florid eulogies of the Grand Trunk Road have from time to time appeared in print, emanating mostly from cyclists, who have ridden over portions of it, which have happened to be in a good condition. In the exuberance of their enthusiasm these persons have, apparently, not only allowed their imagination rather than accurate observation to influence their estimate of the excellence of the road, but have erroneously assumed that all parts of it are as good as those with which they were so much pleased.

They speak of it as "the finest cycling track in the world," as "a beautiful shaded avenue leading straight across India, level as a board and bordered by magnificent scenery." We, having travelled more than seventeen hundred miles on it, certainly had a fair chance to judge of it, and we did not find it quite such a cyclists' paradise as it is represented to be. Let us briefly consider the facts.

The so-called Grand Trunk Road, which would more properly be called the Grand Trunk system, starting at Peshawar at the north-west angle of India runs through Rawal Pindi, Lahore, Delhi, Cawnpore, Allahabad and Benares to Calcutta, thence on through Orissa to Cuttack and along the eastern coast to Madras. A line of road also runs south from Madras over Madura to Cape Comorin, but whether the name Grand Trunk is applicable to this we have not been able to learn.

This is the longest road in the world to which one name is applied. It might however as well be called by fifty names, for it really consists of many sections, the continuity of which is interrupted by large unbridged rivers, cities, and by long intervals of sand, so that it is after all a huge amalgamation of roads not at all points coterminous.

The roadway is amply wide for the requirements of any road, but the track along the middle designed for wheel traffic is only eight to twelve feet wide, too narrow to permit of large loaded waggons passing one another. The sides of the roadway are left soft. Some portions of the central track are or have been metalled with stone or calcareous concretions, called kunker, but only to a depth of eight to twelve inches, not a sufficient depth to withstand for long the pounding of the narrow tyres on the wheels of heavy carts; other portions are treated with a crumbling laterite, which makes a smooth excellent surface to ride on in the dry season; whilst still others are made of clay and loam, neither of which are suitable for the construction of a good road.

In the old staging days before railways were built, the road was undoubtedly looked after more closely and better kept up than at

present, when its importance has greatly diminished. Its condition in the different provinces and districts, through which it passes, depends on the amount of attention and care bestowed upon it by the local authorities of those districts, which varies greatly.

As a consequence some parts of it are well kept, smooth, and hard, and merit in the main the praise which has been given to the road as a whole; others, which have been neglected and allowed to get out of repair, can only be classed as fair; while in certain districts nothing has apparently been done to the road for years, and in these, when we passed over it, it was in a disgraceful condition, entirely worn out, rutty, covered deeply with dust or mud, and strewn with loose stones, so that it was unfit for wheeled traffic.

To particularise, starting westward from Calcutta it was mainly good with some lumpy places for thirty-four miles. Thence to the fifty-first milestone it was in the horrible condition last mentioned. Then came an excellent stretch of laterite surface, one of the finest in its whole length, to the one hundred and twenty-seventh milestone.

Here the road entered the rolling country of Western Bengal, and for the next hundred and seventy-five miles it was mostly rough, dusty, and worn out. In many places it seemed doubtful whether it had ever been metalled. Thence to Benares with some good stretches of a few miles each it could scarcely be called good, being worn into two ruts with surface considerably broken. Where repaired it was imperfectly rolled and lumpy.

From the termination of the laterite portion at the one hundred and twenty-seventh milestone to Benares, about three hundred miles, the sides of the road and often the centre had been covered to a depth of several inches with clay loam, the effect of which upon travel as dust when dry and a sea of mud after a rain need not be described. We were obliged to ride for miles at a time in the track made by the animals between the two side ruts.

From Benares to Cawnpore the road was better, with a fairly even mostly clay surface scarred often with wheel tracks made during recent rains, unpleasantly suggestive of what it might offer for mud should rain supervene. Nowhere in these six hundred and fifty miles did it fulfil the conditions of a first-class road, which demand, among other things, that it should not only be smooth and hard in fair weather but equally so in foul. In fact it must be classed as a fair-weather road and cannot be compared with the first-class roads of Europe.

North of Delhi the Grand Trunk was as a whole more thoroughly metalled, harder, and less dusty, with many fine reaches though with

some lumpy ones where insufficiently rolled. In Orissa, where the road is largely made of laterite, it is in the main smooth and good, but it is so cut up by wide bridgeless rivers and sand-beds that cycling over it cannot be called an unhampered pleasure.

As regards its being "a beautiful shaded avenue," here and there for a few miles it is well shaded especially in Bengal and Orissa, but by far the greater portion is destitute of trees, and one may ride a score of miles at certain parts without meeting any vegetation large enough to cast a shadow.

While for the most part the surface is practically level or of easy gradient, it is far from being as "level as a board," and in the rolling country of Western Bengal and north of Gujrat where the foot-hills of the Himalayas begin, the gradient is often too steep for comfortable riding.

When a person characterises the scenery along the course of the Grand Trunk as "magnificent" he raises a question at once as to his point of view and as to the extent of his experience in travel. The Grand Trunk lies throughout its whole length in the plain, the scenery of which can nowhere be called magnificent, though it has many attractive features, especially during the rains, when the country is clothed with green, or at points where it is set off by a picturesque fortress or a chance Mogul remnant.

North of Jhelum it passes through some regions that are desert and colourless, consisting of expanses of sand or clay hills destitute of vegetation, washed by monsoon rains into a thousand fantastic shapes, and scarred as if riven by lightning or earthquake. While these are interesting as showing the effects of the operation of natural forces, they are not attractive to look upon and certainly cannot be called magnificent.

In the parlance of the region these are classed as jungle, though they can scarcely boast of a tree, and have not the slightest resemblance to the impenetrable, tree-packed, creeper-covered, scarlet and green jungle of the South, which in the highest degree represents the classic idea of a jungle.

We left Delhi on April 13th. Between Delhi and Lahore the country was better cultivated than any we had passed over since leaving Gwalior. Large fields of grain on both sides of the road were ripe for the harvest. Green grass seen for the first time in India appeared on the roadside. The cities of Amritsar and Jellunder were remarkably neat and well cared for with wide streets and a modern aspect. Their suburbs contained many handsome villas with gardens filled with a

profusion of flowers, especially roses. These cities were veritable oases.

We encountered strong winds and dust storms almost daily, and were several times driven into bungalows during the early afternoon hours. A few miles beyond Ludhiana we were detained two hours on the bank of the Sutlej river with a deep stream about five hundred feet wide, which we finally crossed in a boat engaged in transporting camels. After this came three-quarters of a mile of wading and pushing cycles through deep sand.

Twenty-six miles before Amritsar we were again stopped by the broad stream of the Bias river unbridged and without boats. Here we were obliged to retrace our course to a railway station and take a train over. Beyond Wazirabad the road was again interrupted by the mile and a half wide Chenab river without a bridge. Fortunately the railway bridge was not far from the road, so making our way through the sand to this we walked over it in safety.

At Amritsar we visited the Golden Temple, and watched the proceedings, which seem to a stranger to have a monetary rather than a religious significance. These consist chiefly in the throwing of copper coins at the feet of the priests by the votaries, who throng in a continuous stream around the pavilion where the former are stationed, and in the dealing out by the priests and their assistants of rose leaves, jessamine garlands, and brown sugar, in return for the money contributions. Although the ceremony seemed to have but little meaning, it was at least more agreeable to witness than the bloody sacrifices practised by some Hindu sects.

Here was a rather striking example of what is going on in all parts of the world. Whatever may be the teachings of the founders of different religions or the moral views held by their most enlightened exponents, in the multiplicity of meaningless forms and ceremonials, considered by the priesthood necessary to impress the minds of the masses and whip up their waning enthusiasm, religion becomes hopelessly degraded and vulgarised, and the giving of money is made a condition of the soul's salvation.

The Golden Temple itself, though lavishly decorated, is one of those nineteenth-century Indian creations, which cannot stand comparison with older examples either in form or ornamentation. The variety and picturesqueness of the costumes at Amritsar is interesting.

We reached Rawal Pindi on 22nd April with a feeling of relief, that the long and fatiguing journey of more than four thousand miles through the plain from the extreme south of India was ended. During

CAMELS ON THE GRAND TRUNK ROAD.

this we had experienced many hardships and suffered much from thirst and heat, which latter for the previous six weeks had ranged daily between 90° and 100° Fahr. in the shade and between 150° and 170° in the sun. This was only a small part of our Indian travel but it was typical of much that came after it.

The ekka is a two-wheeled vehicle with a narrow, upright, two storied body, from which project two clumsy diverging shafts, which at the ends reach out widely from and stand considerably above the shoulders of the diminutive specimen of horse-flesh, that usually labours between and beneath them. The upper story of the ekka is formed by four upright posts with a curved cover, from which in the most luxurious specimens curtains fall to protect the occupant. It is only large enough to hold one European in a cramped position, but six to eight natives easily manage to roost in and upon it, three of them at least projecting from its sides like fungi from a forest tree-trunk.

Although the wheels are large, and the line of draft is so high as to bid defiance to accepted rules of physics, connoisseurs of the ekka assert, that it is the most economical vehicle known in which to carry heavy loads. Be that as it may the ekka is dangerous on narrow roads, for the divergent shafts act as battering rams on opposing objects, which in the careless steering of the drivers they are liable to come in contact with. On one occasion one of our steel boxes attached to the outside of a tonga was smashed in this manner, and on another a trunk was knocked clean off the tonga.

The ekka is only adapted to carry merchandise or articles protected by strong coverings. As a vehicle for transporting travellers' luggage it is entirely unsuitable. Its projecting posts, iron knuckles, and braces, are certain to rub holes in trunks and boxes, if the journey be a long one and the road bad as in case of that from Rawal Pindi to Srinagar. Many a visitor of Kashmir has rued the day when he entrusted his baggage to an ekka, as he has contemplated the condition in which it was delivered to him at his journey's end.

From Rawal Pindi we cycled in four and a half days to Srinagar a journey of two hundred miles with an aggregate rise of some nine thousand feet. We have performed the same journey both ways several times since. Thence up the Vale of Kashmir on what was then a foot-path, since widened into a road, to Islamabad and up the Lidar Valley to Pailgam the most northern point to which cycles had been ridden. Besides other temples we visited those at Avantipore, Payech, and Martand, interesting chiefly on account of the Greek influence evident in their architecture.

THE EKKA

It seems remarkable that, with the possibilities offered by Kashmir in trade and agriculture, modern enterprise has not connected its capital with India by railway, thus affording a respectable means of access to the visitor and of outlet for its products. Under present conditions the one avenue of approach, the wretchedly kept carriage road, is so clogged with traffic that the visitor has to undergo a purgatory of discomfort in the primitive means of transport provided.

CHAPTER XI

Pioneer Cycle Run from Darjeeling to Calcutta—Opinions and Advice of Disinterested Persons—Descent to Siliguri—Tiffin under a Banyan facing Everest and Kanchenjanga—Country, Birds and Animals South of Bhagalpur—The Bungalow at Noneghat—Curious Sunrise Refraction—A Cremation.

AFTER a long summer in Kashmir and amongst the mountains of Ladakh, Nubra, and Suru, and a short time amongst those of Sikkim, the beginning of November found us at Darjeeling preparing to initiate our second winter of Indian travel by a pioneer run to Calcutta, a journey which no one had as yet attempted on the cycle.

Two roads were indicated on the maps but neither was fully carried out, and information as to which was the better route or whether either was practicable could not be obtained at Darjeeling. The Himalayan Railway had so completely superseded the former means of communication by coach, that neither magistrates nor P.W.D. officials nor those of the railway could tell where the carriage roads ran or in what condition they were in.

One railway official, ignoring the question about the turnpike, of which he knew nothing, apparently in good faith—though loyalty to the interests of the railway corporation might be suspected of fathering his remarks—suggested the danger of encountering tigers and wild elephants in the Terai at the base of the hills. He regaled us with stories of the first-named animals lying about near the railway line sunning themselves in the early morning and "never opening their eyes, when the train went whizzing by," and of attacks on the train by the latter, which rendered its retreat up the line prudent. If these savage animals made so little account of so formidable an object as a railway train, what could two unarmed cyclists expect ?

Finally word was received from Mr. W. S. Burke of Calcutta, editor of *The Asian* to whom we were indebted for this and other friendly courtesies, that the old post road viâ Siliguri and Purneah to the Ganges would probably prove practicable. So we decided to attempt this.

CYCLE RUN, DARJEELING TO CALCUTTA

In spite of the fact that we had travelled extensively on our cycles in many lands, including several thousand miles in India, and might be expected to understand the matter of equipment, when our purpose became known to our acquaintance in Darjeeling, advice of all kinds was poured in upon us without regard to its applicability to our case.

Ladies in particular advised the carrying of wadded quilts, although we were descending into tropical heat, and at the same time suggested the indispensability of sun umbrellas in addition to our topis, as the heat of the sun in the plains would be especially dangerous after a sojourn in the hills. Also dark glasses could not be neglected.

As a prophylactic against the malaria which infests the Terai large doses of quinine were strongly urged, and for other emergencies oil of eucalyptus, and mustard, and chlorodyne. Had we acted on this and other well-meant advice and tried to take with us half of the articles recommended, our cycles might have broken down under their loads, and certainly we should not have had strength to propel them.

Our intended journey would occupy eight days, and at least six nights would have to be spent in villages with primitive accommodations away from the railway, so that we could not have the assistance of our servant and baggage. The accessories needful for this time filled all satchels to overflowing, and made formidable parcels for the handlebars. One of these parcels was surmounted by the light tin tea-kettle, always a useful and at times an indispensable article.

On a brilliant morning we wheeled away from the famous hill station attended by an escort of half-clothed screaming Bhutian children. At Ghoom the highest point on the road above Darjeeling began the grand downward run of 7,000 feet, thirty-eight miles in length, to the hazy plains of Bengal. The road, which crosses the railway several hundred times, zigzags down the long arête on which the village of Kurseon stands. The gradient is easy, but on this occasion we found the descent fatiguing on account of the condition of the road, which had been cut up at nearly every crossing by the narrow wheels of heavily laden carts, thus necessitating great care in riding.

The descent of this arête recalled in certain ways our cycling days among the arêtes of the Grande Kabylie in front of the Djurjura range in Algeria, with the difference that there the Lalla Khredeja formed the chief motif de paysage and here the more imposing Kanchenjanga.

On reaching Kurseon the cord holding the kettle, which from its airy platform had furnished a "danse Macabre"-like obligato all the way from Darjeeling, slipped, and the kettle rattled off over the railway ties and deposited itself in front of the up-coming mail train. A native

dexterously rescued it from its perilous position, and it was restored to its place on the top of the pyramid crowning the handlebar.

Following and crossing the snaky curves of the Himalayan Railway, as it circles around from spur to spur, the road plunges downward, now over hillocks of glistening tea plant, again through deepening jungle dark with tropical trees and trailing creepers, or blazing with brilliant bushes touched here and there by the noonday sunshine struggling through the tangled foliage above. And just here in the thick of the jungle was the place for the tiger to lie dozing, but none appeared, nor were any wild elephants encountered on the watch to dispute our passage. Not even the shrill wail of the jackal was heard, only the loud continuous chirp of the cicadas combined with the weary puff of the up-coming goods train reminded us we had left the snows for the tropical plains of the Terai.

We put up at the Siliguri bungalow at the foot of the hills. The following day's run of sixty miles to Kissenganj in the heat and dust over the lumpy remains of the post road caused us to be vividly conscious of the fact, that the bracing mountain atmosphere had been exchanged for the steamy lifeless air of the plains. The stuffiness of the lower world, so noticeable when leaving the mountains of Europe in September, is still more marked in the plains of Bengal in November. In cycling out of Kashmir in October or November the case is quite different, for scarcely a more agreeable climate can be found than that of the Punjab at this season with its bright days and cool mornings and evenings.

One soon accustoms oneself to existing circumstances, however, and we ate our tiffin at noon in the shade of a large banyan facing Kanchenjanga, which loomed up white and splendid seventy miles away, with quite as much appetite, as we had felt at a similar meal a few weeks before on one of its spurs 15,000 feet higher up, only fifteen miles from the august peak.

And what a view there was even from this point, distant but in that limpid atmosphere stupendous. Thousands plod up the Brevent each summer to see Mont Blanc and its aiguilles, while probably not one person in a year visits this spot on the old Darjeeling turnpike, whence one has but to glance northward to behold Everest (Jamokangkar ?), the world's highest summit, floating up from a mellow haze to an inappreciable height, while a bit to the east rises Janu, a splendid pile of 25,000 feet succeeded by Kanchenjanga the near rival of K2, effacing the sky with its chalky white wall of over 28,000 feet.

These and many others including the Karakoram giants make what

the Anglo-Indian calls "the snows." Here are snowy towers in comparison with which the much-vaunted summits of Switzerland and the Caucasus are in truth but Alps.

From Kissenganj to Purneah, forty-two miles, the road improved somewhat. Twenty miles from the former shortly before Dingra Ghat a large river was crossed in the police boat. Some miles south of Purneah the post road brings up at Caragola, from which at that time no means of crossing the Ganges existed, so we took a train at Purneah for

DOUBLE-ROOFED HOUSE, BENGAL.

Sahibganj Ghat, where a steamer connecting with the train takes passengers some miles down the river to Sahibganj on the south bank.

The Gangetic plain at this point is a sandy desert scored by changes in the river bed, and the maintenance of even fair roads is out of the question. We therefore had to take another train to Bhagalpur some hours to the west, whence a good road runs south through the flourishing towns of Suri and Dhumka for a hundred and seventy-five miles to Scynthia, where train must again be taken for Burdwan fifty-three miles away on the Grand Trunk Road.

South of Bhagalpur the aspect of the country changed. It became rolling, green, and attractive, and was dotted with abrupt granite hills similar to those around Bellary and in parts of Mysore and the Deccan, the rocks of which were rounded, black, and polished, indicating the action of water or glacier. The soil was well cultivated, and the fields were green with rice, mustard, and other crops too young to show their nature.

Noticeable was the fact that the birds were not singing as in spring. Even the turtle doves cooed but seldom, and their note was feeble, as if they had lost all interest in existence. The whole country from the foot-hills to the Ganges and even to this region is said to be well stocked with tigers, bears, and jackals. Sportsmen told us, that even the last afford good shooting and, though ordinarily inoffensive to man, put up a good fight when cornered.

As we travelled only by day, we did not encounter any of these animals, but we did meet with some rather remarkable monkeys. These were large, thick set, with sleek silver-brown coats, black faces and hands, and tails over four feet long tipped with a tuft of hair. They were arboraceous in their habits and frolicked about actively in the trees. The people were quite black but were handsome and well formed. They wore as little clothing as modesty would permit.

At a place called Noneghat we expected to find comfortable quarters, as we had been told the bungalow there was good and well furnished. On asking for it we were taken to a dilapidated hut with only one room containing a bedstead, a chair, and a bath tub, all thickly coated with dust. Whilst we were surveying this with dismay a large crowd gathered, the spokesman of which plied us with useless questions. In reply we put a few questions relative to the possibility of securing better accommodation. The speaker said they would call the babu. Presently an impressive creature in flowing robes appeared on the scene, who stated that no other place was available and assured us in rosy language, that he would see that the necessary furniture and food were brought.

In the course of two hours our most pressing necessities were provided for, but there was one needful article which the babu said he could not supply, viz. a wash-basin. We managed however to survive the night with the aid of the bath-tub and a water chatti. This bungalow was of the order called cutcha, being small with a thatched roof, in contradistinction to the larger and more pretentious pukka bungalow, which usually has a tile roof. These two epithets are used in the same manner as in case of roads, a pukka road being a metalled one, while a

cutcha road is one that is not metalled, its character depending on the nature of the soil over which it runs.

The next morning about ten miles from Noneghat we came to the camp of the magistrate of the district, who with his wife was on his way to Noneghat on his annual circuit. He said he hoped the natives had made us comfortable the preceding night. We related briefly our

DWARF MET NEAR BHUVANESWARA BEGGING FOR BAKHSHISH.

experience. He told us Noneghat had three bungalows, that the dak bungalow was being fitted up for him, and that we ought to have been taken there, where the wash-basin that could not be procured and plenty of others besides were to be found.

In this region we saw a curious phenomenon of refraction at sunrise. As the sun showed itself above the horizon, its disk seemed to be over

a hundred feet in diameter, and assumed the form of a flattened imperial crown elevated in the middle, the length of which was six to eight times its height. As the sun rose higher the height of the crown increased, then the form gradually changed to that of an inflated balloon the end of the funnel-shaped neck touching the horizon. After the disc had cleared the horizon, the form again changed to that of an oval with its length about double its height, which finally became constricted at the ends giving the appearance of two large red champignons, the lower smaller than the upper, placed base to base.

On this day's ride four unbridged rivers had to be forded, two of them small and two larger. Fortunately, the water at the deepest only reached a little above our knees, so that we got across with some loss of time and the exertion required to carry cycles and baggage over.

The run from Burdwan to Calcutta seventy-nine miles made a comfortable day's work. At a village about ten miles from Calcutta on the bank of the Hoogly we saw for the first time a native cremation. A man of apparently sixty years was performing the last rites to the body of his father. The funeral pyre was erected close to the edge of the water a few feet from the road. The legs of the corpse were bent backward and fastened under the thighs, and the arms under the back. Thus arranged the corpse was laid on the pyre about two feet from the ground and covered with several layers of billets of wood, the closely shaven head protruding from one end. The fire was burning briskly as we rode up, and the man was walking around the pile, throwing incense into the flames and calling upon Kali to lend her favour to the ceremony. The man was alone, his neighbours were busy with their usual occupations in the immediate vicinity, and no one seemed to take any interest in his proceedings.

CHAPTER XII

Orissa the Land of Rivers—Midnapore, Jelasore, Soro—Jajpur and its Hindu Gods —On to Cuttack—Palm-bordered Pilgrim Route to Puri—Puri—Jagannath and his Temple—In Palkis by Night to Konarak—The Black Pagoda.

ON the eastern coast of India beginning at a line about one hundred miles south-west of Calcutta lies the comparatively little-known and little-visited province of Orissa, with dimensions, roughly speaking, of two hundred by one hundred and fifty miles. Its eastern boundary is the Bay of Bengal, from which a belt of low sandy country runs back for many miles, while on the south and west it is, in a measure, separated from the rest of the peninsula by ranges of hills covered with wild jungle. It is much cut up by rivers running mainly from west to east, some of them of large size, of which the Mahanandi on which Cuttack is situated is the largest.

During the monsoon these swell, overflow their banks, and flood large sections of the lower land, interrupting communications and causing much damage as well as sometimes loss of life. In former days, when restraining dykes and dams had not been brought to the perfection now attained, this water-swept province was more under the sway of Varuna and the Maruts than at present, and flood, like drought in other parts, became the curse of the land.

In the rainy season two to three hundred square miles were often under water for days at a time, and thousands of human beings, whose dwellings had been washed away, floated around on tree-trunks and hastily constructed rafts. One has only to travel through this province to appreciate the difficulty of finding stable foundations in the sandy and clay soil for highways, bridges, and railways, which are necessary to open it to communication with the outside world.

These conditions probably account for the fact, that Orissa escaped the attention of the Mohammedan invaders up to a late period, and that, when at length this art-destroying race penetrated its domain, their

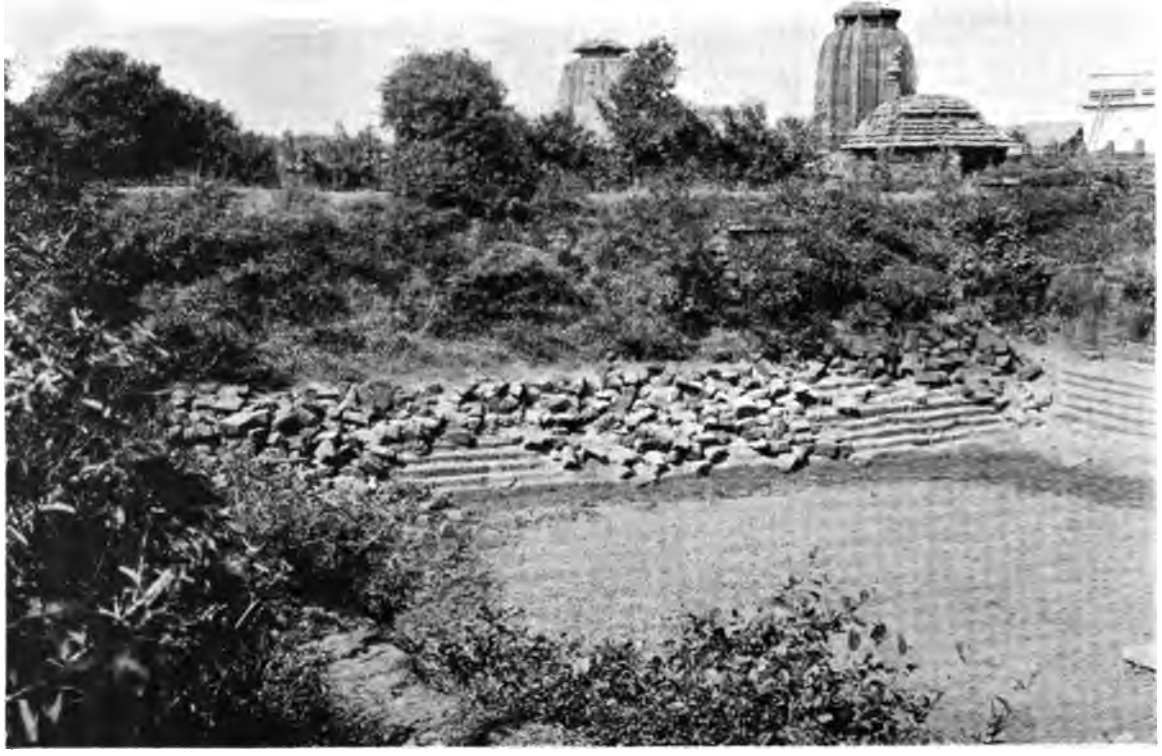
invasion appears to have been brief, and the blows dealt at Hindu architecture less severe than elsewhere in their path of conquest. Akbar's victorious general on his arrival here in 1580 spoke words of sober truth, when he said, "the country is no fit subject for conquest or schemes of ambition, but belongs to the gods, and from end to end is a region of pilgrimage."

In the interest of Indian art one can only rejoice that the impression made on the Mohammedan was one of disfavour, for this led

INDRANI IN MAGISTRATE'S GARDEN, JAJPUR.

to the sparing of the best great group of Indo-Aryan temples of that time now remaining in India, that at Bhuvaneswara. With these, the Buddhist cave temples at Khandagiri and Udayagiri, Jagannath, the remains at Jajpur, the Black Pagoda at Puri, and the fine tropical landscape, Orissa possesses plenty of objects of attraction.

The journey to Cuttack by road as planned required a week away from railway or steamboat base, in a region little visited, with a corresponding lack of accommodation, where the population being



RUINED TANK WITH VEGETATION-COVERED WATER, BHUVANESWARA.

Hindu of a fanatical type could not be relied on for much assistance. We were thrown on our own resources, and the amount of baggage including provisions loaded on our cycles was greater than on any previous occasion in India, one of us carrying sixty pounds and the other thirty-five.

Every available part of our cycles had its load, but not an article was taken that did not come in use. Had it not been for the provisions and the kindness of two Europeans in inviting us to dine with them on two evenings, we might have died of starvation, for the bungalows after the first one had no khansamahs, and no food of any kind could be obtained on the route.

We sent our servant with the heavy luggage around by sea to meet us at Cuttack, and, cutting loose from Calcutta on the last day of November, we dropped twenty miles down the Hoogly on a river steamer to Ooloobaria, where the Orissan branch of the Grand Trunk leaves the river.

From Ooloobaria south-west to Midnapore is fifty-two miles. For the first five miles the road ran along the top of an embankment, was metalled, but consisted of a single track worn by wheels into two ruts and overgrown by grass, so that careful riding was necessary. Then it improved, and after fifteen miles changed into a red laterite surface that continued excellent to Midnapore. It was well shaded.

On this day's ride we had to ford two rivers and cross two others in boats. One of the latter rivers was flanked on both sides by about fifty feet of sticky, black clay mud, over which we were borne on the shoulders of the naked boatmen. The last mile before Midnapore we had to push our cycles through deep soft sand, always a fatiguing operation, but rendered doubly so by the unusual loads, whose weight was here much more in evidence than on a good road.

The Midnapore bungalow had three rooms, which were occupied by the postal agent of the district, an Irishman. On our arrival he most courteously surrendered two of them to us, and in the absence of a khansamah made us his guests at dinner. In the evening news arrived of a strike among the dak-walas at Jelasore. He set out at midnight in a lumbering tikka-ghari for that place accompanied by his servants and cycle.

We followed at daylight, as Jelasore lay on our route. We had to return through the sand two miles to the river ghat, cross the broad river in a ferry-boat, push through half a mile of sand, and pass four miles of bad stony road before reaching a good stretch. On this day there was no shade.

After a dusty run of fifty miles we reached the bungalow at Jelasore. This was a wretched place and its furniture as well as walls for four feet from the ground bore traces of previous floods. The chaukidar was absent, and it was in charge of a boy of six years. Here the postal agent joined us. He had cycled on ahead, leaving his servants with the tikka-ghari seventeen miles behind.

LEOGRIFF AT BLACK PAGODA, KONARAK.

Being thirsty we applied to the postmaster for a man to boil water for tea, but he had considerable difficulty in finding one, as the people were Brahmins and would not defile themselves by ministering to the needs of those without the fold. At last a young man wearing the Brahman cord condescended to perform what he doubtless considered an act of charity, and two hours after our arrival brought a highly-polished brass chatti of water, not exactly boiling but sufficiently hot to

serve indifferently well as the medium with which to make the desired infusion. From this he filled our kettle taking care to stand off and hold the jar well above the kettle, so that neither it nor himself should touch anything belonging to us.

It is with a curious sensation, that one, accustomed by education to the feeling of superiority and pity perhaps not unmingled with mild contempt usually entertained in Christian lands toward the unfortunate class of humanity known as heathen, finds himself regarded, at least by one sect of these very heathen, in a similar light. The discovery is not flattering to his amour propre and shows him that the sentiment in question is not a monopoly of the Christian.

About seven o'clock the servants arrived, and at eight-thirty the cook served a well-prepared meal of several courses, which were duly appreciated. As there were not knives enough in the bungalow for all, the agent with true Irish courtesy insisted that we should use the two table-knives, whilst he carved his portion of chicken with a pocket-knife.

The next day we ran on fifty-four miles to the small village of Soro, over a road good, indifferent, and bad, entirely destitute of shade. We forded two rivers and crossed a third in a native boat. Before reaching the first we had to pass half a mile of sand. Fifty odd miles made a good day's run in Orissa, owing to the frequent delays caused by the negotiation of rivers and the sandy stretches into which the road degenerated.

At Soro the only English-speaking person was the Superintendent of Construction of the Orissan Railway then building. He had his head-quarters here and was keeping bachelor's hall in a small bungalow, which he had furnished in admirable taste. A well-selected library, including books on questions of the day and several of the best European periodicals, as well as his conversation showed him to be a man of taste and culture well abreast of the times. He had seen a notice of us in the *Englishman*. He met us as we rode up, and invited us to dine with him. The dinner was excellent, and we passed an agreeable evening. It was a surprise to find an oasis like this in the midst of the desert of Orissan barbarism, and it reminded us of the brilliant wild rose bushes, which here and there enliven the dreary arid hillsides of Ladakh and Nubra.

The last seven miles of the distance f om Soro to Jajpur were ridden on an uneven footpath running along the top of the embankment, which confines the canal leading from the wide Baitarani river to Jajpur. The Grand Trunk Road is cut by the river at Agapada about a mile above

LATERITE WHEEL ON SIDE OF PORCH OF BLACK PAGODA, KONARAK.

Above heavy wrought iron beam used to support stone ceilings, showing the forging resources of India from the 9th to 13th Century.

the opening of the canal, and this distance had to be covered in a row boat.

Jajpur has no European inhabitants, but it has a well-equipped traveller's bungalow adjoining the compound occupied by the native magistrate. There was no khansamah and the chaukidar did nothing for us beyond boiling water for tea. On applying to the magistrate for aid in the matter of food, he had us supplied with eggs, and at night sent in curry and rice and roast chickens. These with what remained of the food brought with us enabled us to live sufficiently well.

In the latter part of the fifth century Yayati Kesari, a Hindu from the North, whose family history is unknown, came to Orissa and established the Kesari dynasty, which soon rose to importance, and he and his successors became the Cæsars of Orissa. The date of his reign is given as 474 to 526 A.D. He made Jajpur his capital, and is said to have established a thousand Brahmins from Oudh here giving them land rent free. He replaced Buddhism with Hinduism and, according to Hunter and Sterling, the Buddhists were practically expelled from the province.

Like many other Indian capitals Jajpur flourished as long as it remained the capital, and then sank into decay. At the time of the Mohammedan invasion the city was mostly destroyed, the few temples left standing being turned into mosques. Now tiny and lifeless it nestles a reminiscence among the mass of palms, mangoes, and bamboos, that have nearly blotted out its few architectural remnants. But little is left to remind the observer that, centuries ago, it was graced with fine monoliths and beautiful temples.

The postmaster's face wore a look of blank amazement, when we asked the situation of the old Mahratta bridge, one of the few remaining structures of the kind. He knew nothing about it and could mention no one who could act as guide, so we had to explore for ourselves. At last it was found, its crumbling Hindu arches enhanced in their picturesqueness by masses of green creepers trailing over them. Near by stood a modern bridge strong and hideous, built of the stones of old temples.

In the magistrate's garden are three fine but much mutilated statues cut out of hard sandstone. One of these, Chamundi, with its strength of pose and realistic carving would add much to the impressiveness, not to say ghastliness, of a European museum of Oriental sculpture. In a gallery overhanging the dry river-bed are seven figures of Hindu goddesses carved with a power and grasp seldom met with in Hindu statues.

At a village a mile from Jajpur stands the Garuda Pillar, the fairest

GARUDA PILLAR, JAJPUR.

relic of the whole place, backed by a charming reach of jungle. Palm fronds sway gracefully over its capital, the collar of which is finely decorated with carved festoons of beaded garlands pendant from lions' mouths, and above all reigns the double lotus. The shaft is a splendid chlorite monolith of the same diameter throughout, and is the counterpart of that of the Sun Pillar at Jagannath. It matters little, whether this chaste and finely wrought column illustrative of the best of its kind was ever crowned by a Garuda as Fergusson asserts, or, as Mitra argues,

OLD BRIDGE AT JAJPUR.

One of the few examples of so-called Indian arch bridges now remaining in India.

was not. It is so beautiful and complete as it is, that the effect could scarcely be improved by the addition of a figure.

A good example was seen near here of the destructive action of growing trees. A pepul-tree was growing on the top of a temple, a large strong root of which had shot down through the solid masonry forcing the blocks apart and preserving its cylindrical form in spite of the pressure.

From Jajpur to Cuttack the run of forty-four miles was over an uninteresting shadeless country intersected by three good-sized rivers, before one of which a sand-bed over a mile long had to be passed, and

a fourth, the Mahanandi, confronted us just before Cuttack. To cross this a boat ride of half an hour was required, which was followed by half a mile of deep sand.

In fording one of these rivers two Hindus, who after considerable persuasion assisted us, would not touch the cycles with their hands, but, passing a bamboo pole under the handlebars and saddles, carried them

STATUE OF CHAMUNDI IN MAGISTRATE'S GARDEN, JAJPUR.

over in this manner. Nothing would induce them to carry us over, but they were ready to have a money reward for their assistance transferred from our hands to theirs. Money, passing as it does through the hands of every kind of person, is in the Hindu sense and often in reality one of the most unclean things in the world, but it is the one thing exempted from the operation of caste regulations. How many religious inconsistencies the power of money justifies.

Cuttack is quite a pretty place, well laid out and supplied with plenty of trees, but the temperature at the time of our visit was rather warm being 80° Fahr. and above after one o'clock. The bungalow retained the heat till far into the night.

After crossing the river and stretch of sand below Cuttack only two wide Irish rivers barred our progress on the hard, smooth, well-shaded, red laterite road to Puri, and we found the fifty-three miles to that place as full of interest and charming tropical scenery as the road from Jajpur had been devoid of all attraction. It was like stepping backward a hundred years. Of traffic there was none. A few bullock-carts near the villages were the only vehicles encountered. But there were hundreds of pilgrims to and from Jagannath in large and small parties. Many of those going looked worn and weary. Some were limping along, their feet tied about with rags, others were resting in the shade of the banyans.

The returning pilgrims carried picturesque palm-leaf umbrellas and bunches of red canes, beneath the strokes of which they had done penance outside the Lion Gate. These looked cheery and self-satisfied notwithstanding they were returning with empty pockets. We had seen these pilgrims everywhere since entering Orissa, and we afterwards met them in Bengal several hundred miles west of Calcutta.

The temperature was delightful, 75° Fahr. at noon with a light breeze. Date, fan, and cocoanut palms, and bamboo grew in profusion on all sides, and monkeys gamboled merrily in the banyans. The natives seemed shy and ran away if we spoke to them. The day's jaunt was replete with the charm of perfect nature and exceptional surroundings. It was an experience to look back on in after-time, like the ascent of a fine mountain-peak.

Puri the home of Jagannath, "Lord of the World," lies on a low desolate stretch of sandy coast. It contrasts unfavourably with Mahabalipur, where Nature and Art have done so much, and where they alone reign. The dusk of the gods began centuries ago at Mahabalipur, where their images lie battered and prostrate in the temples that shelter them, while at Puri, although it cannot now be said of Jagannath's gruesome car, "through blood and bones it ploughs its dreadful path," Jagannath still holds his sway over the minds of millions of pilgrims.

Neglected by Nature, fever-stricken, and not blessed with good drinking-water, Puri has for hundreds of years been regarded as the holiest city on earth. That Puri like Bhuvaneswara and Jajpur was first Buddhist, and the temple of Jagannath was built on the ruins of a Buddhist shrine, there seems little doubt. But if it was holy to the Buddhists from 500 B.C. to 400 A.D., from the seventh century on it

THREE PILGRIMS TO JAGANNATH.

became the Jerusalem par excellence of the Vaishnava Brahmin, particularly after the passing of the Kesari kings and the waning of Sivaism.

On reaching Puri we rode through the wide bazaar-lined chief street, which at the time of the great festivals after the passage of Jagannath, his brother, and sister, becomes holy ground. It had a dreary unsanctified appearance on that day, and, judging from the quiet reigning in it and at the temple, little of ceremony or of entertainment of the god was taking place. We knew the temple was not to be visited, no European being allowed even to step within the high wall surrounding it, but we supposed we were free to look at the Aruna Stambha or sun pillar, which stands outside the Lion Gate or chief entrance.

This sister pillar of that at Jajpur was brought to Puri from the Temple of the Sun at Konarak by the Mahrattas early in 1700. It stands on a splendid carved pedestal, which we wished to study, but, although there were no signs of life about the square before, as we approached it the inhabitants began to pop out from every side. They soon made it evident to us, that we must remove our shoes, if we wished to continue the examination of the pillar. Truly Puri does not offer much inducement to a European to visit it. He may not look at its column except in his stocking feet, and he may not enter the sacred precincts of the temple at all.

But, sitting in the visitors' bungalow not far away at afternoon tea, one can reflect undisturbed on the past and present prestige of Jagannath. Early accounts of the god are vague, and later ones conflicting, but reliable authorities seem to agree, that the origin of the present three images of Jagannath, Balarama, and Subhadra, was Buddhist. The Buddhist wheel and monogram as seen in the carvings at Sanchi suggest the form of the wooden images of Jagannath and Subhadra, and the supposition seems plausible, that, when the later temple was built on the site of the old Buddhist one, the emblems found in the ancient shrine were taken as models for the present Vaishnava gods. Certainly the wooden blocks with the curious slits for eyes and mouth more nearly resemble Buddhist emblems often seen in India than the familiar deities of the Hindu pantheon.

Naturally the real forms of these idols are never seen by any except their attendants, but the reproductions sold in the Bazaar at Puri without doubt more or less closely resemble the originals.

Jagannath leads a busy life, for, outside of festive periods, when ceremonies innumerable absorb his time, he has daily to be bathed, dressed, undressed, and put to bed, besides presiding at four meals served to him by the temple attendants. Each meal is concluded with

music and dancing in the dancing-hall of the temple, and all this means the maintenance by the temple of a large number of nautch girls.

Pilgrims are taught it is of vital importance to partake of and carry away with them portions of the food served to the god, which is called mahaprasad, and from the sale of which a good revenue is derived. This idea occupies in the Vaishnavism of Jagannath a somewhat similar

LION GATE, TEMPLE OF JAGANNATH, PURI.
Sun Pillar brought by Mahrattas from Konarak.

place to that of the confessional in the Roman Catholic Church, in that the pilgrim who eats of the holy preparation is absolved from the direst sin.

The Vaishnavism of Puri has passed through many stages. Towards the close of the fifteenth century an influential reformer made the form of worship more anthropomorphic. After his death the spiritual element

declined still more, until to-day matters have reached a stage, which will not allow the Christian missionary in India to speak of them with composure.

Whatever it may have been in the beginning the worship of Jagannath has now become a business, which furnishes employment to thousands of attendants. Where a hundred thousand pilgrims are at times assembled in a single day, many priests are required to officiate, many attendants to direct the movements of the multitude, many cooks to prepare their food, and many temple girls to dance at the ceremonies.

In addition to those employed in and around the temple, it is said, that agents are sent to all parts of India to induce pious Hindus to make the pilgrimage to Jagannath. These inform themselves carefully as to the pecuniary circumstances of their intended victims, and approach only those who are wealthy or well-to-do. The information gathered and the names of those who agree to go are forwarded to the temple priests, who thus know what demands they can make on the purses of the devotees when they arrive. The pilgrimage is made on foot except in case of the highest class. Before the days of railways it often involved a march of two thousand miles or more and may now one of several hundred, but the sacrifice of time, effort, and money, is considered none too great for the end in view, the sight of the god, which cleanseth from all sin.[1]

The temple reached, it is a question of rupees whether the pilgrim beholds Jagannath from near or from far, or indeed at all. Even to the faithful the only open sesame is money. He is told, the nearer the view of the god the greater the efficacy of a pilgrimage. His privileges are regulated by the amount of means known to be at his disposal. But to obtain only an ordinary view he must pay a round sum. If he has not the amount demanded with him in money, he is required to sign a bond for it binding on himself and his descendants, which is collected to the last anna. Many a Hindu family is impoverished for several generations by the drain thus created by the religious fervour of an ancestor.

The most authentic information as to the temple and present ceremonies is contained in the account of Mitra, who being himself a Hindu was accorded opportunities for inspection and study enjoyed by no other writer.

[1] The opening of the Orissan Railway has changed all this. The vast majority of pilgrims of every class now go to Puri by rail. At the festival seasons the crowd is so great that the railway is taxed to its utmost capacity. A railway official stated that more than 300,000 rupees had been taken at Puri for tickets in a single day.

DAWN AT KONARAK.

Pilgrims usually enter by the east or Lion Gate and walk around the temple from the left six or seven times. They then enter the dancing-hall and pass on to the audience-chamber, where standing in front of a log of sandalwood they view the "God of the Universe." In going around the temple pilgrims are attended by cicerones, who direct their attention to its ornaments and towers. The glare of the sunlight on the whitewashed exterior so dazzles their eyes that, when they reach the interior and look into the sanctuary, they can see nothing. They are told this inability to see is caused by their sin-laden conscience. When sin is destroyed by faith the image will become visible.

Pilgrims can pass the bar and enter the inner enclosures, and those having a special permit costing from five hundred to five thousand rupees are allowed to go into it alone, others being excluded while they remain. They can also visit the sanctum, but it is so dark that nothing can be seen without a light even at noon. Thus the mind of the devotee is often left in doubt, whether he has really seen the god, or at any rate, as to his exact appearance.

With the constant demand for money to which he is subjected at every turn, it is not surprising, that the victim after a visit of several days departs from Puri with a depleted purse, retaining only a pittance, which he has had the prudence to secrete for the return journey.

The story of the Calcutta Raja illustrates the power of prayer and money. Having seen nothing on his first visit to the temple he was reminded, that he must be purged of sin by prayer and do something substantial for the temple. He thereupon prayed for a day and a night, and promised, should he see the god, to make at his own expense a metalled road from Cuttack to Puri, and build dispensaries and rest-houses for pilgrims at various points. On being taken again without circumambulation of the temple into the sanctum, he beheld the god in all his beauty. He kept his promise at a cost of several lakhs of rupees, and to him is said to be due the excellent road from Cuttack to Puri.

The attention of pilgrims is called to the phenomenon as miraculous, that the roar of the sea a mile away, which is distinctly heard outside, is not perceptible within the temple enclosure. Of course better informed persons would not need to be told, that the sound is simply cut off by the thick high enclosing walls.

The architecture of the temple is not remarkable. There is said to be some good sculpture near the base and on the doors, but its fineness is hidden under the numerous coats of whitewash administered to the whole exterior. In form its towers and other parts seen from the

BLACK PAGODA, KONARAK.

outside are much inferior to those of the temples at Bhuvaneswara. As Fergusson says "The degradation of the faith is hardly so remarkable as that of the style."

After a visit to Puri, where neither the temple nor the ceremonies may be beheld by a European, it is a relief to turn one's attention to something tangible in the Black Pagoda at Konarak, nineteen miles distant on the seashore. We left Puri at one a.m. in two palkis with twenty-four bearers, so as to arrive at the temple about sunrise.

The palkis have two poles, one in front and one behind, and are borne by six bearers, three to each pole. After every few hundred feet the leading bearer of each pole retires to the rear, his place being taken by the one next him. The third bearer moves up, and the last place is occupied by one of the extra coolies. In this manner each bearer has a period of rest, and they are able to travel at a pace of three miles an hour without stopping to rest more than once in the whole distance.

The bearers keep step to monotonous doggrels, which they chant in unison, each leader introducing a different one in which the rest join. As each bearer has at his command a good stock of doggrels, the variety to which the traveller is treated during the twelve hours' journey is infinite. They all have a rolling rhythm, which, considering their number, is remarkable. If a blanket and pillow be taken in the palki considerable sleep may be obtained, as the motion is not disagreeable.

Konarak comes from the Sanscrit *kona* = corner and *arka* = sun. Pretty thought that of the ancient inhabitants to dedicate a corner of Orissa to the sun, and more beautiful still was the temple, one of the few sun temples now extant in India, which was built on a low sand stretch facing the sea.

Following the typical Orissan form the Black Pagoda originally consisted of a vimanah and porch or jagamohan of the Uriyas. The vimanah or tower, a portion of which was still standing in 1831, is said to have been nearly two hundred feet high. It had the curvilinear so entrancing to the eye in the pure Indo-Aryan architecture, and was profusely and tastefully decorated. Either earthquakes or more probably, as Fergusson suggests, the giving way of the unstable foundations of shifting sand caused its mortarless walls to fall, and a heap of débris behind the porch marks the spot where it stood.

Two finely carved elephants now standing on a terrace at some distance probably guarded one of the temple gates. Each holds a man in his trunk. Near by rise two tall palms. On another side of the porch surmounting an elaborately-ornamented base are the well-preserved figures of two simhas or leogriffs standing on elephants

they have killed with one paw raised in the act of striking, while a third side is guarded by two horses trampling upon armed men. The scene is a lonely one, the ruined temple, in front of it the beach and

ENTRANCE TO BLACK PAGODA, KONARAK.

the sea, and behind, stretching away into the distance, the sandy Orissan jungle, over which long lines of heat wavelets chase one another incessantly.

But to return to the porch, pagoda or jagamohan itself. Archæologists concede it to be crowned by the most beautiful roof in India. To us it seems the most perfectly proportioned one we have seen in years of temple study. Beginning at the corners it recedes symmetrically forming a complete quadrilateral pyramid, and is crowned by the graceful Orissan temple ornament, the amalaka, supported by colossal lions. The faces of the horizontal members of which it is composed are delicately chiseled, and the whole is profusely adorned with statues of gods.

The impression made on the mind by this roof is so transcendent, that one almost overlooks the part borne by the supporting walls in the general effect. These are exactly suited in size and style to the roof they uphold, and their exterior is lavishly decorated with statues and sculptures representing the life of the people in peace and war. On the sides of the terrace leading up to the east entrance are six colossal laterite wheels elaborately carved, with horses in front, giving to the porch the effect of being a car drawn by horses.

By no means the least pleasing feature is the frame of the rectangular entrance. This is of light coloured chlorite, as are many of the best statues, and is exquisitely carved in seven receding bands. The temples at Angkor in Siam have similar door frames, many of them finely wrought, but none equal to this. It is broken away at one corner, and if the pagoda cannot be preserved it ought to be taken out entire and placed in some museum, for few similar gems are now to be found.

Grasses and plants have covered the roof, and, forcing their roots between its stones, have already played havoc with its delicate members. If these be left much longer thus the ornamentation will be defaced beyond repair.[1] Monkeys chase one another among the angles and perch themselves like modern travesties of the missing statues on the places the latter formerly occupied.

As to the whole porch, who can tell how soon it like the Ketareswara temple at Hulabid may be entirely destroyed by earthquake or subsidence ? When it goes, nothing like it will remain to show the peerless skill of its builders.

On account of its earlier and more perfect style Fergusson places the time of the building of the Black Pagoda in the latter half of the ninth century, whilst Mitra, Hunter, and others, accept the date 1278 A.D. given in the temple annals at Puri as correct.

[1] At the time of our second visit in December 1903 the grass and bushes were being cleared away by order of the Government. Considerable excavation had been made in the sand around the temple, revealing parts that previously had been entirely covered.

CHAPTER XIII

Approach to the Temple City of Bhuvaneswara—Visiting the Saivite Shrines—Indo-Aryan Temples — The Great Temple — Temple of Mukteswara — Floral and Animal Sculpture—Buddhist Caves at Udayagiri and Khandagiri.

RETURNING on the Cuttack road to Sardaipur, thirty-one miles from Puri, we there took the road to Bhuvaneswara lying three miles to the west. In these three miles four rivers had to be forded, so we took a strong coolie from Sardaipur to carry us over them, thus avoiding the inconvenience of taking off boots and stockings four times in this short distance.

On the bank of one river we met a remarkable dwarf not over four feet tall, perfectly formed, with head, body, and limbs, of a size that would have done no discredit to an athlete of six feet. His head and chest were decorated with white paint to represent some deity, perhaps Jagannath, and he was ready to be photographed for a small tip in the suppliant attitude in which he presented himself.

We have approached many impressive monuments from a distance on our cycles, have seen them, at first the only objects visible above the horizon, grow in size and distinctness as we neared them, until finally they dominated their whole environment with their potent personalities.

The approach to Bhuvaneswara can be placed on a no lower plane than those to the "Lilly Tower of Florence" from the western hills, to the dome of St. Peter from the Viâ Flaminia, to the Giralda of Seville from Alcala, to the Acropolis of Athens, to the Pyramids of Gizeh, and last, but not least, to the Kutb Minar of Old Delhi.

Indeed, the effect, if not so striking, is more harmonious than in the case of some of them, where notes of discordance are introduced by the din of civilisation, a murky atmosphere, or inartistic surroundings. Here, free from such disturbing elements, scores of scattered curved towers rise from a green setting of palms, banyans, and mangoes, with a distinction all their own against the purest of skies.

Mitra places the first traces of Bhuvaneswara in the sixth century B.C., when it was known by the name of Kalinga Nagari. The name was changed to Bhuvaneswara in the sixth century A.D., when it was made the capital of Orissa. It reached its greatest importance under Lalatendra Kesari, in the seventh century, when the Great Temple was completed, and the city became known as the "City of the Lord of the Universe." By 940 A.D. its political prestige was over. Yayati Kesari is supposed to have established Siva worship there.

In modern times Bhuvaneswara has remained simply a wonderfully picturesque temple centre. Where once at least a thousand temples stood, now only three hundred at most remain in different stages of decay, scattered over a large area.

Near by is the village of Kapileswar inhabited by three to four thousand Hindus, one-sixth of whom are authorised priests. Besides these there are many non-professional priests and temple servants, so that about half the villagers are in the service of the temple, the other half working to supply their needs. Many of the lower class are potters, and, as it is ordered in the Sastras, that offerings shall only be made in new utensils, they have plenty of occupation. Moslems are never seen in the place, which is entirely under the control of the Brahmins.

On arrival at Bhuvaneswara we called on the chief of the police, who, rejoicing in the name of Babu Jagannath, nevertheless received us in a more friendly manner than the people at the temple of that name. He invited us to be seated under a banyan, and sent a man for water to assuage our thirst. When the water was brought in a brass chatti, the good Babu was much embarrassed to find drinking glasses, which no one would touch after we had used them. We quickly relieved his mind by producing our hard rubber folding cups, which were skilfully filled without contact with the chatti.

Meanwhile, after half an hour of delay, he found a low caste coolie, who consented to perform the unwelcome service of carrying our camera and water-flasks during a visit to the temples. We finally started forth attended also by a burly priest with Saivite marks on his forehead as guide. He was soon joined by another, and the three went with us for hours in the broiling sun keeping constantly near us, following us round temple corners, standing when we stood, sitting near us if we sat, and never losing sight of us for a moment.

After our return, we photographed the Babu at his request. He put on his best coat, held his cane in the most approved manner, and posed himself with great care. He expressed much concern lest the result

ENTRANCE TO MUKTESWARA TEMPLE, BHUVANESWARA

should not be satisfactory, thanked us profusely, and then begged an offering for the temple.

The worship of the god Bhuvaneswara is chiefly carried on at the Great Temple, although ceremonies also take place at other temples.

DETAIL, VIMANAH GREAT TEMPLE, BHUVANESWARA.

These Saivites do not acknowledge the corporeal existence of a god, and "The God of Three Worlds," who sits in state in the Great Temple, is represented by a small linga fixed in the stone floor of the sanctuary. Consequently, the meals and ceremonies at which he presides, which as at Puri are numerous, all take place in his sanctum. He cannot be carried about bodily as can Jagannath, although an effigy is sometimes taken to grace the ceremonies at tanks and other temples.

RAJ RANI TEMPLE, BHUVANESWARA.

Fine Indo-Aryan temples are found in various parts of India, but those of the early and pure Orissan style exist nowhere in perfection outside of Bhuvaneswara. There are also Indo-Aryan temples at Badami in Dharwar, but there the style is mixed. At Bhuvaneswara in the temples dating from 600 to 1,000 A.D. the original form of decorated curvilinear vimanah and simple porch with well-carved pyramidal roof is preserved. The temples are astylar, and, except in some of the latter ones of 1200 A.D., no pillars are found in them. Neither is the step style of the South seen here as at Badami.

The peculiar charm of the curve in the Indo-Aryan tower or vimanah as seen at Bhuvaneswara exerts an increasing fascination on the eye the more it is studied. The taste soon becomes trained, so that the more attenuated form often seen in Central and North India makes an unpleasant impression, whilst the narrow pointed towers seem a positive abomination. The materials used in these temples are laterite, sandstone, and chlorite.

The Great Temple, while not the oldest—637 A.D.—nor the most satisfactory to study, is the most important as being the home of the god and centre of religious worship to-day. The effect of the great tower and porch is much marred by a cluster of other temples around them. The whole is within an enclosure which Europeans are debarred from entering. A platform built against the enclosing wall enables one to get a good general view, but from this distance no adequate idea of the elaborate carving on the bases of the vimanah and jagamohan can be obtained.

The tower is more massive in its proportions than most others at Bhuvaneswara, including the top piece or amalaka, which consists of a ribboned dome supported by lions on their haunches. A kalasa shaped like a Grecian urn is the final ornament.

The Raj Rani is one of the most graceful temples, built of bright red sandstone and, although not highly ornamented, is a specimen of the ninth-century Orissan architecture of absolutely fine taste. The wife of one of the Kesari kings is supposed to have built it, but as she died before it was finished it was not consecrated and hence never used. The projections about the stylobate contain niches, which were filled with statues of the gods. The temples not being used and guarded by the priests many of the best of the statues were taken away by visitors years ago. Some found their way to London. From those that remain it can be seen, that the art of statue sculpture attained a perfection here rarely found in Indian temples.

Above the niches are a series of mouldings formed of horizontal

MUKTESWARA TEMPLE, BHUVANESWARA.

bands. The spire is a very graceful combination of perpendicular ribs crossed by horizontal bands. The porch, which was never finished, is fast falling to ruin, and much needs judicious preservative measures. One would not care to have the inimitable temples of Bhuvaneswara restored, but the work of preservation should have been begun long ago in the interests of architectural science, if nothing more. The importance of this is appreciated by the Hindus themselves. We were shown a well-written petition, which a few days before had been presented to the late Sir John Woodburn, Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, during his visit to Bhuvaneswara in 1898, asking for aid to preserve the best of the crumbling shrines.

On our second visit to Bhuvaneswara in 1903 we saw evidence that the petition had been acted on by the Government, under whose direction repairs, not perhaps always in the best taste, had been made to the temples as well as to the caves at Udayagiri and Khandagiri, and in some instances restorations had been carried out. It was noticeable that, notwithstanding the petition referred to came from Hindu sources, no repairs had been made inside the wall of the Great Temple, which is wholly under Hindu control.

Mukteswara, called by Mitra "a charming epitome of the perfection of Orissan architecture," exemplifies fully what was said in connection with the Chalukyan temple at Somnathpur of the supreme talent of Hindu architects in mingling the vertical with the horizontal in such a manner as to make a small building look impressive; also of their comprehension of the art of ornamentation, which is here displayed to a marked degree. They were chary in the use of cornices, and placed their projections so as to avoid expanses of undecorated wall, but they provided for light and shade, and sought to increase the apparent height by vertical lines.

Their work at Bhuvaneswara was never neglected. Not even the plinths were left with plain surfaces. Piers are tall, architraves show no unbroken lines, ceilings are wondrously carved, façades are lengthened by the canting of corners, niches are made in accordance with the end in view high rather than wide, all sculptured decorations are, as far as possible, forced into the upright pose, so that all parts of a building have an upward trend. This triumph of the vertical, or of vertical and horizontal, over the purely horizontal conceptions of the Greeks and Romans, and the beautiful results attained entitle the Indo-Aryan architects to no mean place as builders.

Sculpture, always used as accessory to architecture, is brought to remarkable perfection in the Mukteswara. Floral bands in which the

TORAN AT ENTRANCE MUKTESWARA TEMPLE, BHUVANESWARA.

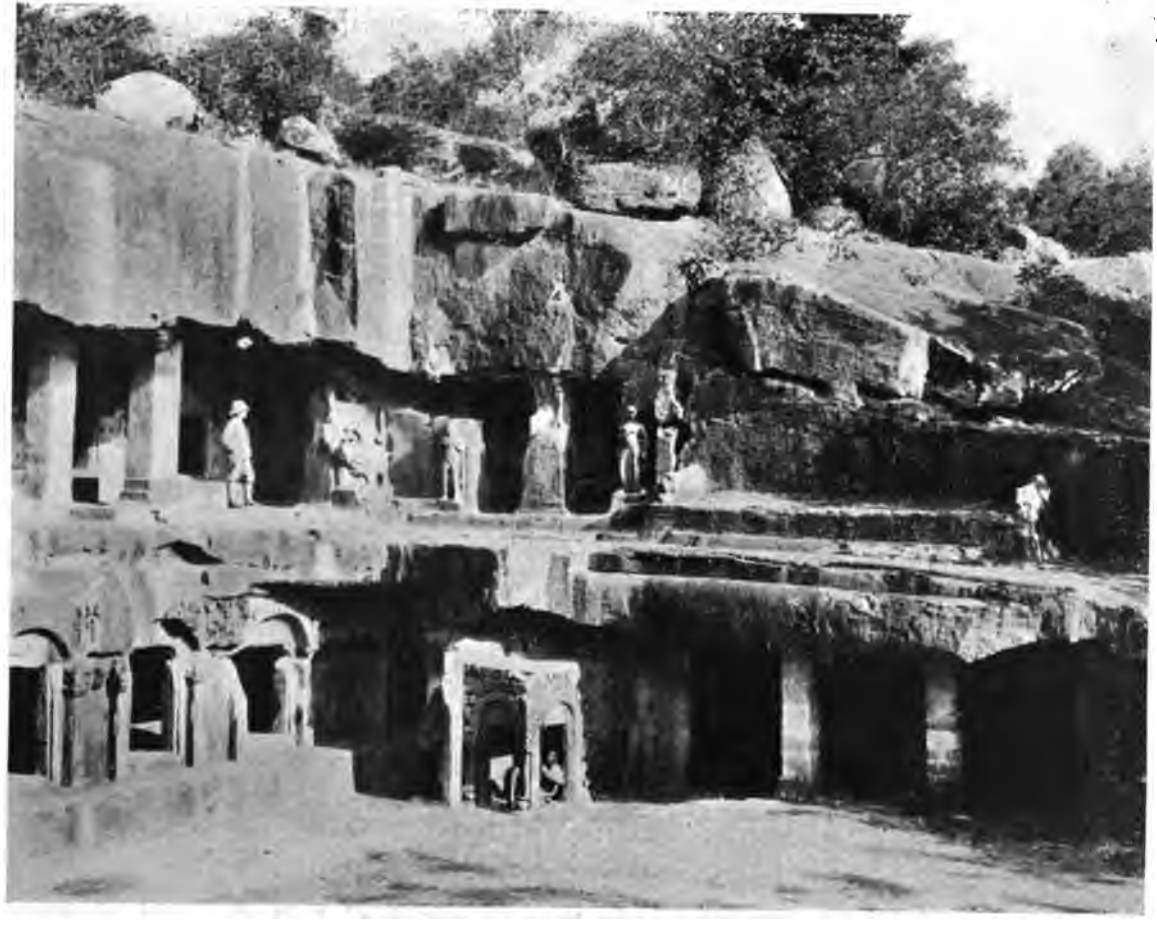
lotus in bud, half open, and in full bloom, figures, are exquisitely wrought. The elephant, horse, and monkey, with which the artists were familiar, are well carved and true to nature, but not the lion, which is fanciful and grotesque. Female figures also claim pre-eminence, dancing, or canopied under the extended hood of the seven-headed cobra, or playing on the vina. There are saints worshipping Siva, hermits instructing pupils, scroll bosses, and friezes of great merit. All this on a vimanah not quite thirty-five feet and on a porch twenty-five

PARASURAMESWARA TEMPLE, BHUVANESWARA.

feet high, yet the observer is perfectly satisfied with the effect, and the building does not impress him as being either small or overloaded.

In front of the porch and forming the entrance stands a most ornate toran. But fifteen feet high it again shows the talent of the builder capable of conceiving such a gateway as this, massive in all its members, yet producing on the mind not an impression of heaviness but one of great elegance.

Adjoining the temple at the rear is a small rectangular tank, the Marish Kunda, enclosed by a neat stone kerb and steps. Most of the



RAJ RANI CAVE, UDAYAGIRI.

temples have tanks near them, which with their sides of terraced masonry and setting of trees, add greatly to the effect. A short distance east of Mukteswara is the Gauri Kunda. This tank, the water of which looks cleaner and more wholesome than that of most Indian tanks, is held especially sacred, the people believing that its water will release the drinker from further transmigrations. At the time of the great pilgrimages to Jagannath and Bhuvaneswara the priests sell the water to pilgrims at high prices.

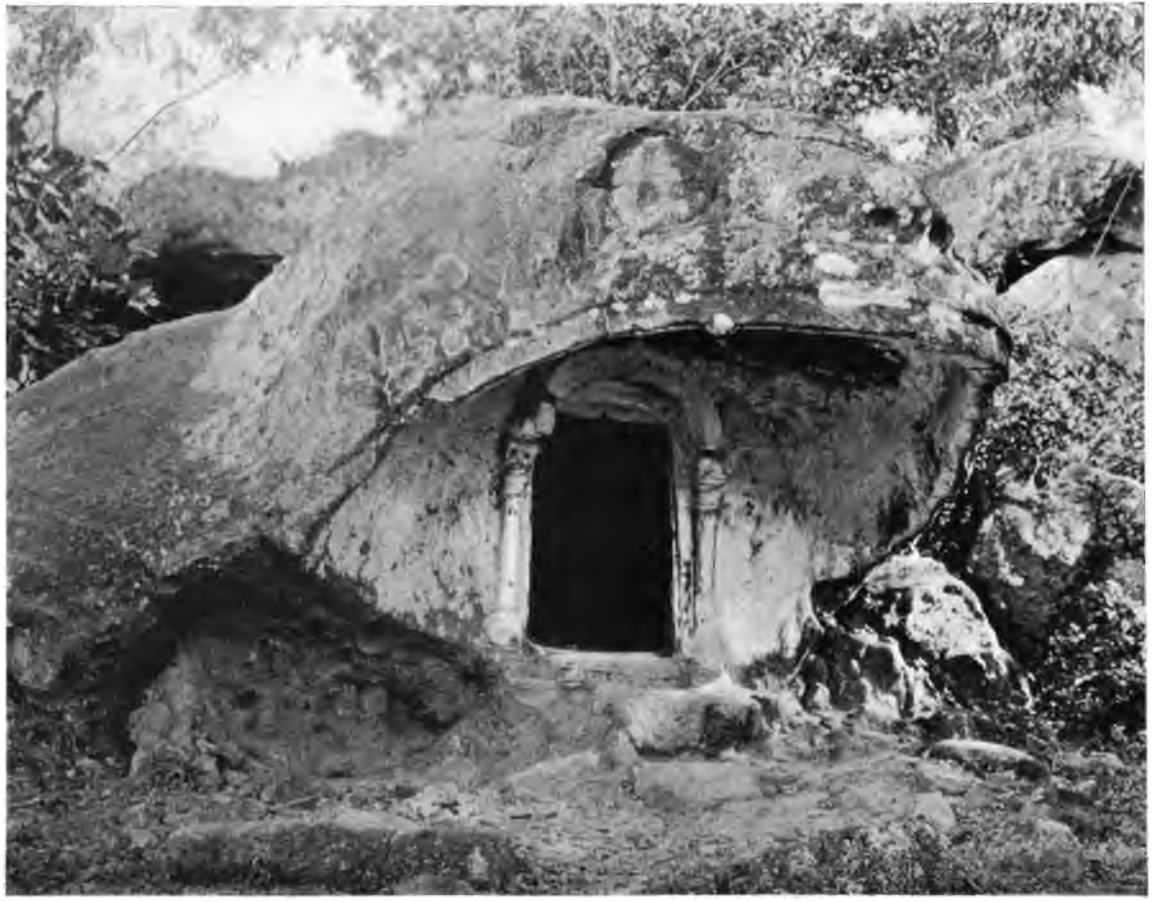
The Parasurameswara temple dates according to Fergusson from about 500 A.D., but Mitra puts it later. It is older than Mukteswara and has quite a different form. The vimanah is sixty feet high, and from the base upward the plan is kept square. The jagamohan is oblong, and has a base covered with bas-reliefs representing scenes from the life of Rama. It has a unique double-storied roof placed on a sloping terrace so fashioned as to admit of the peculiar lighting arrangement practised by the Buddhists. The tower is splendidly carved throughout, and is a noteworthy example of the best work here.

Half a mile east of the Raj Rani stands the small porch of Bhaskaeswara built of basalt. It is carried out on simple lines, but has a grace of its own from plinth to top, which is finished by a broken amalaka. Others of equal interest might be mentioned, but description wearies and Bhuvaneswara to be appreciated must be seen.

Three miles from Bhuvaneswara are two sandstone hills Udayagiri and Khandagiri, which contain some interesting caves. The oldest, which are Buddhist, date from B.C. 320 to 340. Several of these are adorned by excellent carvings life-like and full of active expression. The Tiger Cave is cut into a single boulder, the roof being formed by a rounded projection representing the upper jaw, which is provided around its entire edge with teeth resembling human incisors. As a work of art it cannot be compared with the Tiger Cave at Mahabalipur.

The Raj Rani or Queen's Palace is a two-storied monastery decorated with friezes of spirited battle scenes, which are striking even in their weathered and battered condition. Its characteristics are Hindu, and it is less classical than the Ganesa Gumpa, where Fergusson in opposition to Hunter and Mitra affirms a Grecian influence in the carved draperies. The first authority places the probable date of both these caves as about 250 B.C., but Mitra claims a much earlier one for the Ganesa.

On the ceiling of the Hathi Gompa or Elephant Cave is the celebrated Aira inscription, to the left of which are plainly seen the swastica and over it the shield emblem, which have withstood for 2,300 years the



TIGER CAVE, UDAYAGIRI.

ravages of the weather, that have obliterated the greater part of the main inscription.

Several other caves are worthy of careful study, but their sculptured charms cannot all claim a place in a traveller's book of impressions. Bhuvaneswara like some other temple centres in India, where art, history, and nature join hands, offers material sufficient to fill a large volume. Having many other ports to touch at during the remainder of our wanderings in Hindustan, we reluctantly headed our cycles toward the winding high road and the unfettered rivers.

From Cuttack we took a steam launch on the canal, which runs through a flat country rich in palms and tropical trees fifty-four miles to Chandbali, and thence we returned by steamer to Calcutta. At Chandbali where we had to wait half a day two American missionaries were stationed. One of them, who seemed to be well liked by the few English residents, had been there sixteen years, but he appeared to have made little impression on the Hindu population, as it was said his efforts had not been crowned by the conversion to Christianity of a single Hindu in all that time.

This negative result does not imply that he was lacking in zeal or endeavour, but is about what might be expected from the character of the population. After such a record the society he represented might well remove its agents to a more promising field of labour.

CHAPTER XIV

From Calcutta Westward on the Grand Trunk Road—Through the Bengal Coal Region—Buddh-Gaya, the Birthplace of Buddhism—The Temple—Asoka Rail—Causeway over River Sonne—The All-Knowing Man at the Dehri Bungalow—The Hospitable Sasseram Resident—Benares—The Tope of Sarnath—The Holy Man—Mahoba the First Chandel Capital—The Kakra Temple—The Mahoba Club.

ON the last day of December we turned our backs upon Calcutta to ride across India from east to west. The route planned followed the Grand Trunk Road north-west for several hundred miles to Fatehpur near Cawnpore, whence it ran south-west through the Central Provinces. For the first two weeks especially in Bengal the weather was cold and dull with frequent showers, such as is met with in Germany in October. The wind was strong and often in our faces, making riding laborious and delaying our progress. On a few mornings there was frost in the air.

Cycling on this part of the Grand Trunk was not so stimulating as in some other parts of India. The road as far as Benares with exception of here and there a few miles was poor and heavy. The region through which it led was sparsely inhabited. Europeans were as scarce as apples in Rajputana. We hardly saw one in a day. Even the native life, such as it was, was tame and devoid of the ceaseless chatter, movement, colour, and excitement, portrayed in "Kim" as characteristic of life on the Grand Trunk.

The dak bungalows were few, the greater part of those still in use being almost uninhabitable from age and neglect. At some of them such an official as a khansamah had not been seen for many a year. We considered ourselves fortunate, if a chaukidar could be unearthed to boil water for tea. At one bungalow our maximum and minimum thermometer, on being placed outside to register the temperature, disappeared. The chief of police being sent for came, and examined some twenty natives including the chaukidar without result. An hour later the chaukidar brought a man to us, who was said to have found it and

thrown it away not being aware of its value. They returned it uninjured. This was the second time that bungalow attendants had relieved us of our thermometer. On the first occasion it was not recovered.

We passed through the Bengal coal district, where the road became black from the dust of the product carted over it; and after this through a rolling country where low mountains three to four thousand feet in height dotted the landscape, and where the view toward the hill temple of Parasarnath was picturesque. Pilgrims were seen on the road en route to the shrine of Jagannath and others returning, five to six hundred miles from Puri, limping along under their palm umbrellas. Lines of camels were also met, as everywhere else in India even to the capital of Kashmir, marching along with stately mien, each attached by a cord through the nose to the tail of the one in front.

The first point to demand a halt in this region was Buddh-Gaya about twenty miles north of the Grand Trunk. Puri has been called the most holy city in the world. With its strange god, who for centuries has exercised such a supreme fascination over the minds of myriads of Hindus, and its curious car, which in the past has enjoyed such prestige, it has indeed merited the reputation from a theatrical point of view. The car no longer promenades upon the flesh and bones of overwrought fanaticism, but the legend has penetrated all lands and all literature.

Authors are fond of citing its yearly sanguinary trips to symbolise certain neurotic phases of modern life. In their descriptions imagination is invoked to aid the effect. The writer of a recent novelette refers to "its mighty wheels dripping with blood." A Swedish author has the march of human existence grinding down its victims as did the car of Jagannath. In reality its wheels are the reverse of mighty, and they did not in the palmiest days grind down so many victims as has been asserted.

Born on the ashes of a pre-existing Buddhist shrine, harbouring within its walls a still vital pantheistic worship, the Jagannath temple forms a weird contrast to the great temple of Buddh-Gaya rearing its faded pyramidal tower far from the haunts of man amid the pastoral scenes and leafy trees so well beloved by the Lord Buddha.

Lonely and silent rise the graceful diminishing tiers of empty niches, long bereft of their symbolic images, awaiting expectantly, nay hopefully, the day when twentieth-century devotees of Sakya Muna's noble faith shall fill the void spaces with saints as golden as of yore; when the belief, that meant good alone to man and beast, and converted to its ranks only through methods of peace and goodwill, shall shed its pure lustre once more over India the land of its birth.

REAR PORTION OF GREAT TEMPLE, BHUVANESWARA.

At present in India Buddhism can count only about ten millions of followers of its gentle precepts where in the old days it counted hundreds of millions, but the revival has begun, the Buddhists have increased some two millions in the last ten years, and the influence of this religion seems bound to make itself felt again among a people, who in their various forms of religious philosophy have ever retained more or less of the teaching of its founder.

Placed before the great Maha Bodhi temple for the first time the student of Architectural India is feign to wonder at this strange exotic surrounded by a phalanx of tiny anomalous shrines. Standing far from any frontier it is unlike any of the hundreds of temples north or south of it, resembling most, but still faintly, in its exterior the Dravidian pagoda at Tanjore. Built early in the fifth century A.D. by a Brahmin on the site, where Asoka had put up an important vihara, it is said to have been restored in 1306 by the Burmese, but it in no way resembles the pagodas found in Burma at present.

In general its original shape with nine diminishing stories has been preserved, although exterior and interior alterations such as radiating arches have been made in abundance. It is built of brick, mud being used in place of cement. Destitute of fine carvings such as adorn so many Indian temples, it stands rough and colourless in tone but harmonious in outline, typical of the virile religion once respected within its walls, a representative of an architecture at home in the Celestial Empire beyond the Himalayas.

The most beautiful relic at Buddh-Gaya is the rail built by Asoka in 250 B.C., which probably surrounded the former small vihara. It is more injured and less pretentious than the rail of Barhut, but what carving it has is excellent, and has the added charm of being found in situ and not in a museum.

At the top and bottom of the pillars are circular discs containing carved human and animal figures in the centre of lotus flowers. The lotus is the leading motif of the rail. Fergusson says no part of the top rail seems to have been recovered. There is now, however, in places a fine upper rail of beautifully wrought semi-disc pattern. This may have been found and replaced of late years. The religious indications on the rail are the tree and serpent, dagoba, and other Buddhist symbols.

From Buddh-Gaya we returned to the Grand Trunk Road, which we followed to Sasseram and Benares. Some miles before Sasseram we crossed the river Sonne, over two miles wide, on a stone causeway. The surface of this was considerably broken and out of repair, so that getting loaded cycles over it was no child's play. Added to this it had settled in

GREAT TEMPLE, BUDDH-GAYA.

several places, and the water flowed over it for some distance at each place. At these we were obliged to take off boots and stockings, and wade across in water up to our knees, carrying the cycles, and this at a temperature below 50° Fahr. with a strong wind.

Progress being necessarily slow we reached the further side considerably chilled. We therefore stopped at the Dehri bungalow to warm ourselves with tea. Here we found a European who had been in India over thirty years. He knew all there was to know about India. Nothing remained for him to learn. He was a good specimen of a certain class,

RAIL AT BUDDH-GAYA.

who though old in service are not experienced in travel. Their associations having been largely local, their ideas are correspondingly narrow and apparently formed in conformity with the motto "ab uno disce omnes."

This class is by no means confined to India. He liked to hear himself talk, and ventilated his opinions freely, whilst we addressed ourselves to our tea, and listened. He asserted that the places worth seeing in India were few and were chiefly comprehended in Delhi, the Taj, and Kanchenjanga. He utterly ignored anything to the south of

BUDDHIST TOPE AT SARNATH.

these places, and said that the north and north-west—where he had served—constituted India. Having become warmed by the tea and enlightened by his remarks we paid the reckoning and proceeded on our journey.

The two points that made our visit to Sasseram memorable were the courtesy of the Resident and the beauty of the tomb of Sher Shah, the able opponent of Humayan, father of the famous emperor and excellent mosque and palace builder, Akbar. This tomb is a beautiful structure artistically set in the centre of a large tank of clear water, well ornamented and surmounted by the fine Patan dome common to that earlier age, before dome building degenerated in India.

The small travellers' bungalow was being reconstructed and was not inhabitable, so we called on the Resident to ask him where we could put up. As was so often the case in our experience the Resident had just taken over his position. He was unmarried, had arrived at Sasseram only a few days before, and had unpacked only the part of his furniture most necessary to his needs, hence his abode presented a bare forbidding appearance.

He received us however with great cordiality, said he regretted he had to leave that afternoon on a tour of inspection which could not be postponed, but he placed his bungalow at our disposal for as long a time as we might choose to remain, and said he hoped to find us on his return. After a visit to the tomb and tea together he bade us farewell, saying with a smile he had had little chance to study the people or districts he was stationed in, having been ordered to five different places in the previous four months.

The famous pilgrimage city of Benares from early times the theatre of strange fanatical customs and ceremonies of the Hindu has been the subject of able and prolific pens. This is one of the places which the casual visitor to India stops at when crossing from Bombay to Calcutta, where he is taken around by a tout and shown many things, that a person of any experience in India will not deign to glance at. In architecture the modern and degenerate so greatly predominate over the few remains of antique art that an unpleasant impression is left on the mind of the art-loving visitor.

From our point of view the most interesting relic is the old tope of Sarnath, a few miles without the city limits, erected to the memory of Buddha. Its crumbling form resembles more the topes of Afghanistan than those of India. As representative of a foreign architectural style this massive block pile would command attention, but its chief charm lies in the lighter touch supplied in later years by the Hindu sculptor,

who encircled it with exquisite flower scrolls above, and below with an intricate geometrical pattern.

One is repeatedly impressed when comparing Hindu and Mohammedan artists with the greater broad-mindedness of the former. While not disdaining geometrical designs, as evidenced at Sarnath and elsewhere, they executed them with a fantasy and power quite wanting in the dry stilted work of the Moslems. On the other hand the Moslem, although constantly transforming beautiful Hindu monuments into mosques and mihrabs, vents his wrath continually on the image-

SRI SWAMI BHASKARANANDA SARASWATI AND TWO DISCIPLES, KATYAWAR RAJAS.

worshipping race by battering and destroying every semblance of a statue, which he can lay his hands on, regardless of any artistic merit it may possess.

We paid a visit as others had previously done to the holy man of Benares, otherwise well known throughout India by the concise name of Sri Swami Bhaskarananda Saraswati, who dwelt in a garden called the Anand Bagh, which the generosity of the native gentleman who owned it placed at his disposal. The Swami had the reputation of being a man of great learning and exalted piety, whose spiritual nature had long

since attained such perfection as to assert a complete ascendency over corporeal appetites and desires.

His soul dwelt entirely above and beyond the visible world, and his body was of use only as a means of communication with other less-favoured mortals. As a mark of the subjugation in which the body was kept, all clothing was dispensed with, and he lived summer and winter for years entirely in Nature's garb, thus receiving his friends and disciples, many of whom came from distant parts of India to sit at his feet and hear words of wisdom from his lips. In winter the temperature falls to 38° or lower in Benares, but he said he never felt cold. His food was entirely vegetable, consisting largely of fruits. He was sixty-six years old at the time of our visit.

He received us with a quiet but friendly courtesy. After greetings had been exchanged, he took a mandarin, peeled it, and put sections of it into our mouths. The meaning of this we did not fully understand, and did not like to ask him, but it was evidently intended as an act of hospitality. Not having command of the metaphysical terms of Hindustani we could not converse with him as to his religious philosophy. In this respect our native companion was at an equal disadvantage, so the conversation had to be confined to simple polite inquiries, in the course of which he showed quite an interest in what we had been doing.

He did not appear like a brainless sadhu, but his gentle manner was prepossessing, and commanded respect, and one could not help seeing that, in spite of the eccentric treatment of his body, he possessed a refined nature and gentlemanly instincts. This was also shown some months later by his written acknowledgment of the receipt of photographs, which at his request we took of him and two of his disciples, Rajas from Katyawar.

His favourite attitude was that of a sedent Buddha with legs crossed in front. Whether this was due to the influence of Buddhist philosophy we did not learn. In this position he died the following winter after a short illness, and in this position he was buried. Notices of his life and eulogies were published in the Indian papers after his death. There was in the garden a rather cleverly executed statue of him intended for his monument, when he should have no further use for his body.

From Benares we went out to Jaunpur, where the peculiar and imposing architectural style produced by the Jaunpur dynasty from 1398 to 1460, may be seen at its best. In their massiveness the gateways of the mosques suggest Egyptian pylons. There is some good carving on the façades, but one leaves the place with a sense of dissatisfaction,

A SADHU', BENARES.

which one so often feels after studying a Mohammedan show city. The vast forms, noble arches, and pure outlines, somehow pall on the mind. This is felt at Bijapur as well as at Jaunpur, and it is only at Fatehpur Sikri, where the genius of Akbar hovers, and at Mandu, where the still nobler ideas of his predecessors shine, that Mohammedan architecture in its severer style take a hold on the mind and thrills the imagination.

Returning to Benares we followed the Grand Trunk to Allahabad and on to Fatehpur, whence we rode south to Banda and Mahoba which lie south-east of Gwalior in Central India.

Mahoba was the first capital of the powerful Chandel dynasty, which reigned with splendour from 800 to 1200 A.D. From the latter date to 1500 the Chandel power declined before the continued harassment of the Moslem and ceased to exist with the death of Rama Chandra in 1569.

Like Timgad, the Algerian Pompeii, and other long-dead Roman cities tradition credits Mahoba in its palmy days with many inhabitants, the lowest figure stated being a million, which tradition the extensive ruins spread over a large area fully justify. As was also the case at Khajuraha, Jains, Buddhists, and Brahmans, worked together in harmony and, although the ruins now remaining appear to be mostly Brahmanical, many Jain statues and fragments are scattered about, while a column inscribed with a Buddhist formula discovered not long ago shows, that the Buddhist religion existed here also.

The most attractive feature of the small modern Mahoba consists in two picturesque lakes. If these are picturesque in their present ruined and neglected condition, how much more must they have added to the charm of the city in former times, when their shores and islands were covered with beautiful buildings and statuary ?

The larger of these lakes is the Madan Sagar about three miles square. Its surface is dotted with small islands, on some of which are the remains of temples, on others ornamented slabs or broken statues, while on still others tall palms alone lift their fronds above the blue water. This lake was made at great expense by Raja Nadana Varmma in the twelfth century. The other one over four miles in circuit was made a century earlier, and has a massive evenly laid stone shore.

A large ruined temple on a small island in the centre of the Madan Sagar especially attracted our attention. After searching in vain for a boat to take us over to it we appealed to some natives, who improvised a craft by placing two half-rotten dugouts about ten feet long, which lay on the shore, side by side and saddling them with a charpoy. This last served the double purpose of holding the dugouts together and

KAKRA TEMPLE ON ISLAND IN MADAN SAGAR LAKE, MAHOBA.

furnishing a seat for ourselves, whilst two of the natives standing one at each end pushed the craft across the lake with long bamboo poles.

The name Kakra given to the temple refers to the worship of Siva,

MOHAMMEDAN FRAGMENT, MAHOBA.

and it is supposed to be Brahmanical, but the style of decoration employed throughout would rather lead to the conclusion that it is a Chandel-Jain structure. On nearer inspection it proved more perfect

IN A DUGOUT ON MADAN SAGAR LAKE, MAHOBA.

and interesting than we had anticipated. Built about 1000 A.D., of Indo-Aryan form, with the débris which had fallen from its ruined parts it occupies the whole of the small island. A large number of stones have also fallen into the water, among which we saw the trunks of two colossal statues.

The temple is built of hard granite, and is ornamented from base to top with simple geometrical pattern constantly repeated. The vimanah is elegant in form and of correct curvilinear type. The top has fallen, but two-thirds of the tower are still in excellent condition. We met here for the first time the Northern Indo-Aryan pillared porch carried out with grace, the lower part being built with due regard to the effect of light and shade by a fine adjustment of the perpendicular to the horizontal as at Bhuvaneswara.

The Hindu bell and chain motif, so beautifully exemplified in the Ghantai temple at Khajuraha, is found here in the interior ornamentation of the porch. Although simple in construction, the hard granite not admitting of elaborate decoration, this is one of the most perfect temples of its kind in the Northern Indo-Aryan region.

Modern Mahoba has about five thousand native inhabitants. There are three or four European residents including the stationmaster. These latter though few in number were not lacking in enterprise, for, acting on the principle that union is strength they had formed a club, as we were first made aware by seeing a "Pioneer" wrapper addressed to the "Hon. Sec. of the Mahoba Club." Neither his duties nor those of the President could have been very onerous. There are other clubs in out-of-the-way parts of India that boast of a list of members not much larger.

Many fragments of old palaces and temples scattered about, some Chandel some Mohammedan, good roads shaded by banyans, the walls of the old fort crowning the crest of the hill north of the Madan Sagar, and rocky hillocks covered with groups of fine palms, all combine to make this a most picturesque corner of the world.

WOMAN SPINNING, MAHOBA.

CHAPTER XV

To Khajuraha viâ Chhatarpur—Guests of the State—The First Meal—Lavish Hospitality—Indo-Aryan Art—Splendid and Elaborate Hindu and Jain Temples—The Ghantai, Mahadeo, and Parswanatha—Second Visit to Khajuraha.

FROM Mahoba we cycled viâ Chhatarpur sixty-two miles to Khajuraha. As there was no means of conveyance for our servant and baggage these had to be left behind, and we took with us only the few necessary articles we could carry. The Maharaja, who had been informed of our intended visit, was absent from Chhatarpur, but directed the Diwan to entertain us as guests at his rest-houses at that place and Khajuraha. We passed through Chhatarpur without stopping and pushed on to the village of Gung fifty-one miles from Mahoba, where there was a small furnished bungalow in charge of a chaukidar, who after considerable delay managed to boil water for tea but could not supply us with any food, so for dinner, as was usual in such bungalows, we had to depend on the slender stock we had brought along.

The next morning we followed a fair road for five miles, and then struck into a jungle path, on which we alternately bumped along on our cycles and walked for another five. At last one vimanah and then others appeared about a mile ahead, by which we knew we were approaching our goal, though no village was in sight. The shrines, rising in fair profusion from the green landscape and transformed by the morning sunlight into towers of roseate hue, were impressive in their well-preserved outlines and potent with the beauty, force, and majesty, which the genius of the architect aided by the lavish generosity of the Chandel Rajas happily infused into them a thousand years ago.

On arrival at the chief group of temples, we found a large two-story stone guest-house neatly whitewashed but entirely destitute of furniture and near it under the trees an empty tent. As no one in authority appeared, we went on for a preliminary inspection of the temples.

While we were looking at them, a well-dressed man drove up in a small tonga drawn by two snowy bullocks followed by about thirty natives.

He saluted us, and, in good English, said he was the Tehsildar of the district, and had been sent by the Diwan to provide for us during our

WAYSIDE INFANT CRADLE, NEAR CHHATARPUR.

stay. He said that either the tent or the bungalow, as we might prefer, should be furnished during the day; also that he had brought a Mohammedan cook to cater for us and would like to know what we wished for breakfast.

We stated our simple needs for this repast, after which having given

his orders he drove us off in the bullock tonga to visit some of the more distant temples. The drive with trotting bullocks was by no means disagreeable, and we returned at noon with appetites whetted by architectural study, photography, and fasting, for we had eaten nothing since five o'clock that morning and then only a cup of tea and a few biscuits. Though it was cheering to see a large fire burning outside the guest-house, around which a galaxy of thirty natives were squatting, there appeared to be no preparation for breakfast. The Tehsildar assured us, however, that the meal would soon be served on the verandah above.

We went up the stairway to the first story of the rest-house, where signs of furnishing appeared in the shape of two chairs and a rickety table. Suspecting that, in spite of the Moslem cook and his thirty assistants, certain accessories would be wanting, we took out from our cycling kit cups, saucers, spoons, and a tea-kettle, which the Tehsildar confessed he had forgotten to bring as well as plates.

"For plates we can have plantain leaves" suggested the woman of the party. The Tehsildar disappeared, and retainers were at once despatched to fetch the desired leaves. After half an hour—for time is of no account in India—the table preparations for breakfast were completed by the production of six large plantain leaves, which could be cut into as many sections as might be required.

After another quart d'heure de grace, which served to take off the edge of our appetites, we felt we might have to go on waiting indefinitely. A sudden commotion and two excited assistants appeared with sugar and the kettle of water, not boiling but fairly warm, with which we made tea.

Having drunk several cups of the tepid infusion to allay the thirst, which after several hours in the Indian sun is always great, we awaited further developments. A shuffling of bare feet on the stone stairway announced the khansamah bearing a large chatti followed by assistants, who brought butter and salt on leaves and chapatis in their hands. The Tehsildar, who acted as supervisor, seized a silk cache nez of ours, which was lying on a chair, and dusted off the plantain plates. This done the khansamah spooned out the steaming contents of the chatti upon them with his fingers. Said contents consisted of rice and a pot pourri of all the vegetables ever raised in Bundelkhand, which dish would have delighted the heart of a vegetarian.

The serving train made its exit and we proceeded to sample the viands. The rice was good and some of the vegetables endurable, the butter delicious, and the chapatis more palatable and less leathery than

MOHAMMEDAN TOMB, NEAR CHHATARPUR.

those served by a Kashmiri cook in the Himalayas. The khansamah now appeared again holding a roasted chicken by the legs in his hand. After we had sampled this also, the khansamah and his followers returned to the attack, this time with a chatti of curry and rice, for which fresh plantain plates were placed.

Our appetite was beginning to wane. We did what justice we could to this course, and the remnants were removed. We now suggested it was about time to return to the temples. "Certainly" answered the Tehsildar. "My carriage stands ready, but you must finish breakfast first." Considering it was certainly time for café noir and fruit we resigned ourselves. But no, one of the largest cauliflowers we had ever beheld, swimming in ghee next presented itself. While tasting of this we said to the Tehsildar, that in all our travels we had never before seen such a specimen, which remark seemed to please him greatly.

Next came sweets, unlimited portions of rice sweetened to a cloying degree, followed by a sugared paste, sugar-cane, tomatoes, and oranges. We paused to breathe, remarking that we must now return to the temples, as it was after two o'clock.

"Yes, but first accept a present, a present from Bundelkhand to the honoured sahibs," said the Tehsildar.

At this point six natives walked in bearing a large pannier about the size and shape of an open umbrella filled with artistically arranged vegetables and fruits of the district. "This you can take with you as a remembrance of your visit," he added smiling.

We looked at it, and thought how well adapted such a thing was to transport on a cycle. The offering consisted of beans, peas, cauliflowers, leeks, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, egg-plant, yams, and other vegetables unknown to us, besides sweet and acid lemons, oranges, pomegranates, limes, plantains, and sugar-cane.

After suitable thanks for this really most interesting present we departed with the Tehsildar for the temples. On our return at six-thirty no further progress had been made in the furnishing of the bungalow, and we began to feel some anxiety, lest the charpoys should fail to come, and we should have to sit the night out on the two uncomfortable chairs. But the Tehsildar said they were being brought from his town some distance away, and an hour later they arrived. A bath-tub and two chattis of water completed the equipment. Dinner, which was served about eight o'clock, was on the same lines as the tiffin, the pièce de résistance being the remains of the breakfast chicken now burned quite black by further roasting.

The attendants all slept outside around the crackling fire, and had

GHANTAI TEMPLE RUIN, KHAJURAHA.

tea ready the next morning at six o'clock. At seven the white bullocks took us off again to the temples. The Tehsildar was ever present superintending meals and other arrangements, and active in taking us to all desired points.

He said he wished to do his duty and know that we were satisfied.

TELEPHOTOGRAPH, COLUMN IN GHANTAI TEMPLE, KHAJURAHA.

His faithful execution of the orders of his superiors certainly conduced greatly to our comfort, and enabled us to see more thoroughly than would otherwise have been possible one of the most noteworthy temple sites of India. The next day at noon we bade the Tehsildar and

attendants farewell, and, passing the meagre hostelry at Gung, reached the guest-house at Chhatarpur the same evening.

Khajuraha was the second and more important capital of the Chandels. It was visited by Hiouen Thsang the Chinese pilgrim in 641 A.D. and, judging from his account of the many Buddhist monasteries he saw there and from inscriptions since found, it was at that period a great Buddhist temple centre.

At present no vestiges of these old buildings remain, and the only one suggestive of a monastery is the granite Chaomonsat Jagini shrine surmounted by small pyramidal roofs dedicated to the sixty-four female goblins. General Cunningham decided, that this was a Jain structure of the eighth century and the oldest now seen at Khajuraha.

A second and very beautiful monument of scarcely less antiquity is the Ghantai, an open pillared temple with an elaborately carved ceiling of great beauty. The octagonal sandstone columns fourteen feet high are decorated with ornate bands and festoons of beautifully cut bells and chains, favourite Hindu motifs. To the bells or ghante the temple owes its present name.

Fergusson maintained that this was a Jain temple, although General Cunningham on his first visit to Khajuraha pronounced it Buddhist, having found a Buddhist figure outside it, on which was engraved the Buddhist profession of faith in seventh-century characters.

On a second visit he made excavations around the building, which brought to light many Jain statues. He also had the interior, which had been used as a granary, cleared, and here found other statues in such positions as to show that they belonged to the temple. These discoveries led him to change his former opinion and to agree with Fergusson that it was Jain.

What most claims attention at Khajuraha is the groups of magnificent Hindu and Jain temples built by the Chandel Rajas at the height of their power between 954 and 1000 A.D. About twenty are now standing, and formerly there were many more equally beautiful. For beauty of form, profusion of rich, skilfully executed carving, and charm of colour, these Northern Indo-Aryan temples surpass all others of their kind in India. In number they are about evenly divided between the sects of Vishnu, Siva, and the Jains.

They are built in the usual Hindu divisions of vimanah and porch, the latter being subservient to the former, but in the Jain temples there is a continuous passage about the interior chambers, and the porch, hall, and sanctum, are of the same size. The usual Jain characteristics such as courtyards, cells, and domes, are absent. Each group has its great

temple or cathedral surrounded by smaller ones devoted to the same worship.

Of the Saivite, the Kandariya Mahadeo is the one, on which the builders most lavishly displayed their genius. The portico, nave, transept, antechamber, and sanctum, have each its separate pinnacled roof rising in gradation from the small pyramid over the entrance to the

DETAIL MAHADEO TEMPLE, KHAJURAHA.

great tower of the sanctuary, which is crowned by a large amalaka terminating in a bell-shaped ornament. The effect of the smaller richly decorated towers increasing in size with each tier is peculiar, but they are entirely in keeping with the rest of the structure.

The plinth has an arrangement of deep mouldings broken by decided projections, so that the eye is nowhere arrested by continued or

MAHADEO TEMPLE, KHAJURAHA.

monotonous outline. Above this bands of projecting mouldings encircle the building, forming cornices to the beautiful pillared balconies of the transept and sanctuary. Enthralled by the fascination, which the elaborate but perfect unity of this architectural creation in pink sandstone exercises, one is apt to overlook the painstaking care and absolute science brought to bear by the architect in the decoration as well as in the construction of such a temple.

In its interior the Mahadeo differs from all the other temples, in that it has an open passage around the sanctum thus forming a high altar. The recessed ceilings are varied and of great beauty. Between the four columns of that of the transept is a large circle with eight richly cusped smaller circles rising above it, each with a prominent pendant springing from the centre. The sculpture is as ornate as the carving, statues being inserted wherever opportunity offers. The number of these outside and inside the building has been estimated at eight hundred and seventy-two. The majority are from two and a half to three feet in height.

Near the Mahadeo are four other temples of scarcely less interest. One on the north called Chhati Kopatr is original in that, to judge from its sculpture, it appears to be dedicated to the sun. Three figures of Surya stand over the entrance, and in the shrine is a rich sculpture representing the sun as a two-armed male figure five feet high with lotus flowers in his hand, while the seven horses of the sun chariot appear on the pedestal.

One of the most perfect of the Jain group is the Parswanatha temple, with a three-storied base of ideal design supporting a beautiful curvilinear vimanah built in perpendicular bands of carved geometrical pattern, which extend to the amalaka. It has been said of the designers of Indo-Aryan temples, that they always avoided a bald, dead wall. This is the case with this temple as with all others at Khajuraha. The original porch of the Parswanatha has been replaced by a Mohammedan abomination.

North of the village stand two ruined temples, one of which is almost the counterpart of Parswanatha. The vimanah is much ruined, but what remains of it has the precise curvilinear form and exterior decoration of that temple, while the fine, well-preserved, closed porch shows what, in all probability, the original porch of Parswanatha was like.

While the general arrangement is similar, there is great variety in the sculptures of the different temples. As a contrast to those on the Mahadeo and sun temple a fine temple on the river bank is adorned with a series of war scenes, of warriors and elephants fighting, executed

PARSWANATHA TEMPLE, KHAJURAHA.

with accuracy and spirit. The ceiling of this temple is a work of art. Unfortunately it is cracked through the centre.

Only one temple here has a porch resembling those at Bhuvaneswara, and that is a Jain one with simple vimanah, the porch of which also recalls that of the Black Pagoda, having no pillars and covered with a finely carved roof built in one tier. The roofs of the other porches and the balconies are all supported on richly carved columns

RUIN OF RIVER TEMPLE, NEAR KHAJURAHA.
Showing method of construction.

with dwarfed capitals. The cornices, which are of most perfect and delicate finish, suggest Chalukyan models.

Both here and at Bhuvaneswara the towers are built with a central column of rough work supporting the amalaka, which is composed of many pieces with finished ends placed side by side to form the whole. The exterior ornamental covering consists of upright parallel columns apposed against one another without mortar or jointing to bind them together. On the inner side these columns rest at different points against projections of the central rough supporting masonry, the intervening spaces being left hollow.

TEMPLE RESEMBLING THE PARSWANATHA, KHAJURAHA.

If anything disturbs the equilibrium of one of these columns at any point, all of the column above that point falls without affecting the neighbouring columns, but of course exposing the interior to the ravages of the sun, weather, and vegetation. In consequence of this method of construction one side of a tower may fall while the rest stands intact. We saw several in this condition.

In one of the pavilions was a colossal boar in polished red granite, every part of which, even the legs down to the hoofs, was covered with rows of small sitting human figures, and on the end of the snout serenely sat one somewhat larger than the rest. This undoubtedly represents the Varahar or Boar Avatar of Vishu.

Since Lord Curzon became Viceroy measures have been taken at certain places for the preservation of old monuments. These so far seem to have been confined to Buddhist and Mohammedan remains. It is to be hoped that the Hindu temples may also receive a share of attention, that Khajuraha the great centre of the splendid Northern Indo-Aryan architecture, and Bhuvaneswara the Arcadian garden of the Eastern, as well as Belur, Hulabid, and Somnathpur, the Mecca of all lovers of the beautiful Chalukyan monuments, may come into the hands of the careful preserver and where necessary of the judicious restorer.[1]

In December 1903 we revisited Khajuraha as guests of the State or rather of H.H. the Maharaja, who was on this occasion at Chhatarpur, to whom we had an introduction from an esteemed mutual friend Mr. T. W. Arnold, of Lahore. Khajuraha, removed less than two degrees from the tropics, with its rich and varied landscape, grand temples, and at this time of the year warm sunshine and cool nights, was more attractive than before, but the mise en scène of our present surroundings lacked the local colour and primitive simplicity experienced at our previous visit.

Instead of sleeping in the rest-house, where through unglazed windows the solemn stars peered in on all sides, we enjoyed the solid comfort of commonplace tents, where our wants were anticipated even to the presence of inkstands and writing-paper. Instead of meals varied by surprises served by scantily clad retainers on plantain leaves, where knives and forks were conspicuous by their absence, we sat at a well-ordered table, where the usual clear soup, chicken cutlets &c. were perfunctorily handed about by the regulation clad bearer. Vermicelli pudding, that stand-by of Indian railway stations and hotels, took the

[1] Since the above was written, as was stated in connection with Bhuvaneswar, some of the more important Hindu temples have received attention from the Government and have been more or less repaired.

place of the former fascinating variety of native sweets. But it was all most comfortable, and we fully appreciated the trouble the private secretary of His Highness had taken to supply all our needs in this distant jungle.

On our return to Chhatarpur we enjoyed the society of the Maharaja, who is a philosopher and student and a well-read man, in this respect differing from many native princes of Central India, whose lives are chiefly given up to sport. Knowing our fondness for seeing things really native he had a performance given at the palace in the evening of some passages from the life of Krishna as described in the Ramayana. The scenes and dances of the gods were weird and picturesque. The combining of rich old silk draperies with golden crowns and discs produced most harmonious effects.

The Maharaja as well as others in the audience was dressed with great simplicity, and etiquette required that we should all sit on the floor, which is no hardship when soft cushions are provided. Before the music began we were invited to scatter cut flowers over the feet of the gods, these being provided in a basket, but we were duly cautioned no to touch their feet with our hands. It was an interesting performance, less monotonous and more full of colour than the strange long-drawn-out miracle play of the Tibetan monks at Hemis. We have the pleasantest remembrance of our two charming visits to Chhatarpur and Khajuraha.

CHAPTER XVI

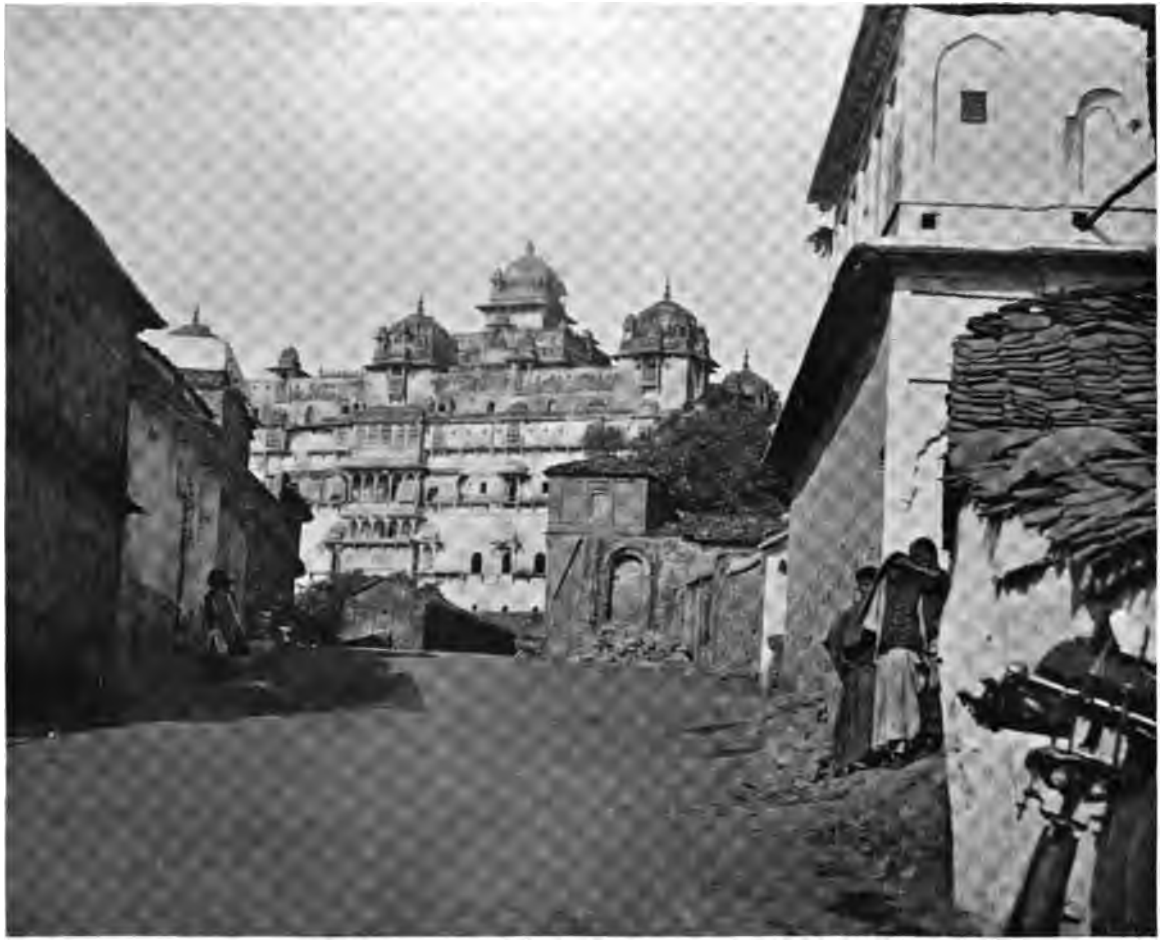
Mediæval Palaces — Jeypore a Modern Rajput City—Deficient Accommodation for Visitors at Ajmere—In the Bikanir Desert—A Night in an Open Choultri at Sojate—Cenotaphs of Rajputana—The Rajputs.

AMONG the attractive architectural features of the landscape in Central India and Rajputana the mediæval palaces claim a prominent place. In point of picturesqueness they quite put in the shade those of Europe of the same period. Large structures of no special design, because each successive Raja added apartments to suit his own taste, they are invariably dignified and effective in their tiers of towers, domes, and turrets.

They usually stand on rock hills and overhang graceful lakes or tanks, the airy roving superstructure being perched on a solid base often consisting of massive rounded towers or bastions. When you walk through the apartments and winding corridors now inhabited only by bats and twittering birds, a feeling of intangibility and decay emanating from the creaking doors, falling plaster, and broken tiles, takes possession of you. The reality and life of the building are gone having departed with the life of the last Raja who inhabited it.

But go out on the roof of the palace of Datia sixteen miles from Jhansi, and of a sudden the spirit of the East, often dependent on the scene of the moment, returns. A double-corniced roof rises above the platform domes, and trellised balconies spring to meet one from the four corners below, a line of green paroquets sweep across the blue sky, a long-beaked, tuft-crowned hoopoo lights upon the parapet, and far below the ramparts of the palace the early sunlight turns the coxcomb-fringed lake into a carpet of crimson.

Beyond, curling palms sway in the breeze, men armed with curious swords and ancient guns pass beneath, for all go armed in Datia, while in the distance the modern white palace half-hidden in foliage and the dun-coloured city break the green landscape harmoniously. The scene



PALACE AT DATIA.

is Wagnerian, ethereal, but more satisfactory far this shadowy palace than the tawdry modern affair at Jeypore or the one on the island in the lake at Oodeypore filled with defaced furniture, dusty chandeliers, and junk shop vases.

The palace of Orcha in Bundelkhand like that of Datia is seldom visited. It is larger and perhaps more elaborate in design with a mass of domes and balconies, but its setting is less picturesque.

From Jhansi we followed our former route north to Gwalior and Agra, whence we rode west to Jeypore and Ajmere. The approach to Jeypore is disagreeable from whatever direction it is made. For several miles outside the city the roads are heavy with dust and crowded with large bullock-carts loaded with straw, hay, and cotton, camels, mules and horses carrying merchandise as well as riders, and natives on foot bearing burdens of every kind, all of which obstruct one's progress and raise such a dust that one is nearly strangled.

If the traveller can keep his eyes open long enough to observe, he notices that the bullock-carts are shaped somewhat like Roman bigas, except that the bodies curve over the wheels instead of being placed between them; that many of the camels are fine large beasts with smooth yellow coats; and that the people are picturesque in appearance, showing in respect of dress a preference for bright colours.

Jeypore is a modern, enterprising, commercial and manufacturing, city lighted with gas without a trace of the sleepy appearance characteristic of many Indian cities. Its streets are wide but dusty and overcrowded to an unpleasant degree, and its tomato-sauce-coloured buildings have little to recommend them except their colour.

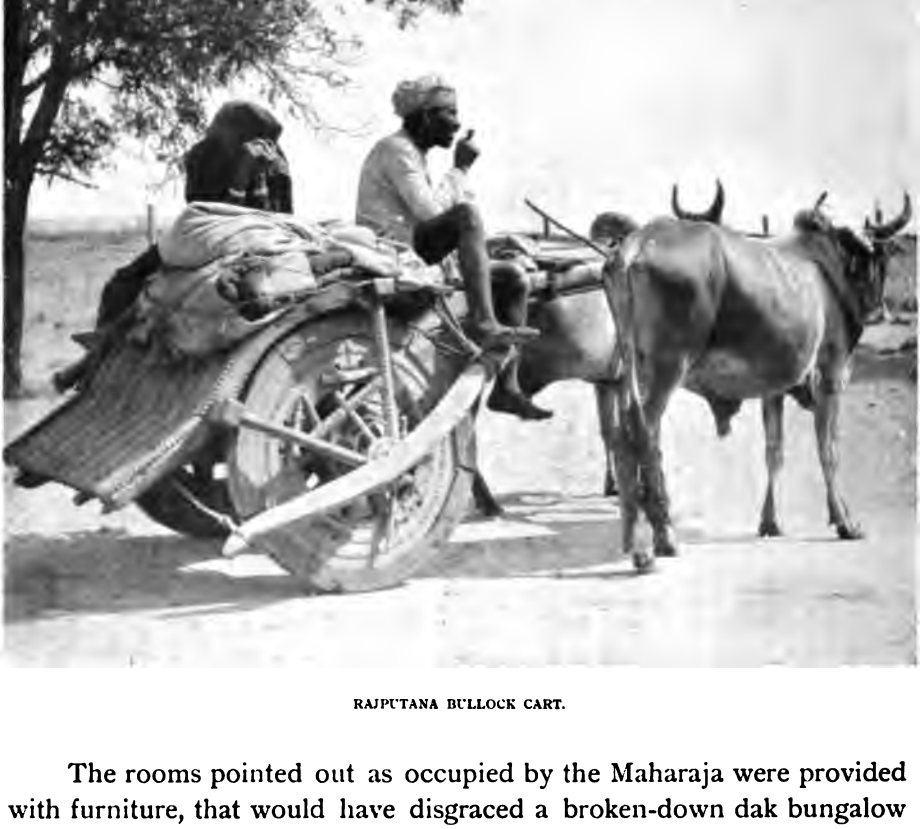
The Maharaja's stables and palace, mentioned in the guide-book as the chief objects of attraction in the city, were to us about the most banal objects we saw in India. Both are cheap and gaudy in construction without architectural merit. Possibly a connoisseur of horse-flesh might find something of interest in the occupants of the stables.

We like other visitors were taken in charge by an attendant, much in the European style in similar cases, who led us through the parched, tasteless, and neglected gardens with broad paved walks and dry fountain jets. He called our attention to a diminutive, half-made, black-and-tan terrier nosing around with dejected mien, saying "That is the Maharaja's dog," and shortly afterwards to another little, watery-eyed, pinched, bull-terrier covered with a dirty blanket, repeating "That is the Maharaja's dog." We told him those dogs ought to be entered for prizes at the next dog show, and asked him to point out the next object of interest.

PALACE AT ORCHA.

This soon appeared in the shape of a ragged bird without any tail. He said : "That is a peacock." We replied, the Maharaja was to be congratulated on being the owner of such a specimen, and told him to lead on.

We now came to the Audience Hall praised by Murray as "remarkable even in India for its noble simplicity." This hall had no character whatever. It was adorned by soiled, cobweb-covered, moth-eaten, torn, red hangings, and was encumbered with old chairs, tables, glass lamps, wooden clocks, and other trumpery, thrown around without order.



RAJPUTANA BULLOCK CART.

The rooms pointed out as occupied by the Maharaja were provided with furniture, that would have disgraced a broken-down dak bungalow on a little-used road. On the walls were some patchy tiger and leopard skins mostly without hair, which the attendant informed us were trophies of His Highness's prowess at the hunt.

Two minutes' inspection sufficed for these apartments, after which he led us to a balcony in the rear overhanging a tank occupied by several crocodiles, which put their loathesome bodies into motion on

being called, and swam up under the balcony, opening their jaws to seize the piece of meat tied to a rope which was thrown to them.

Outside the city the cenotaphs of the Rajas are rather attractive and graceful in form, and have some good carving though not in very original designs.

The dead city of Amber, called by Kipling the "Queen of the Pass," is five miles from Jeypore. The palace while possessing some points of

BUILDING AT JEYPORE.

interest scarcely justifies the eulogies lavished upon it by that author. In situation and as a sample of Hindu palace architecture it falls far behind that of Gwalior.

Ajmere is full of the picturesque in buildings, types, and street scenes. These would be much better appreciated by the traveller, if the city possessed a fairly comfortable place, where he might lay his head. Semi-barbarous as the city is the most barbarous thing about it, when

we saw it, was the utter lack of decent accommodation for visitors. The only havens of rest or rather unrest are to be found in the so-called "retiring-rooms" at the station and at the impossible dak bungalow opposite the station, only a few feet from the noisy traffic-defiled street.

One whose nerves are not too delicately organised, may be able to worry through a night or two in a railway station retiring-room in spite of the shriek of locomotive whistles, the shunting of trains and garrulous babble of natives; but only a chimney sweep could remain impervious to the soot that penetrates to every corner of the rooms at the Ajmere station.

You cannot touch a table or a chair without your hand becoming coal black and, ten minutes after your servant has dusted, everything is as soot-covered as before. A bath, the only palliative has but a transient effect, and you get up after a sleepless night with your eyes glued together with coal-dust.

At the dak bungalow besides the soot, dust, and noise, the native guest is found. Few things are more trying to the Anglo-Saxon in India than the native guest in a dak bungalow.

The mosque at Ajmere built by the Mohammedans out of Jain columns is a handsome building. The carving of the Jain columns though elaborate is a bit coarse, and many finer than these are to be found elsewhere in India. The screen is a remarkable piece of carving, and as an example of Mohammedan conception and Hindu execution takes rank with the best work at Ahmedabad.

The lake at Pushkar surrounded by villas of the Rajas, with a white marble temple or mosque at one end is attractive, while the only recommendation of the temple of Brahma in the dusty city is, that it is the only Brahma temple in India.

On the route to Jodhpur a part of the Bikanir desert had to be crossed. One day's run of forty-seven miles from Beawar to Sojate illustrates the pleasures of cycle travel in this region. A metalled road had formerly connected these two places, but it had long since fallen to decay. What was left of it ran over an undulating sand waste without tree or vegetation, on which the scorching sun burned with tropical fervour.

For a great part of the distance the metalling had disappeared, and a sandy camel track alone remained to show where it had existed. As this in many places was unridable, we had often to fall into line on foot with the camel caravans, which were crossing the desert. The camels of Rajputana were the finest we saw in India, splendid cream-coloured

PUSHKAR LAKE, NEAR AJMERE.

giants with smooth furry coats and enormous elastic feet, and there was plenty of opportunity to study them as they marched sedately along.

Three dry river-beds of deep sand each about half a mile wide had to be crossed, and pushing cycles over these in the heat was most exhausting. About half-way there was a level stretch some six miles long, where the road had remained in excellent condition. Riding over this was a pleasant diversion after the preceding hard work.

Then came a stony reach of several miles, where riding was possible but the jolting excessive. In the afternoon we had to pass half a mile of road thickly strewn with thorns from a hedge which had been cut. After riding over this the tyres fairly bristled with thorns.

Towards sunset we reached Sojate, a dust-covered walled town of forbidding aspect rising out of the desert without a single European inhabitant. As the red disc of the sun hung low over the ramparts lighting up the landscape with a crimson glow, tired, and parched with thirst, and sorely in need of shelter after the heat and labour of the day, we rode up to a building on the outskirts, that looked like a dak bungalow. Our hearts sank when we found it deserted, the roof partially fallen in, and no human being in sight.

Knowing from experience the meagre accommodation offered to a European by Indian towns without a bungalow, in our urgent need of water and shelter of some sort, we determined to appeal to the post-master of the town. We therefore plodded through half a mile of sand to an entrance gate, and asked a man standing there the direction of the post-office. He said it was on the other side of the town, and offered to guide us to it.

During the few moments we were talking to him a couple of hundred natives of all ages, none of whom had ever before seen a cycle, sprang up around us, all apparently inspired with a desire to perform the same friendly office.

We were led through the dusty bazaar towards the post-office a mile and a half distant surrounded by the motley crowd of chattering humanity, who distracted us with their noise, and raised such a cloud of dust, that we arrived at our destination not only half-suffocated but nearly blinded.

At the post-office we found the postmaster and an inspector, who said they would provide for our necessities. They took us across the street to the porch of a choultri entirely open on one side with handsome carved pillars, which was undoubtedly the best shelter the town afforded. This porch formed one side of a small courtyard occupied by natives and their cattle, which, fortunately, at the time was comparatively empty. We were then provided with two charpoys too short to lie at full length

on, two chairs, and a chatti of water. A man was detailed to boil water for tea. With this equipment we were left to pass the night.

A part of the evening was spent in removing thorns from the tyres and repairing such punctures as could be found, after which we ate our dinner consisting of a small tin of corned beef, some chapatis sent over by the postmaster, and tea. We then wrapped ourselves in the light blankets we carried, and lay down on the charpoys with feet drawn up, but not to sleep. Some Indians, who occupied the other end of the porch, snored lustily, and a cow tethered twenty feet away rustled a pile of dry cornstalks, on which she was feeding, the whole night through.

We were up at four a.m. and had tea, but found the tyres deflated, and one of them would not hold air for two minutes, so we lay down again and waited for daylight. Work on the tyres was then resumed, and in the course of the next two and a half hours some forty more punctures were repaired, when the leakage was sufficiently stopped to enable us by frequent use of the pump to proceed on our way.

At nine-thirty we left our bivouac on the porch to seek the ragged end of the road leading on to Pali. No sooner had we quitted the court-yard than we were surrounded by a crowd as numerous and garrulous as that of the preceding evening, in the centre of which we waded through thick sand in a pillar of dust another mile and a half till the road was reached, where to our great relief we were able to mount and shake off the villagers, who set up a tremendous howl of delight when they saw us start. The trip of twenty-seven miles to Pali was one of alternate riding, walking, and inflating.

Until a recent period Rajputana was in a feudal condition somewhat similar to that of Europe in the Middle Ages. A large part of it is desert, from which here and there rise rock hills, which were taken possession of by the rulers of the small states the country is divided into as sites of towns, and fortified by strong walls necessary for defence in the constant warfare carried on between the leaders of opposing factions. Now the walls no longer bristle with cannon nor resound with the tramp of armed men, but they add an exceedingly effective note to the contours of the hills they crown.

On this journey the scenery was far from dull. Wild bold mountains, the summits of many capped with temples, rose out of the sands, and here and there a town seen from the road had fine old walls and beautiful cenotaphs of the Rajputana type.

The cenotaphs are among the most characteristic and attractive landmarks of Rajputana. Each capital had in its suburbs a Maha Sati, or place where the bodies of the Rajas were burned together with their

wives, the latter fufilling what they conceived to be their highest duty in performing sati on the funeral pyres of their husbands. Over the ashes cenotaphs were built.

These collections of cenotaphs outside the towns vary in size and costliness from those of the Rajas of Oodeypore to the smaller, simpler, but often handsomely ornamented ones near some at present unimpor-

CENOTAPH IN RAJPUTANA.

tant village. The pillared halls are surmounted by variously modelled roofs and domes set flat on the main structure or raised above it on dwarf columns.

The decoration is not always of a high order being often rude and lifeless, for in these cenotaphs the architecture is better than the art. In style they are airy and elegant, quite devoid of the gloomy aspect so

often displayed in the funeral monuments of the Mohammedans. Near a dilapidated village we found a small graceful cenotaph in light brown stone with well-cut decoration. It held a single tombstone like those used in Christian cemeteries, on which the figure of a man on a horse was carved, indicating the sex of the person to whose memory the cenotaph was reared.

The Rajput types differ from those of other provinces. The men

PART OF JODHPUR PALACE.

are tall, robust, and handsome, with expressive features and piercing black eyes. Some have their faces clean shaven, but many wear heavy beards brushed away from the chin on each side and bristling upturned moustaches. Many carry curved swords in dark leather scabbards in their hands, belts being ignored, or long ancient matchlock guns. This custom of carrying arms, for which there is no longer any necessity even in the native states, has been handed down from the time not so very

far distant, when no man's life was safe, unless he had with him the means to defend it. The fiction is evidently pleasing to the Rajputs, who carry their obsolete weapons with as much care and seriousness, as if they were of the most modern construction and the necessity for their use still urgent.

The women are also fine-looking with well-turned shoulders and

BATTLEMENTS AT JODHPUR.

arms. They make interesting pictures when grouped about the tanks washing their clothes and skirts or spreading them out on the sand or bushes to dry. Their full bell-shaped skirts of red cotton are of the Bhurtpur style. The short kirtle covering the breasts is of bright spotted cloth tied at the back, and their heads are gracefully draped with a long red scarf.

RAJPUT WOMEN

Here as elsewhere the women carry their children astride the left hip. Without at all distorting their figures they are able to throw the left hip up, so that the little creatures seem to rest quite comfortably on it without having the appearance of being about to slide off. The Rajputs in form, features, and dress, have a cachet not found in the colourless Punjab native world.

Jodhpur is one of the most striking cities of Rajputana. The city lies at the base of a bold precipitous hill, to which it is chained by the red crenellated walls of the old fortifications, which, reinforced at short intervals by massive bastions, wind upward in an irregular line crowning the scarps of the hill, and return again on the other side. Seen from a little distance it rises like a red rose from the golden desert sands.

CHAPTER XVII

Deoli—Dawn on the Road to Bundi—A Picturesque City, Attractive Streets, Monuments and Temples—A Palace of Tangled Walls and Winding Passages—Chitor a Dead City, once the Important Capital of the Children of the Sun—Its Romantic History—How Women as well as Men died for the Glory of Chitor—The Final Fall of the City.

ONE morning in February found us, as Kipling says, "bound if God pleases to little Bundi somewhere beyond the faint hills across the plain." We left Nassirabad and the Arivellis with well-loaded cycles, since, as was so often the case, the region was without railways, and we could not wait for our servant and luggage to follow by the slow means of transport available. The terrors of the road were not to begin until Deoli was passed, for as far as that place it was fairly good. Thoroughly covered with dust we arrived at Deoli. As the writer of "Out of India" truthfully puts it, "The dust on the Deoli road not only powders but masks the face."

At Deoli, which is the residence of the Political Agent as well as a station for several regiments, we ran upon an officer, who perceiving we were looking for something accosted us. The object of our search being the dak bungalow, he very kindly directed us to it saying he would send in tea soon. This he did and dinner as well, for which we were thankful, as the bungalow was a wretched place and food scanty. The Political Agent called later and invited us to stay with him and his wife on our return from Bundi. Altogether we found this small station full of kindly hospitality.

We left Deoli at dawn, the glorious dawn of India, which, heralded by the incessant song of birds, begins in solemn grey tones, and ends in a burst of blood-red colour at the horizon shooting in diminishing intensity to the zenith. The air was cool and crisp, as it usually is at six a.m. in Rajputana at this season, inspiring to exercise. So absorbed were we in the enjoyment of "Nature's great morning song" and in

CITY, PALACE, AND FORTIFICATIONS, BUNDI.

accepting her "invitation to the road," that for a time we quite forgot the terrors of the real road.

However, as the sun rose higher and waxed hotter, and the bullock-carts and camels came out in lines filling the air with dust, and the ruts grew deeper and sandy nullahs more frequent, we fully realised that the thirty-mile distance to Bundi was a hard stint to cover on cycles.

For miles this tiresome route runs over a monotonous plain, until

PRIME MINISTER, STATE OF BUNDI.

at length it skirts a low range of rock hills on the left. Here carts, camels, and natives armed with swords and old muskets, increased in number heralding the approach to a town. Turning a flank of the hill we came suddenly upon Bundi, the pearl of Rajputana, spreading in a wild profusion of beige and white buildings and temples, and crowned as no other city of India is crowned by its weird and beautiful palace.

STATUE OF WAR ELEPHANT AT BUNDI.

This last rises from foundations of solid masonry in airy tiers of exquisite towers and hanging balconies, climbing far up the hillside to a long, broken, crenellated wall, which connects it with the old fort at the summit. We went to the guest-house outside the city walls, where, as the Prime Minister had wired us, we were guests of the State.

Shortly after our arrival, he paid us a visit. He was a tall, fine-looking, high-caste, Hindu Rajput, who while earnest in the practise of his religion was said to be an astute statesman, sufficiently interested in outside politics but knowing well what he considered the paramount needs of the State of Bundi. He was said to hold the reins of Government firmly in his own hands. In the absence of the Maharaja he saw that we were well cared for, and kept a carriage and interpreter at our disposal to show us what was to be seen.

The following day we returned his visit. After examining the rooms of his palace we went up on the roof, where soda and sweet drinks were served. Here his son treated us to an amateur cycle performance on the housetop, in which he displayed much skill. The Prime Minister seemed to have a taste for the latest models in guns, and showed us several just received from England.

The streets of Bundi have a varied charm seldom found in Indian towns of to-day. All are narrow with devious windings. Some are singularly Italian in character, bordered with white buildings graced by projecting Hindu balconies and rows of Mohammedan arches, while others are purely Hindu. Here and there a palace or a temple is seen, built of a cream-coloured stone, that has the fineness of marble and usually richly ornamented.

On perhaps one of the most picturesque old corners in the world rises a palace with massive walls, elaborate domes with wide cornices, and a façade of delicate rich workmanship. In front of it mounted on a high platform is a historic statue, of which the citizens are proud, a colossal elephant with his rider representing one of the old war elephants, that died fighting four hundred years ago in one of Bundi's many bloody wars. History relates, that he fought with reckless bravery through a long battle, killing the adversaries with a sword held in his trunk. His effigy recalls the old days, when warlike Rajputs, often of the same kin, fought fiercely from the backs of elephants with the same swords their descendants carry so peacefully to-day.

Opposite the elephant on the other side of the street stands the stone statue of a horse, also commemorative of a steed, which carried his rider successfully through a battle and fell at the close with eleven wounds. Where but in a Rajput town could one meet with such quaint suggestive

GATEWAY, BUNDI.

relics? Beyond these the street ends in a splendid bastioned gateway carved from bottom to top.

From the buildings the eye wanders to the people, who from dawn till evening fill the streets with a motley throng. Some of the most pleasing types are the tall finely formed women clad in bright colours and decked with bracelets, anklets, and rings in their noses and on their toes, carrying with ease and grace shining brass water chattis on their heads or suspended by nettings from a pole across the shoulder.

The best view of this city of multiform people and buildings, of the old palace, great fort above, and the fine walls, that zigzag up the hill in different directions from one to the other of the two last, is to be had from a small hill rising above the large tank, on one side of which is built the modern palace of the Maharaja.

After the bustle and colour of the town comes the ancient palace on the hill above the town, that royal pile whose different parts were built at different times by Rajas of bluest blood. The court interpreter and several Bundi nobles accompanied us on our visit to it. From the foot of the hill we were carried in jampans up the steep paved walk enclosed by high walls to the "Gate of the Fish," and passing this to the Quarter Guard Barracks, where we were greeted by the solemn sound of a large state drum.

Leaving the jampans we wandered through courtyards, apartments, and winding corridors, climbed narrow stairways to more apartments, more passages, always going upward, for there was apparently no end to the heavenward trend of the palace. From every suite of rooms from every court there were passages leading somewhere, "Who knows where?" said the interpreter. Subterranean passages are said to communicate with the fortress above.

Todd tells how Narayn-das revenged the deposition of his father Rao Bando by his two uncles several years before. Having obtained permission to visit them he mounted to the room in this palace, where the usurpers sat almost unattended, and slew them both, cutting off their heads and drenching the marble floors with their blood. The mark of his sword on a slab of the staircase, where he struck down one of his uncles, "bears testimony to the vigour of his arm." Thus he delivered the state from the rule of the Mohammedan, his uncles having apostasised to that faith.

Tradition credits other dark deeds as having taken place within the tangled walls of this mysterious palace, and it is easy to imagine prisoners of note being driven at the point of the sword through underground passages to dungeons in the fort, whence they were never to emerge,

ending their days in dreary seclusion or dying by the hand of the secret assassin.

We walked through the Chutter Mahal with its beautiful pillared rooms and effective coloured ceilings, and stood long in the tiny eerie balconies, which looked frail enough to fall under our weight and precipitate us hundreds of feet downward into Bundi lying in a half mist.

Again through more apartments and up a wide stairway we reached

SUGGESTION OF ITALIAN ARCHITECTURE, BUNDI.

the upper or zenana rooms, from which the view over the palm-bordered lake to the distant sun-bathed jungle is one of pure poetry.

Both the exterior and the interior of the palace have some fine carving, but this is not a prominent feature, and its attraction lies rather in its immensity combined with general grace of outline. Could a few

rooms be comfortably furnished, a month or two might be passed here in delightful seclusion from the world above the noise and dust of the city below.

At night, perchance, a lively imagination under the influence of the old traditions of the place might transform the hooting of the owl on the ramparts or the scurrying of the rats in the passages into the cry of a dead Rani, the victim of some tragedy, or the muffled tread of a long-departed chief, or the clanking of the armour of armed men bent on an errand of mischief. But when the sun flooded the lower world with golden light again, these spectral echoes of the night would vanish and the memory of them only add subtleness to the charm of this abode.

When Akbar began his war of conquest with the Rajputana states, the Raja of Bundi escaped the fate which overtook the rulers of Chitor and others states, by wisely making a treaty with the conqueror, whereby Bundi was granted certain honourable privileges and exemptions from taxes and observances demanded of other vassals. This Raja and his successors fought bravely in the service of Akbar and his successors, rendering services of the greatest importance to the Delhi Empire. In 1804 when the British army was defeated in the campaign against Holkar, a safe passage across Bundi territory was granted and in 1817 Bundi was the first state to join the English alliance against the foe.

Bundi like other towns has its Chattri Bagh or crematory, where the remains of its rulers with their wives were burned. The cenotaphs are built of the fine marble-like stone obtained from quarries near the city and universally used there for building purposes. The decoration on them has no great merit.

After visiting Kotah, which has handsome walls and an exclusively native atmosphere, we returned to Nassirabad, whence we proceeded by a desolate road bordered here and there by babul-trees a hundred miles across the plain to Chitor. This is a precipitous rock hill five hundred feet high and three and a half miles long, which rises like a dark cloud from the shining plain. Its top was in former days the site of the famous Rajput capital of Mewar. Now it is an elevated wilderness of ruined palaces, towers, temples, and houses.

The modern Chitor is a small walled village on the plain at the base of the dead Chitor, to which a road about a mile in length leads up the jungle-covered hillside, passing through seven massive Hindu gateways. Beyond the "Gate of the Sun" and the fortifications the ruins of the ancient city spread out over the plateau.

Here the stirring romantic history of "The Children of the Sun" had its birth. Here the greatest Rajputs, who claimed a celestial or

BUNDI WATER CARRIERS.

semi-celestial origin, were born. Here they lived, reared splendid monuments, and for centuries conquered and were conquered, dying fearlessly by thousands for the glory of their rock-girt city. Here women, not the humble lifeless slaves they have since become in India, fought recklessly side by side with the men, and when the Rajput cause was lost before the storming hosts of the Scythian Tartars and of the conquerors of Delhi and Gujarat, the women to save their own honour and that of Chitor became willing sacrifices to the fiery immolation of johur.

About 145 A.D. Keneksen founded the first dynasty that ruled over Mewar. History is silent as to his qualities or those of his immediate successors. Even Bappa, who figures much in legend, fails to awaken interest except as the founder of a dynasty of fifty-nine Ranas, who in eleven hundred years were enthroned at Chitor. Samar Singh became Rana in the twelfth century, and during his reign the first conquest of Hindustan was made by the Tartars. About 1275, during the reign of Laksman Singh, the Patan Allandin animated by the desire to possess the fair Pudmani, wife of a relative of Laksman, appeared with a powerful army before the gates of Chitor, and besieged the city.

The romantic story of his two sieges is told by poet and historian. The second siege was long. After many fierce battles Laksman Singh spent weary vigils, thinking how he could save his twelve sons in the carnage that was sure to follow, if Allandin should effect an entrance into the city. As he lay on his pallet between some tall pillars in a half dream, the guardian goddess of Chitor appeared to him and said, "I must have regal victims, and if twelve who wear the diadem bleed not for Chitor, the land will pass from this line."

Day by day his forces were diminishing, the brave defenders falling before the persistent attacks of the Tartar. The demand of the goddess had sunk deep into the heart of the Rana, and this together with the fact of his waning strength decided him to follow the kismet, that ever holds sway over the Hindu mind. After consultation with his nobles he resolved to sacrifice eleven of his sons, who were killed in his presence, and he prepared to devote himself to death as the twelfth victim.

The saddest offering of all was next made in the performance of the horrible rite of johur, which occupies a prominent place in the history of Chitor. Decked in their best garments and jewels, and headed by the queenly Pudmani, the women, several thousand in number, passed in procession before the chiefs and remaining warriors to the "great subterranean retreat," where in vaults unlighted by a gleam of daylight they were immolated upon funeral pyres. Terrible as sati was when

women under a mistaken sense of duty sacrificed themselves in daylight upon the funeral pyres of their husbands, a hundred times more terrible was the johur, where thousands of women in the prime of life welcomed the torture of the flames in dark dank caverns as the only means of saving their honour.

The next act of Laksman was to effect the escape of his remaining son, who in disguise was carried safely through the lines of the foe. This accomplished he and his remaining followers put on the yellow robe, which was only worn when the Rajputs resolved to fight to the death, opened the gates, and descended to the plain, where they met a speedy death at the hands of Allandin and his hosts. So fell Chitor for the first time into the hands of the Pathans.

After pillaging and destroying all buildings except one the energetic Allandin made Chitor over to his vassal Maldeo, a chief of Jhalore. In vigor and manner of action Tod compared Allandin to Auranzib, and says, that "the title of the second Alexander which he claimed and put on his coins was no idle vaunt." The one monument left standing by Allandin was the beautiful ninth-century tower of Sri Allat, which still stands, a glorious tribute to the skill of the Jain builder. Although the Patan Emperor was an admirer of art, it is supposed he left this structure intact, because its decoration was Jain and not Hindu.

The standard of the sun was next raised over Chitor in 1301, when Hamir a descendant of Pudmani became ruler. He was the one Hindu prince of power in India at that time, the chiefs of Gwalior, Bundi, Abu, and other places, regarding him as their leader. For two centuries the guardians of Chitor succeeded in all their undertakings, prosperity reigned and art flourished. Attacks were made during this time by the Mohammedan rulers of Delhi, Malwa, and Gujarat, for the Tartars ever kept an envious eye on the rock of Mewar, but these attacks were successfully repulsed.

The Rajputs who ruled Mewar then were wise, energetic, and fairly merciful towards their enemies. Kumbo Rana, Prince of Marwar, who was Rana of Chitor in 1419 was one of the best. He had the energy of Hamir, and the beautiful temples built in his reign testify to his appreciation of good architecture and sculpture. He built the Tower of Victory upon which the artisans laboured for ten years. Also the handsome Jain temple at Sadri. The cost of the latter was £100,000, of which he contributed £80,000 himself. He and his wife were both good poets, and she was also noted for her beauty.

His building energy was not confined to artistic monuments, for he constructed thirty-two strong fortresses in different places for the defence

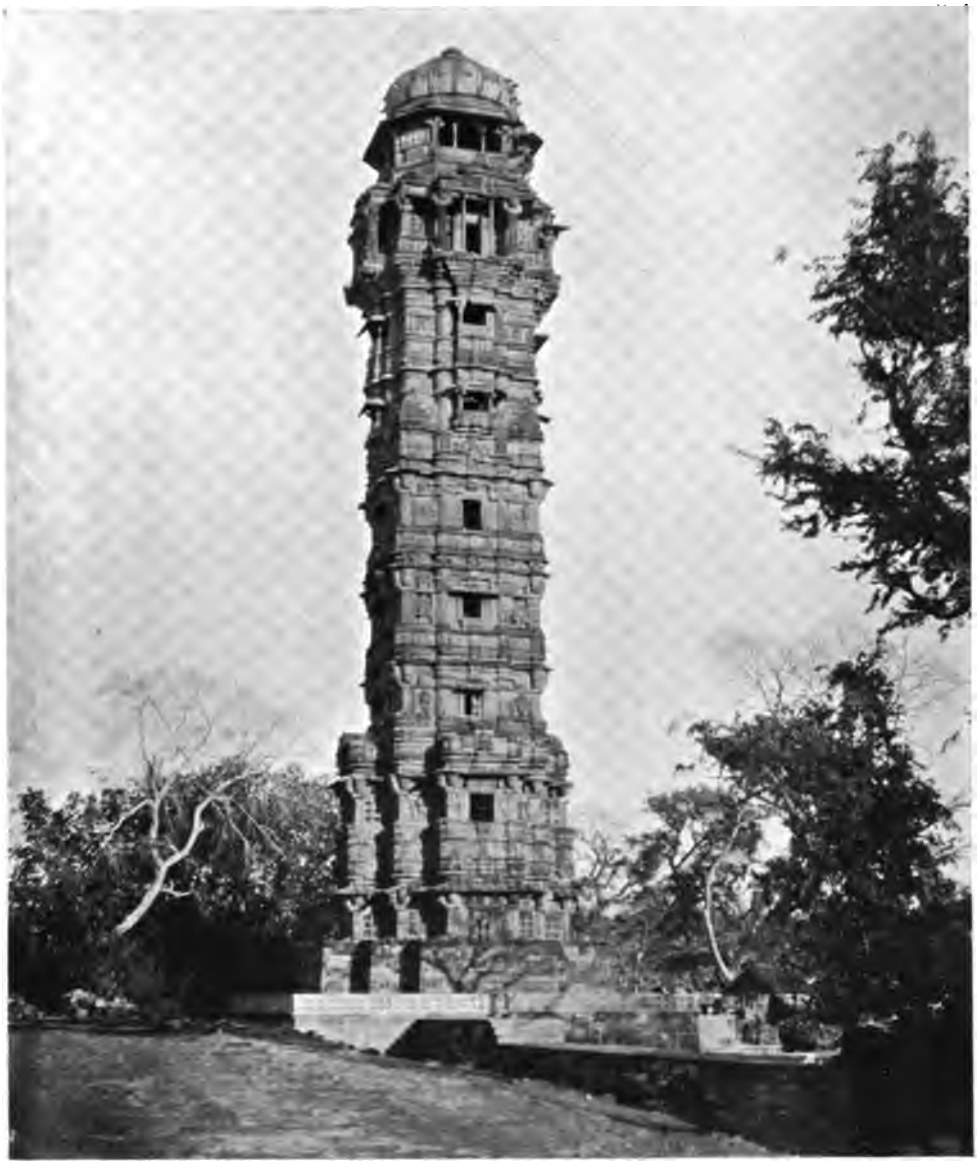
of Mewar. With a hundred thousand horse and foot and fourteen hundred elephants he met the large invading force of the chiefs of Gujarat and Malwa in the plain near his frontier, and after defeating them carried the Malwa leader captive to Chitor, where six months later he released him.

During a fifty years reign he increased the strength of Chitor and of Mewar, was invincible in battle and a patron of art, and his reward when approaching the end of his great career was assassination at the hands of his own son in 1469. This son and his immediate successors warred among themselves. The next Rana of importance was Singram or Sanga, who began to reign in 1509. Under him Mewar reached the height of its prosperity and the Rajputs called him the "Kullus," or pinnacle of its glory. In eighteen pitched battles which he won over the kings of Delhi and Malwa, the Raos of Ajmere, Bundi, and Gwalior, were his allies.

Baber leaving his dominions on the Jaxartes crossed the Hindu Kush and in 1519 the Indus, and fifteen years later having conquered Delhi and Agra he rallied the dejected Moslems around him and advanced on Chitor. The chances seemed at first greatly against him, as Sanga with a large army advanced to meet him. When the ensuing battle was at its hottest a chief of a Tuan tribe deserted, and went over to Baber thus turning the scale against Sanga. Baber ordered triumphal pyramids made of the skulls of the slain, and on an elevation overlooking the battlefield a tower of skulls was built.

The sons of Sanga appear to have held Chitor until conquered by Bahadur the Sultan of Gujarat, who owed his success to the use of artillery. A brave resistance was made, and among the foremost in battle was the queen mother Jawahir Bac, who headed a sally armour clad. But the enemy gained steadily, and it became evident that Chitor must again fall. The infant heir Oody-Singh was intrusted to the care of a Bundi chief, who took him to a place of safety. The johur was made ready, and thirteen thousand women went to their fate in the underground caverns. The survivors of the garrison put on their saffron robes, opened the gates, and went out to meet death by the swords of the enemy. During the siege and second sack of Chitor thirty-two thousand Rajputs perished.

Bahadur remained only two weeks at Chitor, as Humayan son of Baber having received the bracelet or "Rakki" asking protection for Oody-Singh advanced with an army against him. The boy's life was preserved by more than one romantic device, other princes directing affairs during his minority. Oody-Singh became Rana in 1541, the same



TOWER OF VICTORY, CHITOR.

year that the great Akbar was born. He was destitute of martial spirit and was said by his race to possess no other virtues.

Eighteen years later, soon after his accession to the Mogul throne Akbar invested Chitor. The siege was a failure, owing, it is said, to the brave defence of the city by the wife of the imbecile king, who headed the troops in person. Seven years later Akbar besieged it again. His

TEMPLE REMNANT, CHITOR.

camp extending ten miles along the main road was marked by a marble column called "Akbar's Lamp." Oody-Singh fled at the beginning of the siege, and has ever since been considered a coward and a disgrace to his race.

All the rest remained true to the "Gate of the Sun," and fell in its defence. When the fortune of war turned heavily against Chitor, and it

RUINED CHITOR.

became evident that further resistance was hopeless, eight thousand Rajputs donned the yellow robe, ate the last beera or pan together, and, after the women had sacrificed themselves by the fatal rite of johur, opened the gates and made their last sally. The place of one fallen

TOWER OF SRI ALLAT, CHITOR.

noble was filled by his son sixteen years old. His mother ordered him to put on the yellow robe and die as became a Rajput. She and her daughter-in-law armed themselves with lances, and took their places in the ranks.

The divinity of their race appeared have deserted the Rajputs, for it

was on Aditwar, the day of the sun, that the third and final fall of Chitor took place. Thirty thousand inhabitants of the city fell victims to the hosts of Akbar. He spared little. He destroyed temples and palaces, and, to render the humiliation more complete, deprived Chitor of all symbols of regality. Thus after centuries of prestige and power Chitor, the pride of Mewar, received its death-blow at the hands of the Mohammedan conqueror. The Rajputs finally abandoned it, and no attempt has ever been made to rebuild it.

Oody-Singh, after his flight, found refuge in the Rajpiples jungle, and built himself later a small palace on a hill. He gave the town, which grew up about the palace, the name of Oodeypore, and this was henceforth the capital of Mewar.

The ruins of Chitor are many and scattered. Those of the palaces, while still beautiful in outline, are but picturesque shells of the splendid buildings of the past, serving only as ghostly landmarks to travellers on the plains below. Two late style Indo-Aryan temples are standing, fairly well preserved memorials to Kumbo Rana and his wife, who although Jains dedicated their temple to Vishnu. The Vriji, the larger of the two, has four small graceful pavilions at the corners, and a porch unusually well designed for the late date at which it was built.

The most remarkable monuments are the two towers, the only ones of the kind in Rajputana. The older Sri Allat built in 896 is much weathered and dark in colour, but fine in form and beautifully carved from base to top. It is dedicated to the first Jain Tirthanker, whose image is repeated many times on the exterior.

The Tower of Victory was executed by Kumbo in 1450. It is superior in outline to any tower ever built in Europe, and is made of the fine fawn-coloured stone so much seen at Bundi. It rises in nine, well-marked, balconied stories to a height of 120 feet. It is profusely carved both within and without, but the sculpture is so well arranged that it nowhere lessens the impressive effect of the architecture. An interior staircase leads to the top, which commands a wide view over the spreading plain. Seen in the soft light of sunset it is a dazzlingly beautiful memento of the long-departed greatness of Chitor.

CHAPTER XVIII

Oodeypore—Royal Palace—Peshola Lake—The Island Palaces—A Royal Procession—Elephant Riding—Udaipur in Bhopal—Legend of Building of the Temple—The Temple—Temple of Ambarnath—Mandu the Old Ghori Capital—The Patan Dome—Interesting Remains on Island of Mandata.

THE writer of the page in Murray's Guide devoted to Oodeypore must have been in an optimistic state of mind when he visited that city, or he must have visited it before some other cities of Rajputana to induce him to style it "the marvellously picturesque capital of the State of Mewar." Perhaps he had in mind the environs and not the city itself, for there is nothing in the latter nor in the view of it from the palace to entitle it to that distinction. The dull and dusty city has no striking monuments such as adorn some other Indian cities. Its buildings are unattractive and its temples of late construction with little claim to architectural or artistic merit.

The Royal Palace stands on the top of a ridge at the highest point of the city bordering the lake. It is large and rather grand in outline, but any effect it might have is spoiled by the whitewash with which the exterior is coated. Walls may be built of stone or marble and ever so highly ornamented, but, if they be whitewashed, they might as well be made of mud, so far as their appearance is concerned, for the whitewash cheapens the effect of good materials, obliterates details, and destroys the contrast of light and shade. The chief interest of this palace lies in the extended view obtained from the upper story over the surrounding country.

The most attractive feature of Oodeypore, and some would say the only really picturesque one, is the Peshola Lake. Seen from the Royal Palace its expanse of water, broken by islands covered with glistening white pavilions and palaces embowered in palms and mangoes, and offset by a background of hills makes an effective picture.

Take a boat, however, and row out to the islands and the charm is

PALACE ON ISLAND IN PESHOLA LAKE, OODEYPORE.

lessened. The foliage is not so attractive as it appears from a distance, the white walls and towers dazzle the eye, and the architecture is not sufficiently good or varied to hold the attention for long.

The interiors of the island palaces are decorated in rather a cheap and tasteless style. The walls have more or less inlaid work, but of a kind that offends an eye trained in the buildings of Agra and Delhi. They are, or were as we saw them, also lavishly adorned with coarse coloured English prints. Some of the floors were carpeted, and the rooms contained an assortment of infirm European furniture, wooden clocks, coloured glass ornaments, and children's toys, all of which seems to the visitor quite out of place, where he would naturally expect a dignified display of Eastern splendour. This was before the systematic visitation of the Native States by Lord Curzon, in anticipation of which event there was much repairing, rearranging, and refurnishing in all parts of India.

Three miles from the town is the Maha Sati enclosed by a wall and embellished with trees. The chattris here are among the largest and most elaborate funeral monuments of Rajputana, and their architecture presents some interesting features. The roofs and domes are supported on short columns, which give these structures a graceful, airy appearance. The columns have not in all cases proved a sufficiently firm support for the domes, and some of the latter have fallen. The carved ornamentation of these chattris is not equal to the architecture, being stiff and lifeless.

On the day we entered Oodeypore a dust-storm was raging. The next day the air was still but so filled with dust to a great height, that the sun shone the whole day with a pale sickly light, and all distant landscape outlines were obscured.

On the return from Oodeypore to Chitor we met the Maha Rana and his court returning from a season in camp. The retinue formed one of those picturesque cavalcades, formerly constantly to be seen in India, but now more rarely and only in the Native States. First came a dozen fine elephants in gay trappings, among them two splendid tuskers of enormous size, carrying the dignitaries of the court. Next a squadron of cavalry in brilliant uniforms armed with carbines of a pattern in use forty years ago. Behind these two handsome European landaus drawn by six and four horses respectively. We judged one of the two handsomely dressed men seated in the first to be the Maha Rana and the other to be his prime minister, and that the second closed landau contained one or more wives of the Maha Rana.

Then came the court ladies in bullock-carts with rounded tops.

RUINED CHATTRI, OODEYPORE.

Among these was one large square-topped cart drawn by horses. Following these was a squadron of lancers with bamboo lances tipped with steel. Then more women in bullock-carts and lastly a train of camels laden with baggage. The whole train was nearly a mile long.

In the parts of India under British control elephant riding has fallen into disuse, and one might live there for years without having an opportunity to ride on one of these animals. The chiefs of the Native States keep a greater or less number of them for use on state occasions, and certainly nothing gives a procession such a dignified and impressive character as a line of handsomely caparisoned elephants.

The first ride on an elephant is something of an ordeal, especially if it be in a hilly region. The animal is brought up, and at the word of command kneels before you. A ladder is placed against his side, and you mount to your place in the howdah on his back with much the same sensation as you feel when mounting the ladder from a boat to the deck of a steamer.

When all are seated, with a mighty jerk backward and another forward, which take your breath away, you feel yourself raised by an irresistible power fifteen feet in the air. The situation is peculiar. You are on a moving mountain of flesh entirely at its mercy, if it should choose to act badly. The mahout, who directs its movements, sits below you like a Buddha on the neck of the animal, where he seems to feel entirely at home. He uses no bit nor reins to guide it, but is armed with a short stick having an iron spear and hook on its end.

Your first thought after you recover from the shock of mounting is, is the howdah securely fastened on ? Being reassured on this point you next wonder how the mahout keeps his place on such an insecure perch. The animal starts, moving with a forward and backward rocking motion, to which you soon become accustomed, and rather enjoy as long as the ground is level. From time to time the mahout prods the head of the elephant viciously with the iron spear. This seems rather severe treatment for a well-disposed animal, and the thought occurs, what if he should get angry, and prance about, or stand on his hind legs, or run away, or roll on the ground ?

But he does none of these things, pursuing the even tenor of his way with his trunk swaying from side to side. You are going to visit an old fort on the top a jungle-covered hill. The narrow path up the hill is steep, tortuous, neglected, and covered with loose stones ; in some places it is washed out, in others it runs along the crumbling edges of small precipices.

When you begin to ascend this path the howdah is tilted strongly backward, and you now advance with a series of irregular earthquake-like movements rivalling those at mounting, that cause you to hold on for dear life to the railing of the howdah, that you may not roll out behind or be spilled out over the precipice. You are also possessed with the fear, that the path along the edge of the last may not be

ON AN ELEPHANT AT CHITOR.

firm enough to withstand the many thousand pounds weight of the enormous beast.

All roads have an end, and you finally reach the top without accident, where you descend with a sense of relief. The ruin inspected the descent of the hill has to be made. With a vivid impression of the terrors of the ascent strong upon you, you would much prefer to go down on foot, but you do not like to confess your fears to the other

members of the party, so without a word you clamber up the ladder placed against the kneeling mountain to your seat.

When the descent begins, the head of the elephant sinks out of sight below you, the howdah pitches forward to a fearful degree, and the earthquake shocks are repeated again, as the animal places one foot after the other on the irregularities of the sharply falling path, swinging his body first in one direction and then in another with the ever-changing zigzag.

You brace your feet firmly against the front wall of the howdah, and seize the railings again with a desperate grip to prevent being precipitated head first into the yawning abyss below. As the path becomes gruesomely steep, you fear the forelegs of the elephant may be weak or his feet may slip on the treacherous path or he may trip on a rolling stone. By this time you are ready to take a vow to enter a monastery or to devote the remainder of your life to works of charity, if you could only get upon your own feet.

But it is too late. You cannot get down. You are in for it, and must stick to the ship, whatever be its fate. So you shut your eyes, hold your breath, plant your feet more firmly, embrace the railing as if it were your dearest friend, and resign yourself to the inevitable, vowing that if you escape destruction this time you will never be caught in such a position again.

The small village of Udaipur, thirty-four miles north of Bhilsa in the State of Bhopal, has a beautiful Indo-Aryan temple in a nearly perfect state of preservation. The village lies in the jungle about six miles from the railway station of Basoda. · The only means of conveyance to be obtained at Basoda is a bullock-cart. The temple is so closely surrounded by the mud houses of the village that it is difficult to obtain a comprehensive view of it, and quite impossible to photograph it to advantage. The best point we found for the latter purpose was on the roof of a house to which we managed to mount, but even here the view was not satisfactory.

The village and temple are said to have been built by the Raja Udayadita. The legend connected with them is thus related by Cunningham. "One day when hunting Udayadita saw a snake in the jungle surrounded by fire, from which it tried in vain to escape. The Raja took pity on the reptile and lifted it out of the circle of fire on a bamboo. The snake was faint and asked for water, but none was procurable on the spot; the reptile begged that the Raja would allow it to put its head into his mouth to recover itself. The Raja objected lest the snake should slip into his stomach; but the snake promised most faithfully that no harm

UDAYESWARA TEMPLE UDAIPUR IN BHOPAL.

should follow. So the Raja let the snake put its head into his mouth, when it instantly slipped down into his stomach.

"The Rajah was much alarmed, and determined to go to Kasi to end his life. On reaching the site of the present Udaipur, which was then only a small hamlet of a few houses, his tent was pitched on the gentle

NEAR AMBARNATH.

slope of a hill, and his wife sat on the bed fanning him. It happened that a snake which was living under a tree close by guarding a treasure peeped out of his hole, when the snake in the Raja's stomach thus addressed him, 'Why do you lie over the treasure in that way? If any one was to pour oil into your hole you would be killed.' To this speech

AMBARNATH TEMPLE.

the tree-snake retorted, 'Why do you remain in the Raja's stomach, when a dose of pepper, salt, and buttermilk would kill you at once ?'

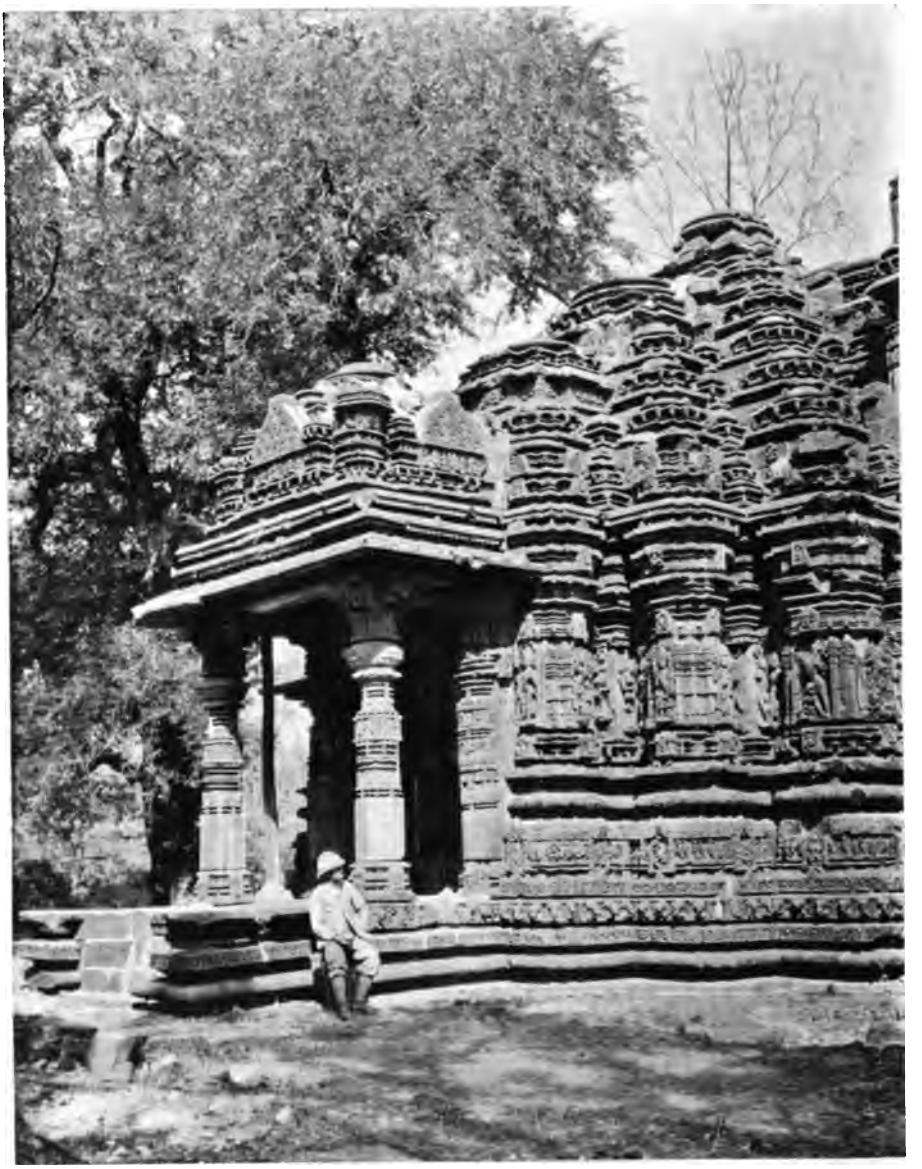
"This little conversation was heard by the Queen, while she was fanning the sleeping Raja. When he awoke she prevailed on him to take a dose of the prescribed mixture, when he immediately vomited up the snake in small pieces. Then the Raja was angry with the Queen for not giving him this medicine before; but she told him she had only just then learned the secret, as well as another which she would soon show him. So she got some oil from Kominagar near Pathari, and poured it into the hole of the tree snake, which died at once, and the Raja got possession of the treasure. Then being pleased with the situation he built the town and named it after himself Udayapura, and on the very spot where he was cured he built the beautiful temple of Udayeswara." This legend under slightly different forms is applied to a number of other villages and temples in Central India.

The temple is made of red sandstone. It was built about 1060 nearly contemporaneously with the Khajuraha temples, but it differs from them in style. The porch is covered by a unique and remarkable roof rising in steps surmounted by vases and urns. It has three entrances similar to those at Khajuraha, the roofs being supported on short columns with heavy dwarpal capitals. Between the entrances the base of the porch runs up in three splendidly carved, perpendicular members from a horizontal plinth. The effect of the porch is bizarre, elegant, and original. It is joined to the vimanah by a richly carved main ornament.

The vimanah has the best curvilinear form. Four long ornamented bands extend from the carved base to the amalaka. Between the bands are seven perpendicular rows of small vimanahs one above the other in repetition of the main one. They are gracefully wrought, and between them are small receding ornaments so placed as to obviate monotony of outline. The amalaka is flattened in form but beautiful and with the shapely urn above it perfectly preserved.

The interior is dark and much blackened, but full of rich carving. The arches over doors and before the shrines are decorated with open-work carved bias. The columns have Jain hanging bells below the capitals suspended from a frieze of flying figures. The temple contains a nandi and an idol at the altar placed so as to receive the first rays of the rising sun. It is said to be dedicated to Siva. It is a flawless art gem set in an isolated wilderness.

Another temple which should be classed with that of Udaipur, because the only one of similar style now left in India, is the temple of



PORCH OF AMBARNATH TEMPLE.

Ambarnath near the village of Ambarnath east of Bombay. Its situation is better than that of the Udaipur temple. It stands on open ground on the bank of a stream, and is partially shaded by fine old trees. Unfortunately it is less well preserved, the whole upper portion of the sikra being gone.

The sikra is ornamented by flat bands of geometrical pattern repeated, which evidently extended to the top. In the frieze the frequent use of the simha shows the South Indian influence. It has also much interior carving, which is inferior to that at Udaipur. Some

TOMB OF HOSHANG, MANDU.

authorities place the building date at 860 and others at 1070. Judging from the style the later date seems more probable. It is built of a black, rather fine-grained, volcanic rock, which is much weathered.

Mandu, the former capital of the Ghori dynasty of Malwa, lies about twenty-five miles south of Dhar, which was the earlier but far less important capital. A lumpy, dusty road connects Mandu with Dhar. At Mandu are found the impressive remains of the mosques and palaces of the Ghoris.

MANDU

The kingdom of Mandu became independent in 1401 under Sultan Dilwara, but the monuments were built by Hoshang, who was king from 1425 to 1432. The situation of Mandu resembles somewhat that of the city of Constantine in Algeria. It stands on a high hilly plateau separated from the plain of Malwa by a ravine four hundred feet wide, which is spanned by a causeway leading to three great gates, through which the road winds up to the city. The whole plateau, said to extend more than twenty-eight miles, is enclosed by walls built along the edge of the cliff.

The only present remains of the former large city are the ruins

JUMMA MUSJID, MANDU.

scattered about a thick jungle of fine trees, which in the rains must have a foliage of tropical luxuriance. Some of the banyans are magnificent specimens, overhanging and often splitting apart the domes and walls of tombs and mosques.

The Jumma Musjid built by Hoshang is, for those who admire a series of domes and arches, the chief sight of Mandu, but many of the smaller mosques, decorated with remains of lovely blue tilework, and showing quite as well the Patan manner of dome building, are more beautiful because less vast and overpowering.

One is seldom disturbed by the size of Hindu buildings however small their proportions, but the height, breadth, and baldness, of many Mohammedan structures palls on the mind and deadens the power of appreciation. The palaces of Mandu have a semi-barbaric character of their own. One in particular standing on the edge of a precipice over-looking the Nerbudda valley, with its massive walls, broken outside stone stairs, and square towers, might well have been the home of the giants of German mythology.

TOMB, MANDU.

Most of the Mandu domes, which are of the same type, were riveted with white marble slabs or blue tiles, which have largely scaled off marring the artistic effect; but nothing militates against the form of these domes set grandly upon the outer walls. A visit to Mandu offers liberal suggestions to him who would study the best dome construction in India.

There is another place in Malwa, which on account of the picturesqueness of its situation and people, and of its old Hindu

RUINS MAHADEVA TEMPLE, ISLAND OF MANDATA.

remains is worth a visit. This is the island of Mandata in the Nerbudda river. It is rather an inconvenient place to reach, being seven miles distant from the railway station of Mortakka, with which it is connected by a heavy, frightfully dusty, cutcha road ending at the village of Umkaji on the bank of the river opposite it.

About six o'clock in the evening we arrived at Umkaji well shaken up in the springless bullock-carts, the only vehicles obtainable at Mortakka, and nearly suffocated by dust. This village is exclusively Hindu, and has neither a dak bungalow nor other place for the accommodation of visitors. It has, however, a hospital in which the native physician in charge placed a small room at our disposal, fitting it up with two charpoys and a wash-basin. Having our own provisions, and being accustomed to Indian accommodations of like luxurious character, we managed to survive the night spent here.

The island of Mandata with an area of about a square mile is hilly and covered with trees, which in winter are mostly destitute of foliage. Near its middle it is traversed by a jungle-clad ravine. One end of it terminates in a bold precipice some five hundred feet high of green stratified rocks formerly crowned with temples. Opposite Umkaji a good-sized village extends from the river-bank quite a distance up the hill in the middle of which is the temple of Omkar. In this temple are some stately and beautiful Jain columns, evidently brought to their present position by later builders from wherever they were found overthrown by the Moslems. The river between the two villages is deep and its water of a dark green colour.

On a wild jungle-covered hill near the east end of the island are the remains of the tenth-century Mahadeva temple. The Mohammedans wrought sad havoc with it, but even in its present ruined state enough of it remains to form as grand and impressive an object as several of the old Nile temples. The top parts are mostly gone, but several groups of well turned and carved Jain pillars rise from a cyclopean base. The columns are short as compared with those of Egypt but entirely in harmony with the structure, which was evidently of the substantial character of the temple at Somnath Patan.

A roof still stands over six of the columns with a ceiling as beautifully designed and executed as that of the Ghantai temple at Khajuraha. A bold elephant frieze about five feet high surrounds the base, nearly the whole of which was battered and spoiled by the Moslems.

The island is strewn with ruins and remnants of various kinds, which testify to a past eminence in architecture and sculpture. Among these are several fine gateways with carved Hindu brackets supported

by elephants. These can only be found by roaming around, for no one in the modern village is of any great assistance, neither knowing nor caring for the ancient art of Mandata.

Both the villages are entirely Indian untinctured by any trace of English influence. For this reason both the people and the buildings are interesting. In the bazaar curious beads and other trinkets not "made in Birmingham" were for sale, and sadhus and devotees with distorted limbs were in evidence.

Near one of the temples we saw a troop of langur monkeys, large

RAJA'S PALACE, ISLAND OF MANDATA.

paternal looking animals with shaggy beards, silvery hair, long tails, black faces, and hands. While quite tame as monkeys go, they exercised a proper measure of caution, and maintained a respectful distance between us and themselves. They eagerly ate the biscuit we threw to them but could not be coaxed within what they considered the danger limit.

CHAPTER XIX

Famine, Scenery, and People in the Bhil Country—Dabhoi — Story of its Founding — Fine Hindu Sculpture — Ahmedabad the City of Dust— Its Unique Indo-Mohammedan Architecture—Vicissitudes under Many Rulers.

EARLY in February 1899 we passed through the Bhil country from Rutlam to Ahmedabad. The Bhils are a wild semi-barbarous people, adhering in the more remote jungle villages largely to the aboriginal ways and ideas of their ancestors. They are tall, sparely built, with a skin as dark as that of the Madrasi, and in features resemble the Todas.

The scourge of famine was already tightening its grip on the province. The rains had failed. The sun had burned day after day for months in a cloudless sky. The springs, wells, and rivers, were mostly dry, the earth parched, and vegetation sere and yellow. Water had become scarce in the villages, many of the usually well-supplied tanks being reduced to small muddy pools at which the women filled their chattis as long as any water remained.

Often for miles no human being was visible; then we would meet a number of gaunt, emaciated men and women walking silently along the road bearing packages of dried leaves or scrub-wood to the next hamlet. Children with legs like pipestems were also in the procession tottering under burdens far too heavy for their age and weak condition. Some of the people were limping toilfully along, so thin that the outlines of collar-bones and ribs could be distinctly seen beneath the skin. Many salaamed almost to the ground, and begged piteously as we passed them. They talked but little. They felt the pinch of famine and the heat and burden of the day too much to indulge in the noisy chatter usual with the Indian populace.

In contrast to the famine-stricken people well-to-do women were now and then met. They wore the sari of South India short and

scantily draped, while their arms from the wrists to above the elbows and legs from the ankles half-way to the knees were encircled by wide brass or silver bangles, giving them a weird barbaric appearance.

At two railway stations, where we sought shelter at night, the stationmasters warned us against proceeding by the road lest the people might prove dangerous, as they had recently made loots on the grain depôts in that region, necessitating military interference. As we had on other occasions found stationmasters timorous as to matters outside railway compounds, we did not allow this well-meant advice to affect

HINDU GATEWAY, ISLAND OF MANDATA.

our movements, and we saw nothing in the people to justify the caution given.

Stranger than the people was the landscape of the rolling country through which the badly kept road wound in various gradients, plunging here into a green jungle forest, grazing there the heat-steeped scarps of a grassless mountain. There are all kinds of jungle in India from the deep palm reaches of Mysore and Travancore, where snaky creepers and ardent parasites threaten to overwhelm legitimate tree growth, to the treeless deserts of Rajputana and the long tracks of broken earth in

Ladakh and Nubra, domain of the wild yak which lives on boortsa and withered grass; but none is more characteristic than the Central Indian jungle.

Most of the trees in this region were deciduous, and, although the temperature in the shade rose to 90° and 95° after midday, as it was still winter, they were as bare of leaves as those of Northern Europe. This lifeless wintry aspect of the greater part of the vegetation associated with a temperature of midsummer in Southern Europe produced a peculiar impression on the mind.

In some places the distant hills, which on account of their rocky barren soil were thinly clad with small trees, presented a pinfeathery appearance. In others long stretches of heavy forest covered hill and valleys with a film of vieille rose. This exquisite colour-veil shrouding and lending a charm to a landscape, that otherwise would have been dreary, was as intense at midday as at sunrise.

This effect was produced by the abundance of a large tree with a clean bright-pink bark, which in the complete absence of leaves showed up most strikingly. These noble skeletons grew strong and true throwing out from the central trunk curling branches of infinite grace.

Among these was seen here and there a kingly banyan, green and glistening, throwing down its tangled rootlets into the sterile soil, and further on the dak-tree just fashioning its spring garb of flaming red, while everywhere sprinkled among the others grew the ubiquitous babul so deadly to cycle tyres, its delicate branches heavy with newly born leaves mingled with sheaves of long grey thorns.

To a European the study of trees in an Indian jungle resembles that of people in the untravelled Orient. The types are new, often bizarre, but always natural, and in their naturalness lies a great part of their charm. To clothe a savage in European costume is to make him commonplace. To prune a tree is to shear it of its glory. Many of the trees of Europe and particularly those of the Riviera, like the fair dames of Monte Carlo, look as if they were turned out of an artificial "magazin des modes de Paris."

One soon tires of the conventional effects produced by landscape gardens, but not so with the Indian jungle, where nature performs her work in a more artistic manner, bringing together trees and other vegetation in an infinite variety of combinations, which are never inharmonious in their diversity and all the more charming, because developed under natural conditions and not forced by art.

In the middle of this curious land of cadaverous people and spectre trees we came on a small village of squalid thatch huts built about a

large and showy palace of art-annihilating proportions and colour. The drooping people, the comfortless dwellings, and dry silent nature, were all harmonious compared with this dissonant excrescence put up by a native nawab in the heart of the jungle. Just beyond we stopped at a small railway station to fill our water-flasks and quench our severe thirst. Whilst chatting with the native stationmaster we gleaned the following information.

"Yes," he said, "the people are starving and thirsty too, and by April the little water now available will be exhausted." Then he asked,

WOMEN OF WILD TRIBES, WESTERN GHATS.

"Did you notice the palace of the Raja?" and added, his eyes gleaming apparently with pride, "It was built wholly from the taxes paid by the people. Think sahib, the head of this small state has an annual income of 1,700,000 rupees paid in taxes by his people."

He had nothing to tell of the building of tanks or wells or of the starting of famine relief camps by this prince of the wilds, but much of the rupees he drew from the life-toil of his suffering peasantry. There are many chiefs in India, who in time of famine come forward freely with aid, but the one in question evidently did not belong to this class.

At Dabhoi in the state of Baroda some of the finest and most elaborate Hindu sculpture in India is found. This is all the more remarkable in that it is used to decorate the defensive wall surrounding the city. The early and only history of the founding of Dabhoi, while it savours of tradition, may have a basis in fact.

A Hindu Raja, Sandara Jai Singh, reigned in Putton or Patan on the Godavery river. Among his numerous wives Rattanalee was the most attractive and his favourite, although in several years of married life she had had no child. When at length it became known that she was expecting an heir, the anger of the other ladies of the harem knew no bounds, and they taxed their ingenuity to make her existence miserable. At last she left the Raja's palace to go to a distant temple on the Nerbudda to make sacrifice. After long travel she reached a sacred grove and lake on the spot where Dabhoi now stands, ten miles from the Nerbudda river.

A hermit living there, on being admitted to her presence, told her she would do well to remain there until after the birth of her child. This she did and a son Visildow was born. When news of his birth was carried to the Raja, the latter declared him his heir. The mother liking the place and fearing the jealousy of the other wives, if she returned to Putton, asked to remain where she was. The Raja consented, ordered the lake enlarged, groves planted, and a city with splendid walls and temples to be built.

Artists of reputation were selected to design and superintend the work, and at their head a noted architect was placed, who lived to see the splendid walls and gates of Dabhoi finished thirty-seven years after they were begun. At that time Visildow had succeeded his father on the throne of Putton, but he preferred to live at his birthplace. When everything was completed, Visildow asked the architect what reward he would have for work of such merit. The latter replied he had no desire for money or jewels, but, as the city had no particular name, he would feel amply rewarded if his own name Dubowey were given to it. His request was granted, and the name but little altered remains to the present day.

In the absence of any apparently better reason for rearing such magnificent walls and towers on a spot, which is dismally sandy and unattractive in the dry season, and was in Forbes's time during the rains converted into a lake around the walls, so that communication with the outer world was cut off, and the cattle were said to swim across it at dawn and return in the same manner at sunset, some such vagary is quite likely to have been the raison d'être of Dabhoi.

BARODA GATE, DABHOI.

For years a fanatical Hinduism held sway in the city, until an incident almost as romantic as the one above narrated occurred, which unfortunately brought it under Mohammedan control. During the Hindu supremacy no Moslems were allowed to live in the city or bathe in the great tank. At last a high class Mohammedan woman named Mamah Doocree and her son came there on their way to Mecca. The boy unaware of any trespass bathed in the sacred tank, for which act of sacrilege the Raja caused both his hands to be cut off. From the effects of this cruelty he died, and his mother giving up her further journey

HIRA GATE, DABHOI.

returned to her country and induced the king to declare war against Dabhoi. After years of siege the city fell, when the Mohammedan sparing the gates destroyed three sides of the fortress, which had been a very strong as well as magnificent structure.

Mamah Doocree, who died during the siege, was buried in a grove near the Diamond Gate and revered as a saint. Dabhoi remained in the possession of the Moslems for two hundred years and then fell into the hands of the Mahrattas. During the Mahratta war in the latter part of the eighteenth century Colonel Goddard marched against it. While

KALIKA MAHTA TEMPLE, OUTSIDE HIRA GATE, DABHOI.

he was preparing to besiege it the Mahratta troops evacuated it in the night, and the English took possession. Colonel Forbes was placed in charge of the city and remained there many years. He reports the population at that time as being about forty thousand, and speaks of the great beauty of the buildings, which indicated that the city had formerly been one of importance.

The walls and gates are a special feature at Dabhoi. The former are massive and still grand. The platforms above the gateways are supported by rows of brackets, each projecting beyond the one below, so

KALIKA MAHTA TEMPLE, INSIDE HIRA GATE, DABHOI.

that the upper rows nearly meet, thus producing the effect of an arch. In the depth of the wall, which is very thick, these bracketed arches are repeated six times, and they are covered by flat stones which form the roof or platform.

The Hira Gate, formerly a priceless gem of architecture and sculpture but now much damaged, is three hundred and twenty feet long and proportionately high. Rows of splendidly carved elephants decorate the base, and above the friezes groups of warriors, foot and horse, and fighting elephants representing scenes from the epics are carved with remarkable knowledge and power.

MINARET MUHAFIZ KHAN MOSQUE, AHMEDABAD.

The chief temple now remaining is the Kalika Mahta at the Hira Gate, which for sculptured balconies, projecting friezes in three members, where half rosettes, chakwas or geese, and prancing elephants, figure, is unequalled by any other in India. Nowhere have we seen such animal carvings. Lions, camels, elephants, birds, and serpents, are executed with equal vigour. Serpents are a favourite decoration, which was natural as they played a prominent rôle at Dabhoi. Forbes speaks of the town being infested with cobras and other venomous vipers during the rains.

On the Kalika Mahta is a curious scene of Durga slaying the giant Mahisha, which has been called Adam and Eve. On the inner west face of the temple is a damaged, not very graphic representation of the "Churning of the Ocean." Instead of a long sculptured sea, as at the temple of Angkor Wat in Siam, the ocean is here condensed into a chatti, from which it is seen to overflow.

Dabhoi, which has dwindled to sixteen thousand inhabitants, and is called a fairly flourishing town, is to the stranger within its gates but a series of deep sandy lanes, which are wearisome to plod through. With exception of a few fine balconies the buildings are without character.

Ahmedabad was called Guerdabad or the "City of Dust" by Shah Jehan, and Colonel Forbes refers to the great heat and dust in this city before the rains. Since then no change has occurred, and it has the reputation at the present day of being one of the dustiest of Indian cities. Considering the superlatively interesting character of its buildings this city ought to possess at least one hotel, where visitors could pass with a fair degree of comfort the three or four days needful to examine properly the treasures in and around it, but such is not the case.

As it is, a stay of one or two days in the crowded noisy station "retiring-rooms" is as much as the average person can endure, and one is glad to get away though unsatisfied with the cursory examination of the rare art, which the short time has permitted.

On our second visit, having learned there was a dak bungalow, we rode a considerable distance in the early morning to find it and see what accommodation it might offer. We found it at last and aroused a dishevelled bearer, who showed us two filthy rooms, in which six or eight natives of the sweeper type were lying about asleep. Such a place was impossible, so we returned to the station. If some one would build and keep a good hotel at Ahmedabad, he would confer a great favour on visitors, and probably the venture would result to his advantage.

RANI CIPRI MOSQUE AHMEDABAD

Ahmedabad has the peculiar charm that attaches to a number of Indian cities like Jaunpur, Mandu, and Bijapur, of possessing an art all its own, that developed with the growth of the city and declined with it, never taking root nor rising into prominence elsewhere. This home of exquisite Indo-Mohammedan architecture, like Gwalior, owed its rise to a vagary of a Sultan, who when hunting took a fancy to the spot, and resolved to found a magnificent city, which should be named after himself. Thus Sultan Ahmed Shah, who evidently cared nothing for dust, began to build Ahmedabad in 1426 on the ruins of a much older city.

During his reign and that of his successor Mahmud Begada the city reached the acme of its building prosperity and covered, says tradition, thirty square miles. Now it covers barely six. Art, science, agriculture, and commerce, were encouraged by the founder. He built splendid choultris for the accommodation of merchants from all parts of India and the world, as well as many beautiful mosques and public buildings, including the Jumma Musjid.

After Begada's time the city passed through five periods of greatness, two of decay, and one of revival. This last was in 1572, when the Moguls who governed it through viceroys brought it up after a decline of sixty years and held it in fair prosperity until 1707, after which a hundred and ten years of decline and disturbance followed under the later Moguls and Mahrattas. Akbar and his immediate successors did much to keep up its beautiful buildings and to make it probably the most splendid city of India or, as some claim, of the world.

Its streets very different from the narrow lanes of to-day were broad enough for ten bullock-carts to drive abreast, and the number of mosques then existing is cited at a thousand. Silks, brocades, and cotton, from Ahmedabad were prized in all Oriental countries including China, while drugs, wheat, indigo, and beads, were also largely exported.

From Arabia horses, coffee, and rose-water, and from Africa gold, amber, and wax, were brought to enrich its bazaars. In spite of its prosperity Jehangir said of it in 1618, "What beauty and excellence can the founder of the city have seen in this wretched land with its dust laden air, hot winds, dry river-bed, and thorn-covered suburbs?"

After Auranzib's death the rule of the Mahratta brought discord and rioting. Trade diminished rapidly, prosperity declined, and the population dwindled to a hundred thousand. The walls, which were built by Sultan Ahmed and strengthened by Begada to such an extent that Ahmedabad became one of the best fortified of Indian cities, were allowed to fall to decay. Such was the state of things when the British

DETAIL RANI CIPRI MOSQUE, AHMEDABAD.

obtained control of the city in 1781. In 1832 by means of a tax levied on ghee the walls were put in good condition at a cost of £25,000.

During the great building period sandstone was brought from Ahmednagar sixty miles north-east and a finer stone from Katyawar, while ornamental pieces were secured from the ruins of Chandravati, and marble from Makran north of Ajmere. The workmen, chiefly Hindus, came from Gujarat and Malwa and were skilled builders.

Of the master minds who directed the work nothing is known with certainty, but it can scarcely be doubted, that the beautiful Indo-Mohammedan style seen at Ahmedabad owed its inspiration to architects and artists, who in the time of the first two sultans came from Western India with centuries of cultivation behind them.

Sprinkled among these were artists of ability from all parts of the world, who doubtless played a part in influencing the taste displayed in the building art. As a result a style was developed, which, although Mohammedan in form and in the use of tracery instead of figures, was, in the absence of arches, in the handling of light and shade, and in profuse but delicate carving, essentially Hindu.

The smaller mosques such as the Rani Cipri are the more beautiful, and their salient feature is the minaret, used in Egypt two hundred and fifty years earlier, but carried out here with a perfection scarcely seen there at the best period. At Delhi and Mandu minarets were unknown, the nearest approach to them being victory towers.

At Ahmedabad the minaret starting from the ground runs in buttress-like form to the mosque roof, admirably broken in outline with arched panels of trellis work and belts of rarest tracery, which relieve the usual barren mosque front completely. In comparison with these the heavy structures at Jaunpur and many at Delhi and Agra seem abominations.

Above the roof the minaret tapers to an airy graceful tower, ornamented by galleries supported by elaborate carved brackets and encircled by fairy balustrades. In this use of the minaret as a part of the main structure rather than as a sort of lighthouse accompaniment, as in case of the Taj Mahal, the mosque becomes a temple of rare beauty, which it cannot be considered to be in other parts of India or in most Oriental countries. To realise how completely Hindu or Jain these minarets really are, one has only to compare their bases with the vimanah bases of any of the best Gujarat Hindu temples.

The open cut stone screens used in tombs and to fill arches and spaces between columns, and the perforated windows such as the celebrated demi lune window of the Sydie Seyd mosque are among the

UNFINISHED MINARET SHAIK HASSAN, AHMEDABAD.

special features of the Ahmedabad style. The Ahmedabad artists worked wonders in this sort of ornament, surpassing in intricacy and grace of design most work of the kind elsewhere.

Into the tracery patterns they often worked vines, palms, and leafless trees. Indeed it would seem as if the designers had been impressed with the charm of the pink skeleton trees of the Bhil country, for, although conventionalised after the Mohammedan manner, similar

PIGEON HOUSE, AHMEDABAD.

spreading arboreal motifs are used in screens and windows. Probably they copied what they saw in nature, much as the South Indian cave-temple architects appeared to have imitated natural formations of the hillsides in designing their shrines.

The tombs and mosques in their own often well-kept enclosures are scattered all over the dusty city, and he must be an active student who

can examine most of the best of them in two days. Several fine specimens of the famous Gujarat public wells or baolis, enclosed by massive rectangular walls running down forty or fifty feet into the earth and ornamented with carving, are found here. To visit them one must leave one's carriage and wade a distance through sand, for sand as well as dust renders some things at Ahmedabad difficult of access. The Dada Hari with richly sculptured walls is one of the handsomest baolis in Ahmedabad or even in Gujarat.

The form of the domes used is somewhat disappointing. These are built too flat resembling inverted teacups. The effect is most obvious where several domes are placed near together. Dome building was not a strong point with Ahmedabad architects.

CHAPTER XX

Katyawar—A Parched and Famine-stricken Land—Palia Stones—Girnar Temple—Hill of the Jains—Old Buddhist Caves in the Uparcot—Palitana and the Sacred Hill of Sutrunjya—Somnath Patan—Siege by Mahmud of Ghazni—Temple and Other Remnants of Former Splendour.

KATYAWAR or Gujarat is the peninsula projecting from the western part of India into the Arabian Sea between the Gulf of Cutch and the Gulf of Cambay. Its area comprises about 23,500 square miles.

The surface is undulating and intersected by numerous ranges of hills, the highest of which is the Girnar, 3,660 feet, at Junagad. Much of the soil is fertile and produces good crops of cotton and cereals.

Katyawar is divided into many small states, which were till the beginning of the last century constantly at war among themselves and with the Mohammedans and Rajputana chiefs. The country was conquered by the Mohammedans, and later, after the decay of the Delhi Empire, the greater part of it fell into the hands of the Mahrattas. Since the English influence made itself felt in 1808 peace has reigned, rights of property have been protected, agriculture and trade have prospered, and the condition of the people has greatly improved.

The chiefs are progressive in their ideas. They have built schools, colleges, and hospitals, and have done much to advance the prosperity of the people. The cities especially Rajkot, Junagad, and Gondal, are modern, flourishing, and greatly in advance of those in many parts of India.

From Ahmedabad we pushed west to Wadhwan and thence south-west to the sacred temple-crowned hills at Junagad and Palitana, and the ancient seaport of Somnath Patan. Throughout this province a condition of drought and famine existed similar to that we had seen in the Bhil country. On all sides spread a verdureless landscape, sometimes in areas of sere and yellow grass, sometimes in barren dust-

TOMB AT MOSQUE OF SEYED ALAM, AHMEDABAD.

covered ploughed fields whence the ploughman had long since departed, and sometimes in bare rock-strewn wastes.

The effect of the scorching sun on the dried grass-growth of the previous year was peculiar. The cohesion of the particles of the fibre was almost completely destroyed. Tufts of yellow grass, which in a northern climate in winter could only be separated from their roots by the exertion of great force, came away in the hand on the slightest pull, and the stems could be rubbed between the fingers to a fine powder. The roots also were dry and brittle. How any vitality could remain in the latter it is difficult to imagine, and yet, on the breaking of the monsoon, they would probably throw out an abundant growth of new grass.

No water was to be seen. The tanks had become mere depressions in the sun-cracked earth, the rivers had disappeared leaving in their beds broad stretches of sand, which scintillated in the fierce yellow light. We dismounted now and then at a baoli or well, where in ordinary times hundreds of people are descending the long flights of stone steps to draw water. Here, instead of a line of chattering women bearing large shining brass pots of water, we found perhaps a solitary wanderer half asleep in the shadow of the wall, who greeted us with the joyless cry, "Pani, nahin hai, sahib" (There is no water, sir). It was said the people were charged four annas for a small jar of water.

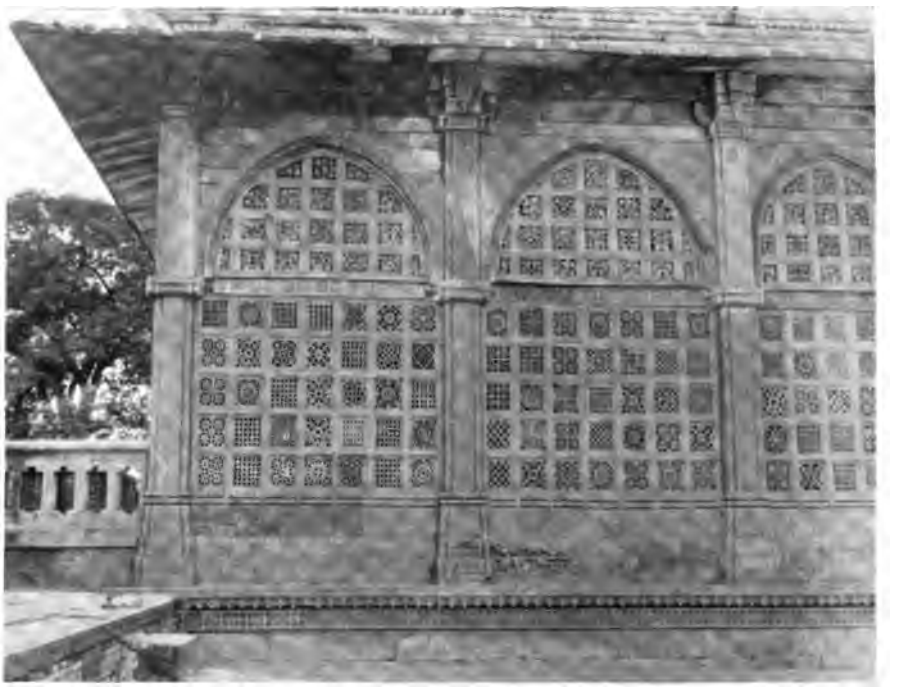
March was beginning. The heat was becoming great, 95° to 100° Fahr. in the shade and 150° or over in the sun. No rain could be expected for another three months, and nothing could be done to stem the tide of famine until the breaking of the monsoon. Thousands were emigrating to the Bombay Presidency, many seeking refuge in the city of Bombay, where they became ready victims of cholera and plague. Thousands more were dying of starvation. Men, women, and children, lay down exhausted at night under the banyans only to be found dead in the morning. The authorities were at a loss in some places as to how to dispose of the accumulating corpses.

When we rested or took lunch under the trees, emaciated parents would bring more emaciated and even moribund children to us begging for aid. Women and children were seen under the leafless trees eagerly searching in the sand for dried vegetable scoriæ, which they put into baskets, and then carefully sifted into other baskets or brass pots. It was said they boiled these in water making what might be called a famine soup.

We often bought for them native sweets that are found in every village. On these occasions we were immediately surrounded by a

pleading, wailing, half-clad, hungry-eyed mob, that besieged us with uplifted rags, chattis, and other utensils, mad to receive any portion thrown to them.

It was also pitiable to see the animals, dogs, goats, sheep, and cattle, with hollow flanks and projecting bones groping aimlessly among the dead leaves or leafless bushes, or seeking perchance at some scum-covered pool to assuage the thirst that consumes men and animals alike when exposed to the Indian sun. The buffaloes and goats seemed to suffer less from deprivation of food and water than the cattle.



PIERCED STONE WINDOWS, SEYED ALAM, AHMEDABAD.

The authorities were evidently alive to the situation, for we passed many relief-camps, where thousands of people were employed to break stone for roads or in building reservoirs to store water against similar exigencies in the future. In one village the people on relief were sitting in two long lines on the road, and food was being distributed to them as we rode up.

Throughout the more level parts of Katyawar mirages were of daily occurrence, appearing after ten o'clock a.m. when the earth had become heated and the heat-wavelets were dancing in the air. The mirages

always took the same form, that of extensive lakes dotted with tree-covered islands or with trees growing out of the water ; or of a coastline with the sea beyond, on which ships of various kinds were sailing. The illusion was perfect, and one day while in the middle of the peninsula we questioned for a time, whether we had not mistaken our position and were not approaching the coast. The mirages would recede as we advanced, always keeping at about the same distance ahead. Sometimes the plain could be seen beyond them like the further shore of a lake.

QUEEN'S MOSQUE IN MIRZAPUR, AHMEDABAD.

We also saw mirages in the Rajputana desert, always associated with heat-haze.

As in South India groups of hollow plaster figures of men and animals are met with under trees or in stone enclosures by the roadside, so in Katyawar the palia or memorial stones are found. These crudely carved slabs of other days represent a warrior driving in a chariot or mounted on a horse with both hands raised, one holding a shield and the other a sword or spear, and often the figure of a woman sitting in a quaint Katyawar cart. Upon the stones are also representations of the sun and moon, baskets of nuts or of other objects denoting events in

PALIA STONES, KATYAWAR.

the life of the deceased or the manner in which he met his death. Beneath is often written the name of the person, date, and cause of death.

These stones are placed near tanks or under trees near villages or near the gates of towns. The relatives of the deceased used to worship once a year at these places on the anniversary of the death or at the time of some especial festival. The palia stones are fast disappearing as landmarks like many of the monuments of India. At several places we saw large numbers of them, which had been removed from their original locations and collected together. These were probably destined to be used for building purposes or broken up into material for metalling roads.

Among the palias are sati stones, on which are carved a woman's upraised hand and arm with marriage bracelets. These commemorate the fact that the deceased woman performed the rite of sati after the death of her husband, and was burned upon his funeral pyre or on one especially erected for her. Some of the sati stones had more than one hand. We saw one with four hands indicating that four wives had sacrificed themselves at the same time.

One of the most complete stones found was a double one showing a man riding a horse on one side and on the other a woman's hand and arm, a touching tribute to the former position of women in India, the man carved trotting gaily through life, while the only scene pictured in that of the woman was her final sacrifice on the ashes of her lord.

The palia and sati stones have their analogue in the painted wooden tablets frequently seen by the roadside in Bavaria and the Austrian Tyrol, set up to indicate the places where persons have lost their lives through accident. One marvels at first, that so many persons should have met with fatal accidents on roads so well made and apparently so secure. An explanation is however afforded in the custom of the peasants of stretching themselves out on the loads in their waggons to sleep off the effects of alcoholic stimulants, in which they have indulged too freely, allowing their horses to find their way unguided. As a result not a few of them fall from the waggons in their drunken slumber and are killed.

Between Rajkot and Junagad we passed an old temple containing sculptures and statues of Vishnu, which indicated that it had been dedicated to that god. This was of interest in view of the statement of Fergusson, that he found no trace of Vishnu temples in Gujarat.

Near Junagad is the temple hill of Girnar. Apart from their architectural value the temple cities of the gods at Girnar, and Sutrunjya near

SATI STONE.
Showing that Four Women committed Sati at same time.

PALIA AND SATI STONE, KATYAWAR.

Palitana, standing removed from the world, perched high on picturesque mountains two or three thousand feet above the plain, are essentially interesting. They contain shrines built by princes and merchants of great wealth from all parts of India, with a view to make their lives meritorious or to free themselves by the sacrifice of time and money from the burden of their sins.

Though temples of this class are distinctly inferior in style and execution to the early Jain work scattered over India, some of them, where the heavy hand of the whitewasher has spared it, show beautiful decoration representative of Jain art from the eleventh to the nineteenth century.

One enters a courtyard surrounded by cells in the deep recesses of which Adinath, or Neminath, or whatever Tirthanker it may be to whom the temple is dedicated, sits in marble splendour listlessly watching the passing of human life and of the centuries by the dim light of lamps, the flames of which are reflected in the polished marble floors.

One or more priests in attendance sleep there to guard the gods, and a guardian keeps the place clean, but the visitor or devotee must leave when he has seen or finished the rites of worship, and at night silence broken only by the flapping wings of sacred pigeons reigns on these Olympian heights of the passive gods.

How different from the great temple centres of Hinduism, where day and night the ceaseless chatter of pilgrims echoes, where noisy processions pass, and offerings of food are continually made to the deity. At Girnar or Sutrunjya it would be an unpardonable offence to cook food within the sacred precincts. In this isolation and aloofness these hill temples are impressive.

The hill of Girnar has five peaks, the highest of which is 3,660 feet above sea-level. It takes its name from the Girnar goddess, of whom one of the temples is commemorative. Hundreds of buildings adorn its peaks and valleys between them, and a fine old fourteenth-century fort adds to the effect. The presiding god of the whole is Neminath the twenty-second Tirthanker.

The chief and oldest temples dating from about the eleventh century stand on a ledge about six hundred feet from the top. Of these the substructures appear old, and those that are not whitewashed show some excellent carving, but the sikras of more modern date are of degenerate form and decorated with tasteless repetition designs. They have also not escaped the heavy coat of whitewash in which the Jains seem so much to delight.

Several large kunds or reservoirs, besides serving a useful purpose,

TEMPLES ON GIRNAR HILL, JUNAGAD, SEEN FROM ABOVE.

add to the charm of the landscape. The most striking feature of the hill is the high rock from which ascetics formerly threw themselves, hoping by this sacrificial act to be born again in a more agreeable existence. On the road from Junagad near the foot of the hill is the Asoka stone, a large, irregular, unpolished, granite boulder, upon which the edicts are clearly inscribed. It has been enclosed in a building by the authorities to protect it from injury.

The old Junagad fort or Uparkot contains some interesting caves excavated in two stories. They are much defaced but show a high style of art. These excavations made in 69 A.D., consist of a tank or bath eleven feet square with covered verandah on three sides. Pipes to conduct water come down the wall from the surface above. Near the tank is a second chamber with six pillars supporting the roof. The abaci of the pillars are decorated with finely executed animal figures, while the bases are adorned with festooned wreaths coming out of the flowers like calla lilies.

In the lower story is a better preserved chamber thirty-one feet long containing benched recesses, above which is a fine ornamented frieze of chaitya windows with a Buddhist rail in the lower part of the openings and two figures looking out of each window. These caves are unlike anything else in the Uparkot, and are considered by Burgess to belong either to the Gupta or the Buddhist period.

The tombs of the Nawabs erected in the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century are elaborate structures of mingled stone and stucco work with degenerate melon domes and silver doors. These, even in their heterogenous styles, are not so unsightly as are those of the still later chiefs. The worst of all is the tomb of the present Wasir, standing ready to receive his remains on his decease, which is graced by forty-two minarets of hideous undefined type painted blue, yellow, and green.

A short distance from Junagad is a garden pavilion of the Nawab, near which twenty to thirty lions from the Gir are kept in cages. The Gir is said to be the only part of India where lions are now found, and but few remain here.

The sacred hill of Sutrunjya rises above the city of Palitana sixteen miles from Songad. A path about three miles long leads up the shoulder of the hill, provided with frequent resting places supplied with water by tanks, and adorned with small shrines. The two peaks, which are two thousand feet above the sea and are separated by a valley like those of Girnar, are covered with temples and gardens. The whole is enclosed by a strong wall with embrasures for cannon. There are

TEMPLES ON SUTRUNJYA HILL, PALITANA.

many avenues and squares lined with whitewashed palaces of the gods, but the art is inferior to that at Girnar, and no such carving is in evidence anywhere as is seen in the Dilwarra temples at Abu.

The worship in the chief temple appeared more active than any worship we saw at Girnar. Long lines of worshippers were passing over the broad, costly, black and white marble platform which led to the

JAIN TEMPLE, SUTRUNJYA HILL, PALITANA.

sanctuary, where a huge alabaster image of Adinath, smothered to his ears in sweet-scented flowers, sat looking down upon the devotees with a sinister expression in his great glass eyes.

Somnath Patan near Verawal on the coast of the Gujarat peninsula was noted of old for its rich temple, and, since the destruction of the latter, has been remembered chiefly as the site of Mahmud of Ghazni's

great siege and conquest. This part of Gujarat has long been celebrated for its wild and beautiful sea coast, and old Somnath rising with its wave-lashed walls from the edge of the Arabian Sea is very picturesque. Some of the gates have carved Hindu brackets, and from the houses many beautiful stone balconies project over the narrow sandy streets.

Outside the present walls close to the beach stands the great temple of Somnath Patan with a massive substructure reminding one of that

GREAT TEMPLE, SOMNATH PATAN.

of Hulabid, surmounted by a central dome of noble proportions. It is built of coral rock and a yellow rather friable sandstone that is badly weathered. The temple has been sadly defaced, its figures all knocked to pieces, and whole members battered off. The columns of the interior are split and scaled as if by fire, and the blackened surfaces bear out the supposition that fire was used to injure them. Between the pillars supporting the dome are Roman arches evidently put in after the temple was built.

The wealth of this temple excited the cupidity of Sultan Mahmud, who with his fanatical forces crossed hundreds of miles of burning

sands to besiege it. Standing on the silent temple-strewn shore one tries to picture the scene, when Mahmud unfurled the green banner of Moslem before the eyes of the Hindu chiefs and Brahmins, who had assembled amazed at his temerity to defend their treasure, to assail which they deemed beyond the power of a foreign enemy.

In vain their bravest delivered a message of defiance from the god Soneswar, for, unheeding the message, the enemy advanced boldly to attack the walls. Cowed by the violence of the assault the Hindus forsook the ramparts, and crowded into the temple to beseech prostrate the aid of the god. Taking advantage of this action on the part of the besieged the Moslems scaled the walls filling the air with shouts of Allah Akbar.

The Rajputs now aroused themselves, and, with the courage so often displayed at Chitor and elsewhere, returned to the defence, fighting so fiercely, that by night they forced the Moslems to retire. The next morning Mahmud advanced again to the attack only to have his men thrown headlong from the ramparts by the defenders, and this day ended more disastrously for the Mohammedans than the first.

On the third day the Hindu princes marshalled their forces gathered from far and near in battle array before the long line of Mahmud's tents. In order to frustrate this attempt to raise the siege Mahmud sent a force to keep the garrison in check, and advanced with the remainder of his army on the Hindu lines. The contest was close and bloody. As victory hung in the balance between the two sides, the Raja of Anhalwara arrived with his followers to reinforce the Rajputs. The Moslems wavered, seeing which Mahmud dismounted from his horse, and prostrated himself to ask the aid of Allah. Then mounting again he led his army with cheers in a final desperate charge. The Hindu lines gave way and a general rout followed. The garrison seeing the banner of Somnath sink abandoned the defence. Some four thousand fled through a gate towards the sea, where after severe loss the survivors escaped in open boats.

The gates and doors being strongly guarded, Mahmud, his son, and nobles, entered the temple. As he stood before the symbol of Soneswar, a stone cylinder standing nine feet above the floor and several below it, the Brahmins who had followed him into the darkened adytum offered a large ransom if he would spare the symbol. After a moment's reflection Mahmud replied he would rather be known to posterity not as the idol seller but as the idol destroyer, and, suiting his action to his words, he smote the cylinder with his mace. His followers imitated his example and Mahmud soon had the satisfaction of seeing a vast quantity of gold,

silver, and jewels, fall at his feet from the hollow interior of the broken symbol.

Authorities differ as to whether the temple seen at Somnath to-day is the original one. If it is, additions and restorations were certainly made in the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries. To us it seems probable that it is mainly the old temple, although the Hindu and Jain sculptures are so burned and defaced that it is impossible to find distinctive details.

There were evidently many splendid buildings at Somnath in

A REMNANT AT SOMNATH PATAN.

former times, as is shown by numerous interesting relics scattered about the place. All bear traces of Mohammedan iconoclasm. They injured what they did not destroy, and when they spared beautiful columns and carved panels, they here as elsewhere in India appropriated them for mosque and mihrab decorations.

There is a beautiful small mosque, the entire charm of which consists in the fine Hindu ceiling and exquisite columns, capitals and mihrab, all taken from Hindu temples to decorate a building, which without them would have only the commonplace features of the ordinary mosque.

CHAPTER XXI

Hoti-Mardan, and other Centres of Græco-Buddhist Art—Kashmir Smats—Visit to the Khan of Shiwa in Yusafsai—Ranigat—Gandhara Sculptures.

THE town of Hoti-Mardan in the lower Swat valley makes a convenient base from which to visit a number of places, where may be seen extensive remains of what must have been notable examples of Græco-Buddhist architecture. These remains are in such a ruined condition, and have been so completely stripped of all ornamentation, that they have lost a great part of their interest, even to the archæologist. Indeed, in comparison with many other places in India, they are scarcely worth a visit, unless one wishes to get an idea of the ground plan of the ancient structures.

The places referred to are Takt-i-Bahi, Jamalgiri, Chakdara, Shahbaz-Garhi, Kashmir Smats, Ranigat, and a few others. Further north beyond British control, it is said there are many monuments of the same style in a good state of preservation, and the investigations of Stein show that the same art, that flourished here, was carried far to the north-east into Chinese Turkestan.

As this region lies on and partly over the border, it is considered unsafe for travellers to visit its various points without a proper escort, so they are obliged to have recourse to the Assistant-Commissioner at Mardan. We reached Mardan on the 21st October 1902 after our return from our expedition to the Chogo Lungma Glacier in Baltistan. The Assistant-Commissioner was most courteous, and immediately made arrangements for us to visit all the places desired.

Marden is a small but attractive station with good roads, large comfortable-looking houses, and well-laid-out grounds. It is noted as having been for many years the headquarters of the regiment known as "The Queen's Own Corps of Guides," and the interior of "The Guides' Mess"

SECTION OF RUINED MONASTERY, TAKT-I-BAHI

is adorned with bric-à-bac of various kinds, including several beautiful specimens of Græco-Buddhist sculpture found in this region. One head is a chef-d'œuvre, a man's head with Grecian forehead, straight nose, Apollo Belvedere mouth and chin, and wavy hair caught up in a knot at the crown.

The two places nearest to Mardan, being about seven miles distant from it, and the same distance from each other are Takt-i-Bahi, and Jamalgiri. The lambardar of Jamalgiri was notified of our intended visit a day in advance, and requested to guide us to the ruins situated on the summit of a barren rock hill about an hour's walk from the village.

He had been under arrest the year before for murder, but, so far as we could learn, no decision as to his guilt had been reached. He received us courteously, and we found him "the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." He was handsome and portly, about forty-five years of age, with beautiful regular white teeth, such as are seldom seen in an Indian. He had served years in the Indian army, and had seen a good deal more of the world than the ordinary Patan chief. He and two other leading men of the village went with us to the ruins.

After a walk across the barren rock-strewn plain and a scramble up the rough pathless ledges of a hill, we found at the top a large collection of foundation walls with shattered remnants of upper walls rising from them, showing that numerous important structures had existed here in former times. The walls are all built in the same manner of irregular-shaped pieces of rock or thin slabs of shale, pointed with small bits of the latter without mortar. They were covered with plaster or chunam, which has mostly scaled off leaving the rough parts exposed.

When the ruins were first visited, portions of the walls were covered with elaborate sculptures on dark blue stone tablets. These have all been taken away by private individuals, or by English officials to grace the museums of London, Calcutta and Lahore, or by the natives to sell to travellers, so that neither sculptures, nor columns, nor capitals, nor ornaments of any kind, are now to be found in situ. Only the skeleton walls remain surrounded by shaly débris, amongst which lie fragments of draped figures, and carved ornaments.

The buildings here as well as at most points in the region were evidently monasteries, as is shown by the character of the ruins and the sculptures. What has been said of Jamalgiri applies equally to Takt-i-Bahi, where the ruins occupy the side of a desolate, broken, ragged hill, which is surmounted by a fort. They command a view of the Swat Valley as far as the fortress of Malakand.

RUIN AT TAKT-I-BAHI.

On our return to the village the lambardar invited us to have tea before our departure. Chairs were brought out under the trees for us and himself, and two charpoys for the rest of the party. Tea of good quality was served to all quite in the English style.

Returning to Mardan we started for Kashmir Smats, Shiwa in the Yusafsai, and Ranigat. Accompanied by a Government chaprasi we drove in tum-tums twenty-five miles to the town of Rustum. A tum-tum is a high two-wheeled cart open behind with two seats placed back to back well above the wheels. On a rough road it is by no means a comfortable vehicle to drive in, and those who occupy the rear seat have to brace their feet, and hold on to the side rails with all their strength to avoid being spilled out behind.

The road to Rustum was a cross-country cutcha road, the latter half of which was so worn by traffic and washed out by rain, that it could no longer serve the purpose of a road but only as the bed of a monsoon torrent. Here we were obliged to take to the fields on either side of the road, where the tum-tums pitched and rocked about like ships in a storm.

We escaped shipwreck, however, and were received at the Rustum police-station by the Deputy-Inspector of Police, a trim Mohammedan, to whom we bore a letter directing him to look after our safety while we were in that region. He put us up in a large, fairly well furnished upper room of the principal building, where with the provisions brought with us we made ourselves comfortable.[1]

The next morning we set out early for Kashmir Smats, which lies over the frontier in the Bunai country, the inhabitants of which were not considered any too well disposed, and at that very time had a dispute with the people of Pirsai, the last town on British soil through which we had to pass.

We were escorted by the Deputy-Inspector, who attended to all the arrangements, and a village guard of a dozen men, two of them armed with double-barrelled fowling pieces and the rest with Enfield rifles of the pattern in use forty-five years ago. The Inspector carried his revolver in his belt, and at his suggestion we unearthed ours from our luggage, where they had lain unnoticed for many months. Several of the village headmen also went with us and a number of coolies provided with torches and a large tin of oil.

After a ride of two hours across the plain and through the jungle we reached Pirsai at the foot of a range of rock hills. Here we were

[1] One of the party made the circuit Mardan, Rustum, Shiwa, Shah-baz-Garhi, Mardan on the cycle, but found riding on the primitive roads rough work.

joined by several villagers to act as guides. Now came a stiff climb of two and a half hours up the steep broken hillside. At first there was a very rough path, but this soon degenerated into a faint trace, and the scramble partook somewhat of the character of those, to which one becomes accustomed on the pathless flanks of the higher Himalayas.

The sun burned hot, and there was no water. The work told on the Inspector, who was evidently more accustomed to the saddle and the

OUR GUARD AT KASHMIR SMATS STANDING AT ENTRANCE OF CAVE.
From negative which survived the flood at Srinagar in 1903.

ease of police headquarters than to mountain climbing. He gradually divested himself of his official coat and other encumbrances, and having got into the lightest possible trim stuck manfully to the task. He showed the effects of the work he did with us, and after he had followed us for three days the plumpness of his cheeks was considerably reduced.

After passing the top of a ridge we descended a little, and then struck up the side of a nearly perpendicular precipice, where hands had to be used as well as feet, for the narrow irregular footholds were worn

smooth and slippery. Strong well-nailed mountain boots are desirable for the whole climb but particularly for this last part, and with these one accustomed to the mountains need fear no danger, although Garrick in Cunningham's Reports describes this precipice as a most gruesome place and "absolutely perilous." The difficulties would not be worth considering, were one after surmounting them to be rewarded with half as much as is to be seen after scaling the rock fortress of Sigiria in Ceylon, or on a single wall of one of the Ajanta caves.

The Kashmir Smats is a large, apparently natural, limestone cave high up near the top of the hill. To the uninitiated the name is distinctly irritating and unmeaning. In the dialect of the region the word Smats, contracted probably from ismas, is said to mean cave, but how the epithet Kashmir came to be applied is not so evident. The people are supposed to believe that the cave furnishes an entrance to an underground passage to Kashmir.

The cave consists of a vast dome with a hillock projecting out from one side into its middle to about half the height of the dome. From a point some distance from the entrance a broad flight of steps leads up to the top of the hillock, and on the side of the wall from which it springs considerably higher. On the same wall is a series of smaller caves, cells, or recesses, at various levels, reached by inclined planes or by rounded polished projections of the marble-like rock, which serve as steps.

The steps are covered two or three inches deep with dust, as indeed is the whole interior. The lower part of the cave is dark, and a number of torches are required to enable one to see anything. The upper part is dimly lighted by a small aperture near the apex of the dome, through which bats and birds fly in and out, appearing about the size of bees to one standing below. We saw two formations which might be stalagmites, but no stalactites.

On the top of the hillock are the roofless walls of what appears to have been a temple of quadrangular shape, but nothing remains to indicate its style or use. No traces of frescoes or sculpture are seen. Garrick mentions having found one inscription of no special value. A large well-cut tank with perpendicular walls exists in the main part of the cave. On the whole it is a dismal place, without especial interest as a natural formation to those who have seen stalactite and other notable caves elsewhere, and not containing enough of art to make it worth going far to see.

A ravine divides the hill below the cave, from one side of which two high rock platforms project. These are covered with ruined walls resembling those at Takt-i-Bahi.

We returned to Rustum with our escort the same evening. Day-break saw us again in the saddle, accompanied by the Inspector and Government chaprasi, en route to Shiwa in the Yusafsai, about fifteen miles distant. On arrival we were taken to the house of the Khan, who

THE KHAN OF SHIWA AND THE DEPUTY INSPECTOR OF POLICE.

having been notified of our visit placed his own apartments at our disposal. The rooms were carpeted with rugs, and well supplied with European furniture. The bric-à-brac was a little odd, including egg-cups, glass salt-cellars, and a neat statuette of the Virgin Mary under glass.

The doors were heavy and fitted with massive iron bars and bolts.

The walls were garnished with a number of revolvers in holsters hanging from hooks. One of us, on moving the pillows from his bed, found a large Belgian six-shooter under them. Besides these, other things suggested that human life might not always be secure under the roof of the Khan, unless one were prepared to defend it. The toilet arrangements were of such a primitive character, that no one, particularly a lady, would care to enjoy the Khan's hospitality for long.

After we were settled tea was served, when the Khan called to bid us welcome and ask about our plans. We had been told he was "a charming man," and we found him a most obliging host, and an excellent fellow. He was a tall, well-built, rather handsome man, with fair skin, hazel eyes, and a pleasant smile. Although he could not speak English, he wore English clothing, and was dressed in Norfolk jacket, knickers, and putties. He was particular about his personal appearance, wore his hair parted in the middle and faultlessly brushed under his turban, and had a full beard.

Dinner was served in our rooms. The first course was a roast chicken whole, buried under boiled rice. Then followed chicken curry, the chicken covered with a fat gravy, hard-boiled eggs taken out of the shells, spinach floating in a strong garlic sauce, a large greasy native cake, and lastly a white farinaceous pudding and sweets. During the meal the Khan slipped in unceremoniously through the open door, sat down on the foot of the bed near us, and asked about our journey and experiences.

He assured us he was a very nice man, and took good care of his visitors, in which opinion we readily acquiesced. After a short visit he went out again.

From Shiwa we visited the fortress of Ranigat, some eight or nine miles distant. The Khan, the Inspector, and several attendants, one of them armed with a double-barrelled gun, accompanied us. Leaving the horses at the foot of the granite hill on which the ruins stand, we climbed the hill to the highest point called Ranigat, or "the Queen's Stone," where an enormous oval granite mass projects upward like a monument. The whole hill is covered with large granite boulders. This spot commands an extensive view of the neighbouring mountains, and the plain of Yusafsai.

About half a mile south of Ranigat on another elevation are the remains of a large fortress built of hewn blocks of granite laid in regular order. This is the only place where we saw any hewn stone. Cement also was used. The same despoiled condition existed here as everywhere else. Defaced fragments of draped figures lying around suggest that

there were temples as well as fortifications at this spot. There were also granite boulders hollowed out into cells near the walls.

In the morning while we were having our chota haziri, the Khan came out into the court, and seated himself on a raised platform to make part of his toilet in public. He had two attendants, who brought him a

THE QUEEN'S STONE, RANIGAT.

basin with a sponge, water, and soap, with which he washed his face and hands. Then the assistants lathered and shaved his cheeks above his beard, after which he himself trimmed his beard and moustache, using the scissors with one hand and holding a hand-mirror in the other. He next carefully brushed his hair and beard with a silver-backed brush. Finally one of the assistants brought out a bottle of perfume, with

which he perfumed his face and hands, and massaged his face with both hands with the skill of a London expert. The whole performance occupied over half an hour, during which time the Inspector sat near by on a cane chair with a listless bored expression on his face. When the toilet was completed, one of the attendants brought out to the Khan his long overcoat, revolver, and belt, after which he was ready for the day's work.

As regards the disposition of the ornamental parts of these various monasteries, besides what have been carried away by private individuals or have found their way to the London museums, a large number of sculptures and capitals have been placed in the Calcutta and Lahore museums, and a few are to be found in Madras, Berlin, and other places. In Calcutta and Lahore may be seen groups illustrative of scenes from the Jatakas, the Buddhas and Bodhisattvas having a nimbus behind the head, which to Fergusson's mind militates against their very early origin, no figure in the Buddhist caves or on rails in India before the fourth century showing this feature.

Another thing which counts against the early origin is well seen in the bands of repeated Buddhas, which recur in group after group of the figures. This duplication does not appear in the early Buddhist cave temples of the south. Vincent Smith and M. Senart, thorough students of Gandhara art, are the best later authorities as to the building dates of the most important structures. The former places the time of the highest development of the sculpture at the end of the third or in the first half of the fourth century, and the latter puts it about a century earlier. Certainly the character of the sculptures would indicate that they were built about that time.

The work here is mostly of a Buddhist character, with here and there a Hindu symbol or decoration added. The influence of Greek, or possibly Roman ideals, is seen in the drapery of the figures and in the Corinthian capitals. The latter with their rich artistic leaf decoration seen in fragments at Jamalgiri, and in perfection at the Lahore museum, are unique among the multiform capitals of India.

Traces of gilding on these, and of colour on the sculptures, have been detected, and if, as appears likely, the Chinese pilgrim's description of the chaityas and viharas of Nalanda were equally applicable here, viz., "that rafters were richly carved, columns ornamented with jade, painted red, and elaborately chiseled, and balustrades of carved open work existed," the dreary stone shells one goes so far to-day to see give but little idea of the structures that covered so much magnificence in the palmy days of Buddhism.

BUDDHAS FROM GANDHARA MONASTERIES IN CALCUTTA MUSEUM.

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